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WESTERN AMERICANA

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GIFFORD PINCHOT AND STEWART EDWARD WHITE TROLLING FOR SWORDFISH (*See Chapter I.*)

Photograph by the Author

Recreations Of a Sportsman On The Pacific Coast

By

Charles Frederick Holder

Author of "Life in the Open," "Louis Agassiz," "The Log of a Sea Angler," "Big Game Fishes of the U. S.," etc.

With 74 Illustrations

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Recreations of a Sportsman
on
The Pacific Coast

CHAPTER I

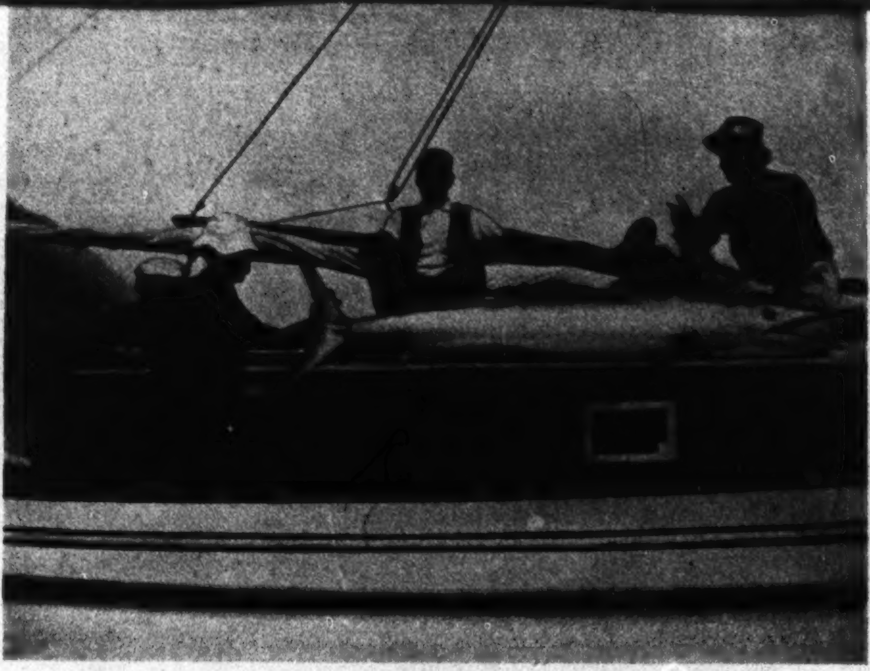
FIGHTING A SWORDFISH AT NIGHT

OUT in the Pacific about fifty miles from Los Angeles, a long mountainous cañon-riven island belonging to the Government stretches for twenty or more miles along the surface, like some crouching monster of the sea. When it was discovered by Viscaino in 1642, it happened to be the day of Saint Clement, and San Clemente it is to this day: the home of the biggest game fishes of this thrice-blessed piscatorial region—the swordfish, tuna, yellowtail, and white and black sea-bass.

I have wandered over and about the island many times, and for the past three years have fished its waters with Gifford Pinchot, chief forester, whose adventure I purpose to describe; not that he could not do it himself far more effectively, but I am confident he is much too modest to be judicially fair to himself even in a fish story. So, having been hot on his trail several hours, taking the sea-dust or spume from his game, as it were (wishing myself home by the camp-fire more than once), I am going to spin the yarn from the standpoint of a close observer. He has Mexican Joe as his witness and Joaquin Arce, a plucky twelve-year-old, who was chief engineer for me while I ran the boat, and hung on to Pinchot and his game so closely that he more than once cried for mercy, as I butted into his sphere of action from the outer darkness on the crest of a wave.

The San Clemente channel in the afternoon is not the smoothest spot on earth; in point of fact, its waters are often so riotous that every one who loves creature comfort, and peace of body, starts from Santa Catalina at three or four o'clock, or some earlier and more barbaric hour in the morning, making the voyage when the seas are down and sleeping, crossing in from two and a half to four hours, according to the boat, the run being twenty or thirty-five miles, according to the destination, east or west end.

We were headed for Mosquito Harbor at the east end, about thirty-five miles from Avalon, where we had outfitted with the twenty-five-foot



GIFFORD PINCHOT'S MORNING SWORDFISH

launch *Juanita,* George Michalis, skipper, and an eighteen-foot launch owned by Felice José Presiado, or "Mexican Joe," who had, as first mate, a little boy, Joaquin Arce, and as a mascot, the small tuna hound Trixie. We had a chef, Mr. Jim Bates, two light skiffs, and very soon, a tame goat, an eagle, and "many experiences on land and sea." The guests were U. S. Senator Frank Flint, ex-Governor George Pardee of California, Stewart Edward White, and myself.

We reached the little indentation which is called a harbor by courtesy, on the 8th of September, and quickly had the camp in shape. The men and the kitchen were located at Mosquito, the anglers selecting a second cañon to the north for tents and sleeping bags.

The three previous years had demonstrated San Clemente to be a real angler's paradise, at least in July, August, and October. Often each of the six anglers would have a yellowtail of from twenty-five to thirty-five pounds hooked on a nine-ounce rod and nine-thread line at the same time, the sport being fast and furious. But now something had happened. Yellowtail were scarce, not so large, and in their place, as though to fill the void, big, long, lithe swordfish paraded up and down the coast, and in places the game whitefish, up to eight or nine pounds, swarmed. In a word, the fishing was different, due to some strange phenomenon of the sea.

We had divers pastimes on divers days; pastimes and sports and jests on which tired men rest. The Governor landed a giant black sea-bass from the beach and was a majestic and Romanesque figure as he paid out the line which his angling partner, Joaquin Arce, towed out a hundred feet in his skiff. There was terrific mountain climbing, clever revolver shooting by Pinchot and White, at wild goats at long range across the cañon; following tall-finned orcas, or killer whales; expert fishing by the Senator with light tackle, and diversions of many and varied kinds, designed against the habitants of the San Clemente mountain slopes, as the island is the summit of a huge volcanic peak rising abruptly from the deep sea.

Swordfishes had been seen for a week. Occasionally a long slender form glistened in the air, a dazzling spectacle as it fell with a resounding crash; and one day, as we lay off a diminutive replica of the Grand Cañon, which cut its sinuous way up and into the heart of the island a big swordsman of the sea, bearing on his escutcheon the noble Roman title of *Tetrapturus mitsukurii,* came swinging down along shore.

The blue waters here abound in sunfishes, great and small, which are continually leaping

"MEXICAN JOE," THE SWORDFISH GAFFER, AND JOAQUIN ARCE

into the air, swimming in pairs, brigades, and companies with the long dorsal waving in the sun. In the excitement of anticipation it was easy to mistake them for the real game, but once clearly seen, the mistake was rarely repeated.

The swordfish came down the San Clemente rialto with a swagger unmistakable; the tall slender dorsal and top of the caudal following one another at a rakish angle suggestive of the rapier just below. As the swordsman swam, he seemed to bend slightly to right and left as became a swordsman of the sea. He assumed a nonchalant air, paid little or no attention to the launch, moving south along the rocky slopes of the island a few hundred yards from shore; now with a companion, again alone; swimming slowly and evidently in a peaceful frame of mind, as mild-mannered a fellow, to paraphrase, as ever rammed a ship or broke a line.

"Up anchor and at him!" was the order, and but a few moments was required to place the launch in his way; the lure, a big flying fish, a twenty-four strand line and sixteen-ounce rod, the prescribed tackle of the Tuna Club for such game.

This individual swordfish well illustrated the strange uncertainty of angling, whether it be for trout, or the larger game of the sea. Pinchot was the chosen duelist and took his place with Mexican Joe in a light skiff which we towed astern (see frontispiece), the theory being that a big fish can be fought at better advantage in this way, as the oarsman can back the boat up onto the flying game when hooked, also the skiff can be cast off at the strike, allowing the launch to follow or stand by.

For two hours we tried every known expedient, and bait, to attract the attention of this swordfish who complacently swam down the coast, now turning out, or in, as we caught its eye, but rarely changing far from the even tenor of its way. Once, as I stood at the stern, I saw it follow up the line to within ten feet of the boat, a radiant creature in an investment of deep labradorite blue, which seemed to assimilate with the enchanting hue of the water.

Once, or twice, it was supposed the swordfish charged the bait; but it was not hooked, and it seemed to have a bored appearance as it turned off; often so near the launch that nearly its entire shape could be seen, and the lifting and lowering of the tall dorsal in its scabbard was readily observed as the fish turned or sank below the surface into a region of marine delights, where poised, and swam, countless beautiful living forms.

In fact, in fishing for this exciting game, or watching the attempts to take it, one was constantly diverted by the enchantments of the ocean.

The water fairly teemed with life. Long chains of Salpæ—diamonds of the sea—took every possible shape. Other chains might have been made up of pink and yellow roses, "sports" of weird beauty, resembling myriads of jelly fishes the size of a saucer, joined together, or here broken apart, the gems of the deep sea.

It seemed practically impossible for a swordfish nine or ten feet long to swim here without continually impaling these garlands of the ocean, or picking them up on its sword in passive *carte* or *tierce.* Deep in the blue were vivid gems in pink, red, blue, and yellow, the little crustacean *Sapphirina,* gleaming with iridescent rays.

In a single glance the eye swept all the gradients of grace, beauty, and loveliness in the drifting evanescent jellies of the sea, which at night became blazing lights, converting the grim recesses of the deep into realms of strange beauty; while every wave that broke, or thundered on the strand, became a blaze of splendid light.

Our clever skipper placed Pinchot's bait over, in front, and on the side of the swordsman, but it was of no avail. Then we ran into another swordfish which struck and jerked so much line from the reel in so short a time, and with so vehement a suggestion of power that we suspected a tuna. All this, and more; yet the day was a blank so far as a swordfish was concerned.

The next morning, not much later than the time this display was visible, Pinchot started with Mexican Joe in quest of swordfish. The Governor and I were discussing breakfast two hours later when we heard cheers and ribald musical sounds and a few moments later saw the game, a splendid swordfish which tipped the scales at one hundred and eighty pounds or thereabouts, and which leaped by actual count over fifty times before it was brought to gaff.

It was a fine specimen and it fought the angler nearly two hours. To have it mounted it was placed on the big launch and sent to Avalon, and here comes in my unimportant part as witness of Pinchot's greatest catch; spectacular to me at least, as I vainly attempted to keep him in sight one dark night, not ram him, and run a snorting, bucking engine, that I knew nothing about, and at the same time steer the launch. Pinchot had his angling appetite whetted to a nicety by the morning swordfish, and in the afternoon he again went out with Mexican Joe in the eighteen-foot launch. He fished from a skiff towed behind the launch which was run by the twelve-year-old boy, Joaquin Arce, the Governor's bait carrier, altogether one of the brightest and pluckiest small boys it has been my good fortune to know, who became my partner in the night chase after Pinchot and Mexican Joe; in fact, the main stay of the standing-by

GIFFORD PINCHOT'S NIGHT SWORDFISH AND THE PARTY, "MEXICAN JOE," HOLDER, JOAQUIN, AND PINCHOT

party, as he alone knew the secret of starting Mexican Joe's engine, if it should stop, my information being confined to the lever, stopping, backing, and going ahead.

The Governor and I were lounging on the beach about five o'clock with no ambition for strenuous recreations, when we sighted the launch coming in at full speed.

In a few moments Joaquin rounded up, and reported from the seat of war that Mr. Pinchot was fast to a big swordfish about three miles offshore, and would I not go out and stand by?

The blue haze was deepening up the big Mosquito rift, or cañon behind us, and the headlands of the island were fast changing to the radiant colors and tints they take on before night; while far up the island, the afternoon fog was pouring down the rocky slopes, a thing of beauty, glorified beyond power of expression.

I went aboard, took the helm, and we turned out to sea; but the boy, Joaquin, had lost the direction of the skiff, so we went on a hunt for it.

I sent him aloft, but still he could not see the skiff. After a while I sighted it on a wave, a mere speck, about three miles to the southeast. I had Joaquin light the lantern so that the anglers could see us if we missed them, and headed directly for them at full speed. At once I became aware that they were moving rapidly, as I was forced continually to haul to the north or change my course. Curiously enough, the boy could not see them, due to some defect of his eyesight, and through no fault of his would, doubtless, not have found the skiff, as it was being towed up the coast and offshore.

I kept the skiff in sight with difficulty, and when I reached it, it was so dark that I could just see Pinchot bending to the rod as he shouted to me, and Mexican Joe behind, pushing at the oars in a gallant attempt to force the boat up over the fish to enable Pinchot to gain line. There was a fair sea on, and as I fell in close behind the procession, to stand by until the gaffing, it was one of the most exhilarating spectacles in the way of excitement and daring sport I have ever witnessed; and with a decided spice of possible danger to the angler, thrown in.

We gave them a cheer, and Pinchot shouted to me that the fish had leaped fifteen times immediately after it was hooked, and that he had brought it alongside several times, but could not hold it.

I at once became aware that something remarkable had been hooked, due to the speed at which they were going. I had been towed once in an open boat ten or twelve miles by a large tuna, but not at such a continuous speed as this.

I had slowed down to within twenty feet of them, just behind, and believing that there was a chance of their boat filling, tried to maintain this position, my left hand on the engine lever, my right on the wheel, with Joaquin in the bow to keep an outlook. And here I saw, or tried to see, Pinchot make the fight of his life with a swordfish. I imagined the fish was towing them at a rate of five miles an hour, and it should be remembered that the line was not much larger than an eye-glass cord, of twenty-four strands with a breaking strength of two pounds to a strand. He had out from one hundred and fifty feet to three hundred feet approximately, and the towing was by the tip of the rod, the butt being in a socket on the seat.

The work cut out for Pinchot sitting in a skiff going at five miles an hour, stern first, against a sea, in the dark, was to reel in a fish fighting mad or crazed by fear, that was anywhere from ten to twelve feet long,[1] and weighed from one hundred fifty to three hundred fifty pounds. If by any mistake over forty-eight lifting pounds was put on the line it would break; the pressure being applied by the thumb upon a leather pad on the wound line. The reel had a capacity of six hundred feet, with a click and an anti over-running appliance.

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[1] The record swordfish for the season 1909 at Santa Catalina was three hundred forty-seven pounds. The notable specimen now hangs on the walls of the Tuna Club, taken by Hon. C. G. Conn.

It has been my good luck to be a party to some interesting sea fights with various kinds of game in the Atlantic, Gulf of Mexico, and around the waters of the Pacific coast; indeed, I believe I have been a witness to contests more than remarkable, and of a character to be doubted by the layman who was not present, but of all these, this fight of Gifford Pinchot with a swordfish, as I saw it, always in his wake, sometimes too near for his patience, comfort, and the safety of his line, impressed me as the pluckiest and most sensational angling experience I had ever seen, or even heard of. Later Pinchot was inclined to laugh at my enthusiasm, but he was playing the fish, and I was the cool and damp spectator. In the excitement he forgot all about the danger, while it was my business to know it, and if possible to avert it.

The sea was rising and the swordfish was constantly edging out into rougher water, holding the skiff down by the stern, and I fully expected the thing to happen to them, that did to me.

A tuna was hauling me, stern first, against a heavy sea, when along came one of the peculiar big waves which are often seen. The tuna rushed at just the right time, and the stern of the boat smashed into the crest of the wave and nearly half filled her. But this was in daylight, and I was being followed by a number of boats, so we paid little attention to it, and my boatman shortly bailed out the boat. But it was different here, and I had Joaquin break out two life preservers and had them ready to fling at the anglers as I thought they might need them if the sea picked up as it generally did.

There are various stories current at Avalon about the dangers of the sport (the Smithsonian has a record of many attacks of swordfish on boats and ships), and a number of anglers have broken the line, and retreated before the menacing attitude of the fish. But this did not worry Pinchot; what really worried him, was Mexican Joe's eighteen-foot, snorting launch, under my guidance. I was a sort of a wild marine *toro,* coming at him from all directions out of the darkness; now nearly aboard on the top of a roller, now too much ahead, threatening the line, as the fish was constantly changing its direction several points, and I was always losing sight of them. Now I would stop twenty feet from the flying skiff, and in backing off get caught, broadside on to the sea, and nearly be thrown out of the boat as she rolled. Then losing them, I would slam back the lever, and put the launch ahead at full speed, until Joaquin in the bow would scream, "There they are!" and heading around to port I would stop her, missing them by a few feet.

It was wild sport, chasing Pinchot that dark night in the San Clemente Channel.

Every once in a while he would shout, "I 've got him up again!" then I would creep up, throw off the clutch, and try to watch them. Presently the scream of the reel would come down the wind, telling that the fish was away again. Fifteen or sixteen times this fish was brought alongside, and as many times Mexican Joe handled his gaff and dropped it again, to seize the oars and back the skiff after it.

No angler ever took greater chances, or played a big fish better than did Pinchot that night, as the channel is a treacherous one, and the conditions not all that one would wish. Sudden fogs, high winds, heavy seas, extraordinary currents, are some of the conditions, and a breakdown of my launch more than possible, as what I do not know about gasolene engines would make a large and comfortable volume, due to a certain disinterestedness on my part, for machinery, or mechanics. And when I was helmsman and engineer of the *Lionore* that night, I knew how to throw off the clutch, and stop her, how to back, and how to start, and I confined myself to this exclusively; kept my right hand on the wheel, where I was at home, my left on the lever where I was very much at sea, and that I continually backed when I intended to go ahead, was but an incident in the game.

I had it all to myself, as I had stationed the boy Joaquin in the bow to aid me in keeping the angler in sight. That I did not jerk individual horse-powers out of that engine is one of the mysterious dispensations of Providence, as it bucked, talked back, coughed, growled, bellowed, and hissed oil at me from every pore and point, while I jerked the lever out and slammed it back, in the wild ride after Pinchot. Now I could see him dimly bracing to it, pumping with all his strength, gaining a foot to lose two, literally hauling the skiff up over the flying swordfish, and standing all the strain on the tip of his rod and arms. That it was a good and hard fight only those really know who have tried swordfish or tuna. The fish never rests; he fights until he is dead, until the end. When you rest, he rests twice as fast, and to rest is to lose.

Pinchot, apparently, never let up on his reeling and pumping, but, ever and anon, the fish would start and dash away, towing the skiff at a rate that forced me to put on full speed. Then, all at once, I would hear a shout out of the darkness. "Keep off, you 're on top of us!" and then I would jerk a few horse-powers out of that long-suffering, patient, growling engine, and slow down, hanging on in the seaway, to catch a glimpse of Pinchot and Joe on the top of a wave, shooting along behind that wild racing steed. The sea was flying, the spume filling the air as they fell on a wave. I could hear the rhythmic motion of Joe's sure strike, see the glint of the rod in the faint glare of the lantern which I had put aboard, and now and then the dim outline of Pinchot's back as he bent over the rod and made the good fight.

As the night grew apace, and when darkness had fully set in, the phosphorescence of the sea began to assert itself, and every crest and bit of broken water became a flash and gleam of silvery light.

The skiff seemed to be resting in a cauldron of fiery gleaming metal. Occasionally in turning I would get caught in the trough of the sea, and fiery flames would leap all about and a mellifluous "Gee!" would come from my small lookout, clinging to the mast lest he be tossed bodily over into the blazing sea, as the launch rolled and yawned.

The moon in the early quarter was gradually dropping over the mountains of San Clemente, standing over to the west, and the stars glistened with a steely intensity. It was a great night to be at sea, as by some fortunate circumstance the wind did not blow as hard as usual, or there would have been another end to this veracious tale. How far the swordfish towed the skiff, I do not know, but I should say at least five miles. I picked them up about three miles to the southeast, offshore, and to reach them went directly away from Mosquito Bay and our camp. When the end came we were a long way out to sea to the northeast of the camp. I sighted the signal bonfire on the beach made by Governor Pardee, after following the angler about an hour, and the swordfish took the skiff rapidly by it, going always to the north, in long, well-sustained spurts of speed, during which I fancy there was little to do but hold on, and dodge the flying spume.

No angler ever had a better boatman. Mexican Joe was in the fight to win. Good judgment, skill, endurance, and an underlying love for the sport, were his qualifications, and all through the fight he managed the skiff in a masterly manner, avoiding the seas, easing her over the waves, pushing, backing her after the flying fish, when opportunity offered, forcing the light boat astern so that the angler could gain a little line.

What impressed me was the strength of the fish, the remarkable speed at which it was towing them against a heavy sea, and the mysterious manner in which they eluded me; they seemed to be continually swallowed up by the night.

Suddenly, as I was chasing them, or going in the direction in which I saw them disappear, I heard a shout of elation from Pinchot. "We 've got him alongside!"

The wind was blowing the sea high and tossing us about. But Joaquin, my plucky lookout, and real engineer, as he knew how to start the engine if it should really refuse to go, rose to the occasion and let out a shout and cheer, and at them we went.

Before I knew it, I saw Joe's back directly under the boy, and I nearly lifted that coughing, hiccoughing eight-horse-power engine out of the launch trying to back her away. But it was too late; a big sea tossed me over, and they seemed to suddenly come at me out of the night. I must have sent the launch ahead, instead of astern. Perhaps I had her backing and going ahead at the same time. I did not hit the skiff, but I disconcerted Joe, who thought I was aboard of them, and he yelled, "I 've lost him!" The gaff had slipped, or he had lost his hold, and there was a smashing, rolling, surging and bounding, choice talk in Spanish, I think, a medley of sounds with my own shouts to Joaquin, anxious to see the fish, and in my line of vision.

Then came Pinchot's voice, "I 've got him by the tail!" And so he had. He held the floundering swinging fish with grim desperation until Joe got a fresh hold, and a rope about him, and as Pinchot told me later, he determined to "hang to his fish if he went overboard."

My launch gathered sternway, and I backed off and came up to leeward and watched them take the one hundred-and-eighty-pound swordfish into the skiff. Then we stood up, and made the channel ring, Joaquin and I, who was much the youngest just then. After the fish had been made fast and sure beyond any possibility of rolling over, I ran alongside, and the anglers leaped aboard.

We took the skiff in tow, and swung in toward the black mass of Clemente on the horizon to the west. It was some time before we picked up the cañon, but shortly Governor Pardee's bonfire gleamed up and we headed for it, the air full of congratulations and laughter. Launches in Southern California are obliged by law to carry a large bell, a sort of trombone-like instrument, and yet another, a near kinsman to the accordion, with a dash of flutes and harmonicas in its make-up. This nameless instrument of torture can be worked by the foot, after the plan of a bellows. Thus Mexican Joe had a band which we promptly put in action, and victorious, towed the game inshore, landing it in due time. Later we sat about the mess table, and heard and discussed the story. There may have been more said about the great victories and battles of history, but that night the Pinchot swordfish held the boards at San Clemente.

The next morning it was photographed and examined and found to be a perfect specimen nearly ten feet long, weighing about one hundred and eighty pounds; as trim a finny privateer as had been caught in many a day. Its slender sword, rapier-like, its under jaw a perfect poignard, its big staring black eyes, the powerful tail and big dorsal fitting into a perfect scabbard, its rakish horizontal balancers at the tail, the strongly defined black vertical stripes about the body, the lead-colored remoras clinging to it, all bespoke a piscatorial *Dreadnaught.*

From the big launch in the morning, while towing the skiff we had watched the swordfish at long and short range. We stopped in front of the cruisers many times, and waited for them to come up. They saw the keel of our launch one hundred feet away, and one another, even farther off, having some unknown method of finding their fellows, as we separated them, and saw the fins several hundred feet apart, then observed them join forces again after a short disappearance, rising to swim with the big dorsal and tail fin high out of the water. When a turn was made the dorsal came fully out of the scabbard.

It was the consensus of opinion of Pinchot and others who have taken these fishes and tarpon, that the swordfish (Tetrapturus) is the superior as a game fish, and of the eight of nine taken in these waters in 1909 with rod and reel, ranging from one hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty pounds, nearly all out-jumped, and displayed more strength than the tarpon.

One angler counted over fifty-five leaps. Pinchot counted fifty, in his first San Clemente fish, fifteen on the night fish before sundown, and how many times it leaped after night closed in no one knows. This depends upon the hooking; so does the endurance of the fish. The fish herein described was caught with two hooks; one in its mouth, the other exactly in the middle of its forehead, and it was by this hook the fish was played. So Pinchot was literally driving the steed by a single rein, which makes the catch very remarkable. No wonder it defied the efforts, literally, of two men; it was practically free, but for the long, thread-like driving line leading back from its dome-shaped forehead. As to the bad temper of some of these fishes there is no question. They have the strength to penetrate ships, and the inclination at times, and have often accomplished it, according to authentic records taken by the Government. And that the angler takes more risk in playing them in the open sea than with any other game fish, may be fairly conceded.

CHAPTER II

ANGLING IN A CRATER

IT is not all fish when one goes a-fishing, despite the popular theory to the contrary. Angling should be approached as an art, as a great philosophy in cognate form; results should be mere incidents. Indeed, there are men who possess themselves with delight even when the game escapes. But of all anglers Walton pointed out the bright and shining way for followers of the guild. Listen to his idea of an angling day; hardly a word about fishing:

> Look! under that broad beech-tree I sat down, when I was last this way a-fishing; and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree near to the brow of that primrose-hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam; and sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs; some leaping securely

in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As thus I sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet has exprest it,

> I was for the time lifted above earth;
> And possest joys not promis'd in my birth.

As I left this place, and entered the next field, a second pleasure entertained me; 't was a handsome milkmaid that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale.

Delightfully expressed and telling the complete story of the "Complete Angler," who went fishing that he might commune with all the beautiful things of life and nature, including milkmaids. The lines of Walton were cast in gentle places, and his streams have a thousand prototypes in New England, New York, and Canada, or any Eastern State, and many on the western slope. But when the angler wanders into the great Northwest, particularly in Oregon, he finds diversions and incidents far more striking, and the antipodes of sylvan streams and echoes gently wafted through the soft and flower-cloyed air.

I believe the most ardent angler cannot approach certain regions of California and Oregon without forgetting the object of his quest in the contemplation of but two features of nature—the splendid forests, and the lava beds—fields, flows, and craters they attempt to cover, as no more stupendous region of volcanic activity can be found in the world than that ranging from Lassen to Masama and east and west for hundreds of miles. Not so many years ago, as the charred trees can still be seen, standing in the ash of a crater near Lassen, this entire region was a nest of volcanoes, and the country of the Cascades over which the angler rides or walks to reach the Klamath country and its trout, has been the scene of an eruption which can only be compared to the stupendous whirlwinds of fire discovered on the sun by Professor Hale. Imagine a rainstorm in which each drop was a piece of molten lava ranging from a thousand tons or more in weight down to a pound, and some idea can be had of this region not many years ago. All these volcanoes were then in operation, and the reality is seen in crossing the Cascades almost everywhere, but especially by the Dead Indian trail from Pelican Bay to Ashland, where, in places where the forests have not covered them, these missiles are seen just as they

ANGLING IN A CRATER

dropped, piled up in vast heaps, scattered over the surface like great sponges, shot from no one knows where, possibly from volcanoes twenty or more miles distant from Mazama, Pitt, Shasta, or some of the numerous pits or craters that make up this marvellous region,—one of the wonders of the world, sleeping beneath the great pine and fir forests of the Cascade and Siskiyou ranges.

Little wonder that the angler forests his mission, and is fascinated by the sight of folded and flowing lava, frozen, as it were, in the very act. Pushing on into the Cascades or climbing the Sierra Nevada, he sees it on every side. At Chico and Sterling, the same awe-inspiring spectacle of lava beds tells a story of bombardment and out-pouring that has no prototype, at least in modern times.

The finest trout-fishing in America lies in the streams and rivers which have cut their way down through these masses of hardened lava, and the strangest place in all the world in which to cast a fly, and one of the most beautiful, is in the crater of one of these old volcanoes, known as Mount Mazama. This mountain was once fourteen or fifteen thousand feet high; but something happened, the top was blown off, doubtless after the fashion of Pelée, and for twenty or thirty miles about, it rained lava; and Mazama dropped into itself; dropped half a mile or more, leaving a crater with walls half a mile in height, and rising in the centre two thousand feet, a cone, the top of the old volcano, or another, now known as Wizard Island.

How long ago this occurred is not known. There is no "oldest inhabitant" to consult who has any tradition, as the natives avoided the deep abyss. It was discovered only in recent years by white men, filled with water, a lake in a crater, six miles long, four miles wide, and nearly half a mile deep, with walls rising precipitously from it one thousand feet high and still covered with pumice and cinders; not long ago a scene of horror that would have made Pelée unmentionable by comparison; to-day, part of a national park and a fishing ground of the people, its waters of surpassing loveliness. Here a launch has been placed by the Government, and a small rowboat in which the angler may row or drift about and fish, as the strange lake, only to be compared to a tourmaline, or a sapphire, has been stocked with trout.

But as Walton forgot his angling for echoes, the songs of birds and milkmaids, so can the angler be excused for forgetting the gentle art and its pleasures when floating over one of the earth's greatest craters into which dropped a mountain as large as Mount Washington, twenty square miles of rock disappearing like a jack-in-a-box, leaving a crater six thousand feet high and six miles across. Crater Lake is the popular name for this fishing ground, which overlooks what, all things considered, is the finest trout country in the world, where trout of heroic size make their home, and all is quietness and peace. Lake Mazama, as it is also called, is one of those happy regions where the approach is part of its attraction, as one passes beautiful trout streams, lakes, and cañons, crosses the Cascades and Siskiyous—really the Sierra Nevada—finding this land of wonders on the east slope of the range in the lair of the volcano.

The fishing ground can be reached from several points, from Medford or Ashland in Oregon by stage, taking two or three days, as the case may be; or one may go to Pokegema, *via* Thrall, by railway, thirty miles up in the Cascades, through a beautiful section; then take a stage ride of nearly fifty miles to Klamath Falls.[1] A little steamer runs from here up Klamath Lake to Odessa, or the Indian Agency, three times a week, from which stages or private teams carry one to the Lake of Mazama, thirty miles to the north. If one has the time this is the better way and the angler, once in the mountains, is in a land of dreams. The climb up the

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[1] The Southern Pacific now enters Klamath Falls, and this region is in touch with the world.

Siskiyous to Pokegema is by the side of th Klamath River into a country of rushing water where beautiful falls break out of the forest an go tumbling down into the valley. The littl engine ascends by a switchback, and stops i the very heart of the range, where you take th six-horse stage into the black forest of Oregon, as it grows deeper and denser and darker. Th soil is deep red, the pigment of ancient trees ground up, and away as far as the eye can reach, around the edge of the world, this forest goes, a splendid virile thing.

The road winds in and out to avoid the big trees. It skirts tremendous chasms, clatters down into cañons of abysmal depth, climbs the lofty heights until you are a mile above the sea, plunges into deeps of verdure until you are surrounded by mountains, shut in by the deep and silent forest. For an hour the road is among the trees. Suddenly they open up, and a splendid vista of mountains, range after range, reaches away, the cañons filled with blue diaphanous haze that Monet paints, and deep, far below you, a winding trout stream from which you never stray many miles. Sometimes you look down upon it from a vast height; now you are almost beside it, and literally follow it t Klamath Lake, which it drains, rising far away virtually in the great springs on the slopes o Mazama.

CRATER LAKE AND CENTRAL CONE

Towards night, in the cool of the evening, you reach the low country, yet on the summit of the Cascades, and roll into Klamath Falls, where you see trout rising in the river. You interrogate a man, who has a string of trout any one of which will weigh ten pounds, but he says they are only "average." It will not be long before the angler can reach this town by rail and go on, but now a steamer takes you up the lake, and they tell you in an apologetic sort of way, to explain the lack of speed, that the engine was formerly used as a part of a reaper, "and it don't just fit." But what does an angler care for time? and this lofty, top-heavy, stern-wheeled nightmare, a type of the mythical *None Such*, three decks and no bottom, appeals to you, and the yarns you hear of her would fill a book. It was said that the captain did not like to whistle, as she invariably stopped, but I think this was not so. It was also said that she always anchored at night, but as she never ran at night this also was evidently a libel. There was one self-evident fact—when the wind blew hard she went astern; but then, the wind rarely blows hard at Klamath. Her method of ascending the river at Odessa and other places was original. The streams were of the corkscrew type, and once headed in, the engineer put on all steam and rammed the steamer into it. She hit the bank and caromed, striking the opposite side, which threw her violently in the opposite direction. And so she sped on, and finally you got where you were going, and as long as you live you will remember; not the bumping up the little river, not the drifting with the wind, nor the yarns as you sat by the harvester boiler on the penochle deck; not these, but the drove of big trout that moved on ahead of her up the river of delights and no name, at whose headwaters hung, like a roc's egg against the sky, the snow-capped peak of a great volcano named Pitt.

You are bound for the Blue Lake of Mazama, to fish in the wonderful crater, but you cannot resist stopping to try these giants of the tribe of Rainbow. Odessa is the name of the stopping place, a little hamlet devoted to ducks, snipe, grouse, and giant trout. The following day, while they are getting the stage and your outfit ready, for you must camp at Mazama, or on the Williamson, you row out into Pelican Bay, and cast your "march brown," or "coachman," or "kamloops" at the denizens of the cold springs that partly make this wonderful region. The Upper Klamath is twenty miles or so long, and looks ten wide. The east side has the appearance of the edge of a crater, and, confidentially, Klamath Lake may have been an ancient crater, as it is hard to get away from volcanoes here. Pitt is always before you, and a jagged rent on its side looks as though it had blown out yesterday.

You row along the north shore, where the forest sweeps down from the summit, a vivid green envelope, the pine and fir trees gradually giving way to aspens whose leaves twinkle and shiver in the soft wind, while the sighing of the pine comes through the trees like the notes of a giant æolian harp. Everywhere trout are rising. You drop a "kamloops" fly in a big swirl, and you have him. Smash! goes the tip, bending to the very water. Whiz! goes the little reel, and in a wild staccato tells of a splendid rush. Then as you press your thumb on the spool, and he feels the check, up into the air, two hundred feet away, goes the glittering, scintillating rainbow, to send the drops flying, to coruscate in the sunlight a moment as he comes rushing in gleaming like a rainbow, to drop and rush away, to come in again, encircle the boat, go into the air again and again, and then go dancing a wild rugadoon down the lake. You must save him, and your boatman rows after him, while you reel, and see in this pool, fifteen feet deep, droves of splendid trout, catch glimpses of them as you go by; and then the rainbow is in the air again, coming slowly in, leaping ever and anon, fighting the good fight, a game fish, until you have him lashing the water on the quarter. The boatman stealthily slides the net beneath him and lifts him in, a mere nothing for Pelican Bay, but an eight-pounder, no more, no less; an eight-pounder as beautiful as a dream. There is a wonderful blend of wine in Southern California called "tourmaline," and this trout has a vestment of tourmaline; and of the four or five you take on this wonderful afternoon, none less than five pounds, all range from old port and Burgundy tints down to the most delicate shades of the tourmaline in color.

The angling here ten years ago is said to have been beyond the wildest dreams of the angler. The trout were seemingly all large, and literal droves of big ones can be seen to-day. At the entrance of the bay I took a nine and three quarter pounder, which hangs to-day in the Tuna Club at Avalon, to tell the story amid tunas and yellowtails; and Mr. Lippincott, the city engineer of Los Angeles, took a twenty-pounder, —tell it not in Gath! as no one will believe it, though Tahoe records show a thirty-three pounder.

This for remembrance, and Pelican Bay is left behind as the wagon bowls along the lake side and through the trees turning to the east to the Williamson River, said by some anglers to be the most beautiful trout stream in the world, and certainly no sane angler will dispute it, as it runs down parallel to Anna Creek into the big lake. Its fount near Gamsai Mountain is a spring of the clearest, coldest water, clarified in the volcanic rocks, purified to the point of perfect crystalline beauty, and abounding in trout of heroic size, as you will soon learn. The Williamson is rapid and a boat is necessary to get the best of the fishing, which is near the mouth of Spring Creek. The banks abound in trees; the verdure is rich and beautiful in the variety of tints, the stream reflecting aspens, willows, and others of the splendid canopy in its waters. Beneath the trees the camp is made; some anglers sleep in tents, others prefer the open, and after a few days of rest and trout the journey is taken up, and you drive on, always rising, following the general direction of Anna Creek, stopping here and there to explore the little trout stream which has cut its way down from the vicinity of the crater through beds of lava; or perhaps the cañon is a mighty crack in the earth. Be this as it may, it is one of the most attractive gulches in the Cascade range, abounding in verdure, in falls, a wonderland in every sense.

You are now in the Crater National Park, and camp is made on the slope of the great volcano that was once a dominating factor in eastern Oregon, and in the morning you climb the trail made and kept in repair by the rangers. Suddenly emerging from the forest you come upon the lake of dreams. Little wonder the

Indians were afraid to look upon it. Only the medicine men of the Klamath tribes knew its face. Little wonder the first white man stood amazed when he climbed the peak and gazed down upon the vast sheet of vivid blue water a fifth of a mile below, a marvellous sapphire twenty-four square miles in extent, framed by the crater walls—walls of a great volcano. There are many legends among the Modocs and Klamaths regarding the wonderful azure lake and I am indebted to Mr. M. B. Kerr of the Sierra Club, who was a member of the original surveying party of Crater Lake, for the following which he obtained from a Klamath Indian:

Wimawita was the pride of his family and tribe. He could kill the grizzly bear and his prowess in the fight was renowned even among those fierce braves who controlled the entrance to the Lake of the Big Medicine, where the black obsidian arrowheads are found. But the chase no longer had pleasure for him and he wandered far up the slopes of Shasta, where the elk and deer abound, and they passed slowly by him down into the heavy growth of murmuring pines, as if knowing that his mission was of peace. Above was the line of perpetual snow, where the tamarack was striving hard for existence in the barren rock. From this great height Wimawita gazed upon the lodges in the prairie amongst the huge trees far below, and then, suddenly descending, disappeared into the forest, advancing towards the east, where springs the great gushing sawul,[1] the sources of the Wini-mim.[2]

There, in a little hut, dwelt old Winnishuya.[3] "Tell me, O mother," he said, "what can I do to regain the love of Tculucul?[4] she laughs at me, and the dog Tsileu[5] wanders with her over the snow-clad mountain." "'T is well," answered the old woman; "Tculucul still loves you, but since your brave deeds among the Klamaths your thoughts are far away and you long for further perils to chant your great exploits in the councils of the brave. Tculucul has noticed your neglect and distaste for the exploits in which you formerly took pleasure. Why, O Wimawita, do you not seek for greater glory? Know you not of the great lake far away and deep down in the mountain-top? The way is long and difficult and but few reach its rocky slopes. If you have the strength and courage to climb down and bathe in its crystal waters, you will acquire great and marvellous wisdom, Tculucul will look upon you with favor, and none will equal you among your own people. The Llaos (children of the Great Spirit) guard the lake, and far in the past one of our own tribe reached it, but not propitiating the spirits, they killed him and his body was sunk into the depths of the blue water."

As she spoke the old woman's strength increased. Wimawita, listening, caught her energy and said: "'T is well, my mother;—to-morrow, while all sleep, will I start upon this journey far away over the fields of lava, to the river where the Klamaths dwell. Then will I find the way to the wondrous lake and bathe in the deep water." While speaking, he noted not the parting of the brush, where Tculucul was concealed and in her fright almost betrayed her presence. Nor was Tsileu visible behind the granite rocks near by, eagerly watching and hearing all that happened.

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[1] Large spring.
[2] McCloud River.
[3] Forethought.
[4] The Lark.
[5] Red Flicker.

At the dawn of the following day, when even the dogs were still around the camp, Wimawita stole quietly away. Close behind, clad in the raiment of a young brave, followed Tculucul, and after a short interval, gliding stealthily in the tracks of the others, came Tsileu. Thus they marched for several long and weary days over the prairies of Shasta and the dreary lava fields of Modoc, until Wimawita reached the great river of the Klamaths. Then Tculucul came forth and accosting him said: "Whither goest thou, Wimawita, and why are you alone in this desolate place?" "I seek the great lake in the top of the mountain to bathe in its limpid waters," he answered. "There would I also go and share your perils." "'Tis well," answered Wimawita, "and I will reward your faith in me." Tsileu, inwardly raging, cast a look of hate upon them and sped northward through the land of the Klamaths.

The next day Wimawita and Tculucul journeyed up the river. They came to a large lake and after some distance this gradually narrowed to a small but rapid stream. After a course of some distance through a deep ravine the water again spread out

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GOING TO CRATER LAKE

(1) The Chuck Wagon
(2) Looking into the Crater
(3) Trolling on Mazama
(4) Coming up out of the Crater
(5) The Siesta. Horsburgh Party

into a lake and far north could be seen the prairies of the Klamaths. Towards the east was a succession of rolling hills with scanty vegetation and clear cut in the rarefied atmosphere. On the west high mountains rose up precipitously, while every now and then a snow-clad peak towered up against the sky, far above its fellows. "'T is there," said Wimawita, "where we must seek for the deep mountain lake." At last, after many weary days, they reached the lake and made camp upon the edge of the precipice. All night Wimawita chanted his song and early, when the sun was just lighting up the circular wall on the opposite side of the lake, fully seven miles away, he clambered down the steep and rocky walls and plunged into the deep, clear water. His spirit seemed to soar from him; but it required all his strength to climb back to the rim of the crater. Again the next day he attempted the same difficult feat, and on returning said: "Once more only, Tculucul, will I have to bathe in the crystal water. Then wisdom and strength will be mine, our tribe will be the grandest in the land, and you the greatest squaw among us. Thus will your faith and help to me be rewarded."

On the third morning he started. Just as he reached the last descent, near the water's edge, he beheld Tsileu. "Dog of Wimawita, we will here find who is the greater man. Defend yourself!" he cried. They swayed to and fro on the edge of the cliff, advancing and retreating, where a false step would cause death. Tculucul from the cliff above, powerless to aid, beheld the mighty encounter. Suddenly

Wimawita slipped on the mossy rock and Tsileu, exerting all his strength, raised and hurled him far out into the lake. Then the Llaos rose and bearing fiercely down upon Tsileu tore his body to pieces and cast them upon the water. Before the ripples had subsided where the lark disappeared, the waves parted and the lava burst out with a mighty noise. The Island of Llaos Nous rose up as a gasp of the dying crater, and here, 't is said, dwells the spirit of Wimawita, the brave, and Tcuiucui, the lark.

The sunrise on the lake is one to be remembered, and cannot be adequately described: its tints of blue, red, and purple, its racing shadows of infinite beauty, deep tones of tourmaline, the pink of the alpine glow, all lost in the deep purples that flood the placid beauty of the lake in a warm glow of radiance and color. In the evening you climb the slopes again, ploughing through the ancient cinder bed, and watch the reverse; then descend the narrow trail into the stupendous crater and stand at the surface of the lake, enter the boat, and row out to view its wonders, just as some nebulous craft of fire once sailed over the surface of the molten lava that welled, seethed, and flowed against the precipitous shore.

The anglers fit their rods, and, under the direction of the guide, row along the edge of the strangest fishing ground in the world.

Where the mysterious waters lave the corroded banks of the cone, they are green, and the bottom is a delicate tone outlined in dim shapes; but it drops suddenly and the green merges into vivid blue. In the borderland the angler has a strike, and the volcano trout, the trout of Mazama, the trout with the strangest home in all the world, is away, the reel filling the air with the music the angler loves, and precipitating all thoughts of the uncanny surroundings. No trout ever had such water to sulk in; a clear rush down the sides of the crater for nearly half a mile is the theoretical possibility, and the dash of the trout downward seems born of a desire to put it into execution. But lines half a mile long are not used even in Mazama, and like many another trout, this one sounds for fifty feet, then is slowly rounded up and rises, coming up out of the blue depths in a great circle which keeps the boatman busy; now on the surface, to roll over in half a leap, and plunge again at the sight of the boat profaning this sacred shrine.

There may be some peculiar life to this placid water that is imparted to the trout, as this one challenges the angler to a thousand rushes, and plays with rod and line until at last it is netted, and, fighting still, is lifted into the boat.

Some day when Crater National Park is the mecca of tourists, angling in this cup of Mazama may become a popular pastime, but not for me. Some may wish to say that they have cast a fly in this stupendous crater, as the shade of Ananias might boast of angling in the Styx, but such a place is not designed for sport, but rather for the contemplative angler to whom mere fish and fishing are incidents. Crater Lake should be a shrine for anglers, but they should not fish; it is almost a profanation, and I fancy the angler of the future will fish the Williamson, Anna, and Spring creeks, the placid waters of Upper Klamath and its radiant rivers and pools, but visit the great cup of Mazama in reverential fashion, as a restful spot wherein to view the wonders and majesty of the world.

CHAPTER III

THE ANGLER'S STORY

THE nights grow cold in September and October around the Klamath country. The days were still radiant and warm, but the summit of Pitt—a splendid volcano cone,—over to the west, was now always white with snow. The pines and other trees looked darker, in the shadows which raced across the lake of dreams, the rays that painted the Modoc hills with vermilion were deeper in tint and tone. The tules had been nipped by the frost and had lost their vivid greens, and hung in the wind, or crackled as the ducks and geese rustled through them, like banners in red and gold. The water of the thousand springs grew cooler, and one imagined a greater, stronger flow. Ducks, geese, jacksnipe were going south; long lines could be seen every day, above the black forests of the Cascade, and every little river, inlet, and bay had its voyagers, while out in the lake proper, great ghostly cotton-like masses told of the white pelican already thinking of some warmer clime.

A great change was imminent, and it did not require a conjurer among the anglers, or a great prophetic soul, to say that it was winter. Yet winter was weeks away; these were only the premonitory symptoms, and they drove us to the big log hunting lodge o' nights and to our little camps among the trees, where we piled on the logs of Oregon pine and revelled in its roar. Sometimes we sat and listened to the strange sounds of the forest, the weird note of an owl, the cry of a mountain lion, perhaps, or the fiercer growl and menace of two limbs which smote one another and snarled as only two dead limbs can, on a cold dry night when the sky is clear, and each star is like a steel facet in the sky.

I have often wondered why some hunter who writes of the woods has never thought to translate the voices of the dead limbs, the sounds of the forest as the strong wind pulsates through them. You have seen the soft summer wind rippling purring through a green field; how it changes the color, until marvellous tints and tones come with every breath, yet all in green. Once, a mile high or more in the Sierra Madre, I saw a wild and sportive wind sweeping over the forest seemingly in just this way, rippling through the trees, imitating all the animal sounds ever dreamed of in our philosophy. And so we sat, watching the roaring fire; now going over to the table where B—— sat tying flies just for the fun of it. It is too bad that B—— does not have to tie flies for a living, as anglers have lost a great artist. He is the impressionist, the Monet of the school, as note his great creation, the Prodigioso fly, which hangs in the Tuna Club, formed of bear's hair, moa crest, and the hackle of a roc, made for me for taking an eight-pound rainbow. While B—— ties flies and smokes, D—— reads from an old book, John Dennys' *Secrets of Angling:* "Of Angling, and the Art thereof I sing."

You Nymphs that in the Springs and Waters sweet,
Your dwelling have, of every Hill and Dale,
To sport and play, and heare the Nightingale;
And in the Rivers fresh doe wash your feet,
While Prognes sister tels her wofull tale:
Such ayde and power unto my verses lend
As may suffice this little worke to end.

The conversation then fell upon the habits of anglers and of the charming men, and women, too, we had met, and F—— sang of Mynheer Vandunck, as a warning to S——, who was in the back room brewing a punch whose pallid breath reeked through the seams of the comfortable shanty, preaching sermons of the delights of iniquity, pipes, hot jorums on roaring nights, punch on fairly cold nights (like this), and fish stories that were neither hard nor fast, so far as truth is concerned. But let us strike a moral when we can, and here is the song of Mynheer Vandunck, written by some Dutch wag in 1603, slightly paraphrased.

Mynheer Vandunck, though he never got drunk,
Sipped brandy and angled gaily;
And he quenched his thirst with two quarts of the first,
Hooking lots of fine salmon daily:
Singing, "Oh that a Dutchman's draught could be
As deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee!"

Water well mixed with spirit good store,
No fisherman thinks of scorning:
But of water *alone* he drinks no more
Than to help him bring his fish on shore
Upon the market-stall in the morning,
For a fishing Dutchman's draught should be
As deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee.

The wind rises and we pile on the wood and tell about the catches of to-morrow; then we call upon the author, who has been looking into the fire, doubtless on a long still hunt for inspiration, and we demand a song or story.

"I don't know whether you know," he began, "but not far to the south of us, over the Siskiyous in Plumas and Sierra counties, California, they have the deepest snow in the world; not always, but at times. In Plumas, near Quincy, they have had snow forty feet deep on the level. I have seen towns buried out of sight, the streets marked by staffs, with rags tied to them. When you came to a staff you would see a hole, and walked down snow steps until you reached the second-story windows of Clancy's house, and so the Clancy family.

"Men living in such conditions must be men, and I have a number of yarns regarding an angler named Clancy. He was the best fly tier and caster in this part of the country, and the moral of it all is that among the anglers way up in the Sierras you find some of the biggest men and some of the noblest of souls."

"Hold on a moment," cried S—— putting on a big log; "now, then, sail on."

And so with the wind whistling down the chimney and the fire roaring, the author read his story before he sent it to the magazine that was to publish it [1]; a story supposed to be fiction, yet founded on fact.

Clancy of the Jack-pot

It was Clancy's ante, but after going over his hand mentally for a moment, he looked up and with a peculiar drawl said, "Boys, let's make this a jack-pot for the kid, Bill's kid what's comin', the first native son of Sierra Vista."

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[1] *McClure's*, December, 1907.

"Right you are," came a voice out of the smoke and gloom; "and it's a double eagle to come in."

The big, dull yellow gold pieces clinked musically on the pine-board table, and the game was about to proceed, when a rushing, sliding sound was heard from above, and the door broke in with a crash, allowing a man to roll out on to the floor with a small avalanche of snow.

"Come in," cried Clancy; "don't stand on no ceremony."

The newcomer, after glancing back at the incline down which he had shot, deliberately damned it after an approved and original fashion, then pulled himself together and stood up. The unexpected visitor was a giant, and as he strode up to the table something in the big, red face and wonderful, yellow eyes arrested every player's attention, while Clancy exclaimed, "What's the matter, Alec?"

"The kid's come," answered the newcomer, making a gesture to stop the cheers,—the arrival of a baby was a great event in Sierra Vista,—"but the woman's dying."

"The hell you say!" exclaimed Clancy.

Some of the men standing in the gloom took off their hats, not knowing exactly why they did so.

"Yes, and Bill 's off his base. But that ain't the worst of it; that kid 's goin' to starve to death."

"Not on your life," cried Clancy, pointing to the table. "Why, there 's his first birthday present."

"It would n't help if it had a bushel of blue chips," answered Alec. "What the kid wants is milk, first, last, and all the time, and there ain't but one can of the stuff between here and the open, and the snow 's forty foot on the level, and Ralsdorf five days off; the kid 's up against it."

The players cashed in their chips in silence, got into their coats, and moved to the door that could hardly be seen in the dim light, as banked up against every window was snow; snow that reached not only to the roof, but ten, twenty feet above it. The entrance to Clancy's was a snow chute or tunnel, with steps of snow leading upward, and as the men crawled out into the open, they stood high above the house and village.

Endless snow-storms had fallen, until the little mining hamlet, that in the summer stood in a pleasant mountain-environed valley, was now forty feet under the snow. Stores and houses were completely out of sight, and the only things to suggest the presence of a town were chimney extensions and flags, rising from the field of white on two sides of a straight line that indicated the street far below. Each house had its tunnel, and as the snow increased and accumulated, the tunnel was lengthened and another joint added to the stove-pipe to keep it above the surface. In all the world, doubtless, there was not so peculiar a state of affairs as in this land of deepest snow; even the Eskimos know nothing like it.

As the men—all miners of the snowed-up mines in this part of the Sierra Nevada—crawled like ants out of the hole, they picked up their skees, which had been thrust endwise into the snow, put them on, and made their way up the street, stopping at a big red flag and disappearing, one by one, down the slide, into the saloon of the town. All the available men had gathered, as they did every day in this drear winter of almost endless snow; snow that did not drift, but dropped like feathers, until the entire valley was closed and shut in, until the ranges were covered so deeply that the small trees disappeared, and only the tops of the large ones were here and there to be seen.

Big Alec strode up to a table around which the citizens of Sierra Vista gathered. "Boys," he began, "I reckon you 've heard the news. Bill Hardy's woman had a baby this afternoon —a little gal about so big," holding his large red hands about a foot apart, "and the old Fogarty woman says she 's a regular snowflake dropped out of the clouds; but Bill's woman 's going over the Divide, and the little gal is left to you an' to me, an' we 're jest natchrally up against it. I reckon Bill never thought but what the kid could get along with canned goods and what natur provided for it; but the natur end of the outfit is cut out, and the old woman says canned goods won't go. There 's but one small can of milk between that kid and starvation, and the mail man has n't been able to get over the divide for a month. Boys," and the big miner smashed a bony fist down on the table, "the only way to save the kid is to take it out into civilization where there *is* milk, and women and things, and the question up to the town is, who 's a-goin' to do it? I 've got two kids here without any mother or I would n't be askin' that question."

A dozen men sprang forward out of the darkness of the foul, oil-scented room, but Clancy, he of the jack-pot, being in the lead,—as he generally was, being built that way,—the man with the yellow eyes grasped his hand and said, "You 're elected, Clance, an' you bet your sweet life you 'll do it."

There was no time to lose, and on the second day after the birth of the child the inhabitants of Sierra Vista, to the number of fifty, crawled up out of their burrows to see Clancy off with the baby. He had received certain instructions from Mrs. Fogarty as to the care of infants. He was going alone, as there was not a skee-runner who could keep up with him. His outfit was well adapted to the requirements: a heavy suit; a fur sleeping bag, and a bag of fur for the baby, slung from his back; provisions for a week, mostly jerked venison; some chocolate; an outfit for melting the milk, a six-shooter, a knife, and a belt of cartridges, long skees, a skee-pole, and a flask of brandy.

The entire town, famous for its skee-runners and racers, started with Clancy and followed him down the little valley and up the incline to the forest where, high in the pines, were blazed marks, now in plain sight on the level, but in summer forty or fifty feet in air. Up to the divide which formed the rim of the valley, the crowd went, then stopped and cheered, as Clancy swung himself over and shot down the steep incline, in a short time disappearing from view. As far as the eye could reach, mountains rose, valleys sank, ridges crossed and zigzagged, and deep cañons fell away; and over all the white mantle, from which, like giant pompons, the trees appeared.

Strong, virile as he was, the eternal whiteness of the snow, its terrible depth, its proneness to slide and form avalanches, sank into his heart as a menace of disaster; but between his shoulders something warm filled him with energy and that which carries when all else fails. Like the skilled skee-rider he was, champion in a hundred contests down mountainsides, he moved on over the icy snow like the spirit of the wind, a splendid human animal,—rising over hummocks, making tremendous leaps into the air, speeding on to seeming destruction; now using his pole to break the pace, again, in the exuberance of his strength, holding it on high as he shot through the freezing air.

When he reached the bottom of the slide of the mountain with such force that he shot fifty feet up the opposite slope, he caught himself with his pole and began killing the ascent, zigzagging slowly upward. He knew the immediate country well and was following the general directions of the mail skee-man, who in times of less snow made the passage across the mountains once in two weeks. He followed the blazed trail, and in hours of heart-breaking work reached another summit and went whirling down, always headed south, in the direction of the country that, miles away, opened out into the level plains where man lived. Once he struck a hidden limb and was hurled into the air, but by splendid action so twisted himself that he did not fall on his little burden. The plaintive wail that came as a result of the shock brought to him the realization of the possible danger of such an accident. He stopped, trembling with excitement, and shaped his pace with more moderation. Instead of sliding down the slopes at full speed, he slid at an angle, or coasted on the pole and sought for easier routes.

The sun dropped so that he lost it several times, then, ascending, found it again. At last he saw it sink over the distant mountains, losing it entirely as he shot down through a pass where blue and purple shadows were growing and blending on the snow. He had travelled hours with hardly a stop, and the pace was telling. Selecting a fir-tree, he brushed away the snow, shook it from the lower branches, dug out a burrow with his long knife, heaping up a windbreak about him with skilful hands, and spread his thick fur sleeping bag, which had a thin rubber cover impervious to dampness; then he lighted the alcohol lamp, melted some snow, adding to it a portion of the milk, and in the folds of the bag uncovered the little face and gave the child its food. Only twice had the baby cried since he started, and he wondered at it; then he thought that perhaps it was sick, a possibility that had not occurred to him. But the little face was warm, and by the light of the lamp the bright eyes looked wonderingly into his, giving the man a strange and novel sensation—the feeling of paternity. He ate some jerked venison and chocolate, then crawled into the bag and, holding the fur bundle in his arms,

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slept, how long he did not know. The mountain wind rose, and as the tree bent and waved, great patches of snow fell and struck the branches and sifted down with more or less force. Then came a quiver, a rush, the very mountain shaking; it was an avalanche in some adjoining cañon, perhaps one that he had passed; and then came the terror that he had slept too long, that he was losing time.

Throwing off the snow, he repacked, slung the burden upon his back, moved out into the moonlight, and sped on down the cañon. How weird it was! Ghosts and phantoms stalked everywhere; they hung from trees, they blocked his way and seemed to be flying as banners of snow, swinging on the wind that wailed down through the pass. He was passing a cañon that in summer was the bed of a stream, now filled with snow, from which, on either side, rose rocks overhung with snow veneered with ice, that caught the gleams of the moon. A strange moaning sound came down the wind, and ever and anon the booming crash and fall of rocks filled the vibrant air with sound, so that the man often stopped, awed and silenced by the throes of nature. And so for two days more he strode on, always to the south.

The snow grew finer, and the travelling slow. As the moon sank one night, Clancy sought the shelter of an overhanging boulder and slid into a huge crevice in the wall of the cañon, where he opened the sleeping bag and crawled in for a brief rest. He was aroused by the cries of the child; and after feeding it and taking some food himself, he again started out into the snow.

Suddenly, like a mental spectre, came the feeling that he was being followed; it came so quickly that a shudder went vibrating over him, and instinctively he stopped and looked back, and would have sworn that some one or some living thing moved back from his trail. Seized with a frenzy of excitement, he drew his revolver and dropped behind a rock, crouching like a human panther, ready to spring. He heard a wild cry, half human in its intonation—it came again, again, and still again; a mountain lion was on his trail. At first it was a relief, and he laughed aloud, for he had many a time put his knife into a lion to save his dogs, and he knew the trick of lions' following men, though rarely attacking them. But there had been instances of man-killing lions, and perhaps this was one. He fortified himself behind the rock and tried to sleep, revolver in hand; but the child cried and moaned, and he feared that if the lion were creeping near, it might hear: so pulling himself together he again faced the storm with a sense of dread in his heart, and pushed on far into the night, at last literally falling in the snow and resting in the lee of a great boulder.

But the weirdness of the situation prevented him from sleeping. He would start up half dreaming, half awake, to hear either in imagination or in fact the cry of some wild beast. A strange mental condition had taken possession of him, a stupendous elation, as though the mind were governing his physical being to the extent of being able to force him to continual exertion and to carry him through, when the body was to all intents and purposes unable to respond; he seemed to be in a trance, and only by seeing and handling the little burden that he held next to his heart in the big bag could he recall his mind to its normal poise. He had seen a horse run day and night until it fell dead, and he realized that his almost continuous performance had seriously involved the adjustment of his faculties. He would not drop physically, but he might fail mentally, and this fear grew as he lay listening to the extremes of sound: the slightest—the falling of snowflakes; the loudest—the down-rushing of hill- and mountain-sides, the avalanche. He imagined that the snow as it drifted down the cañon took on strange shapes. Now a phantom ship under full sail went ploughing on; he could see the bellying canvas, the spume beneath the bow as she careened; then the eddies twisted the great snow sheets into other forms—bodies of men, ghostly platoons marching on and on, to be dissipated by a heavy sea that broke and piled upon a rocky shore. Then he seemed to be submerged and swept away.

He finally fell asleep and was awakened by the crying of the child. Sunlight was streaming down into the cañon, illumining the white tufted trees, like a benediction. He lighted the alcohol lamp, and in prying the wooden stopper with which the milk can had been plugged, he found that the contents had partly disappeared. For some reason the discovery did not discourage him. He was dazed by fatigue. The child was fretful and continued its crying. Unable to stop its plaintive wail, he braced it against a rock so that the sun did not shine into its face, pink against the fur and surrounding snow, and began to talk to it.

"Say, look here, kid, there ain't nothin' the matter with you; you 're all right. What you kickin' about, grub? Three times a day an' twict a night, an' plenty of it; yes, you bet there is. An' won't we paint the town a sky-blue alabaster pink when we reach milk? Oh, no, perhaps we won't."

But the baby cried on.

"Don't you worry, kid," he began again; "we 're goin' to get through, an' don't you forget it. We 're on Easy Street, an' Grubville 's at the end of the lane," and Clancy threw his big hands up. "Hold up, kid, you 'll wake up that old lion, or lucivee. Hold up, kid, an' I 'll tell you about my poker hand. You see Redding, Lou Doyle, your pap, an' me, was sittin' in a game at Alec's old saloon, the Siesta. Alec held a straight flush, all but one card. Your pap held four aces and a king, an' I ain't givin' you no taffy, it 's a fact." Clancy reiterated this, as to his astonishment the baby stopped crying. And as the sun came out of a cloud he saw or imagined that the little blue eyes were fastened wonderingly on his.

"Red held four queens, an' it was my deal. I found I had a canary bunch, every doggone card in the deck. There was n't a thing for me to do, kid, but stand pat an' bluff the lights outen 'em, so I took one card, creatin' the impression that I had four of a kind. Red called for— Well, I 'll be dogged," continued Clancy after a brief pause; "I ain't no spellbinder, that 's dead sure," and he bent over the little face. The baby's eyes were closed, it was fast asleep. "You dern little cuss," he muttered softly, "I 'm goin' to get you to Grubville, an' don't you forget it," and he stared at the little face, his own growing a deeper and deeper red. "I 'm damned if I ain't a good mind to kiss it for its dead mammy; but I never kissed a baby in all my life; I might scare it to death."

Clancy glanced furtively around, as though to see if any one were looking, wiped the icicles from his beard, bent over the child,—a big, red-faced, bloodshot-eyed benediction,—and touched his lips to its forehead; then, swinging the bundle on his back, he slipped on his skees and moved on, conscious that some kind of change had swept over him, exactly what he did not know.

The snow was soft and fluffy, making travelling much more difficult. It concealed treacherous places and played tricks with his skees, several times throwing him to the ground with considerable force, so that he was obliged to regulate his pace. For some hours he moved slowly on, then suddenly the cañon ended in a blind lead, and he knew that he had lost the trail followed by the post skee-runner. There was no time to go back; he knew the general direction, so he began the ascent of the cañon wall and in two hours, by zigzagging, came to the summit of the ridge and looked out and down on peaks and mountains rolling, tumbling away to the south. To the south, that was it; he would have known he was headed that way even if he had not seen the needle of his compass; he noted the lichens on the north and east sides of the trees where the snow had fallen, and dashed on. The descent was so steep that he coasted on his pole half the time. Reaching the bottom, he entered the largest cañon leading in the general direction of south and walked on. He stopped but once in several hours, and then only for food. The child had been crying for a long time, and he knew the reason; he had put it on half rations; there was not enough milk in the can to last with close economy for six meals more, and he was holding on to the chocolate, not eating it himself, as a last resort.

Night came quickly. He stopped long enough to feed the child, trying it with chocolate, but in vain. He did not even attempt to talk to it, there was not time; it must cry itself to sleep, he must push on and on, eternally on.

By midnight he reached a level valley filled with trees—splendid spectres covered with snow. They seemed figures grasping at him, as he passed and brushed the limbs aside, silhouetted against the sky in which steel facets seemed set in countless millions. A peculiar numbness began in his knees and crept slowly upward. It was like some deadly stupor, only it did not rise in the brain. He sprang forward with renewed energy as it swept over him, trying to throw it off, not realizing that it was the summing up of terrible physical strain; then, stopping, he unslung his burden, placed it upon the snow, and in a frenzy began to rub his legs, toppling over from sheer weakness and rolling several feet as though wrestling with some unseen monster.

The contact with the snow, full in his face as he rolled, brought him to, and he sprang to his feet, turning to the child. Clear snow met his glance; the bag was gone. With a fierce cry he leaped forward, all the instinct of a mountaineer and woodsman surging to the surface as he dashed about the tree in a circle, eyes straining down to catch the trail, staring mad for the moment. An animal that could have seized the child would have made a trail leading from the tree, but as he swept around, the snow was as smooth as velvet, not a break in its soft, pure surface; completing the circle, coming upon his own steps, at first mistaking them, Clancy flung himself upon them and looked for the lead. Suddenly a thought penetrated his dull brain, and running to the tree he began to dig with a skee where he had left the child. The first move uncovered the fur bag. A great mass of snow, a tree avalanche, had dropped noiselessly down and covered bag and child.

Creeping close beneath the low branches, Clancy cleared away the snow, opened his sleeping bag, and crawled in. He had slept perhaps an hour when he awoke with a start; something had given the bag a tug. Throwing back the flap he saw a gray, dog-like creature slink away, then on the night air rose a ventriloquistic howl. Half dazed, he arose to find that one of his skees had been hauled down from where he had thrust it into the snow. He brought it back and, noting the yellow light stealing up from the east, equipped himself and staggered off to the south. An hour later, when the sun illumined the splendid series of cañons, he stopped among some rocks to heat the milk, noting that there was but a spoonful left. He was living entirely on jerked meat, keeping the chocolate and brandy as a reserve. For the first time he took a drink, and exulted as the stimulant swept through his veins and arteries bearing new and false sensations of strength to his brain. "Brace up, kid," he whispered as a wail came from the bag; "we 're goin' to get there, an' don't you forget it. Why, I can smell grub." It was so real, this trick of the imagination, that the man jumped up, a wild light in his eyes.

Up mountains, down terrific slides, striding, sliding, rushing on, this now fearful figure held its course. His face was swollen out of all proportion, his eyes almost closed, his teeth met between the lips which were bloody and cracked. The last time he stopped to feed the child he had thrown away the can and forced the infant to take melted chocolate, drinking some himself. His roll of jerked beef had disappeared; some animal had stolen it in the night. Even this catastrophe did not have any particular effect upon the man; his mind was benumbed to almost any influence. But one dominant idea seemed to have been left—to push on and on—by intuition holding to the south.

He had entered a forest where the trees were some distance apart and was forging slowly along, when a new and familiar sound struck his ear, a barking, whining yelp, quickly answered as though by an echo. As it died away, out of the forest that bordered a little clearing appeared three or four animals, one white as snow, the others gray.

"Timber wolves, by G——!" quivered on his palsied tongue.

They ran to and fro, struck his trail, and came on with a quick side-swing trot, occasionally lifting their heads to utter the sound that has been the funeral dirge for many a horse and steer.

Clancy backed up against a tall fir, kicked off his skees, and stood ready for them. In a moment they saw him, stopped, and separated twenty feet, as though to attack him on the side and rear. Taking careful aim at a gray wolf as it came at him, Clancy fired directly in its face, dropping it; he whirled to fire at the one to his left, when the third sprang upon him. A flash and howl told that the second animal was wounded; with a powerful kick he caught the third between the forelegs and sent it flying backward. For a moment the two beasts were staggered. He tried to fire again, but found that he had dropped the revolver. In a frenzy, he seized the dead wolf and flung it at the others as they came on. He struck one a fierce blow under the jaw with his boot and made a slashing cut with his long knife, at which one of the wolves sprang around behind. At this he unslung the child and, holding it high in air with one hand, attempted to toss it into the low, shelf-like branches of the tree. But as he held it aloft, the wounded wolf sprang upon him, sprang and met the long blade that sank into its throat.

The force of the rush threw the man down and away from the tree. Dropping the bag into the soft snow, he seized his long skee that he had thrust, end upward, in the snow, and waited. The white wolf, the spectre of its kind, ran back and came at him with many false starts, then with a yelp dashed straight on. Clancy intended to use the skee as a club, but the thought suddenly found lodgment in his benumbed brain that if this broke he was lost, so he dropped it and sprang to meet the brute, with a maddened cry—gr-r-r-r-r— in his throat. The wolf's mouth was open, and with a movement like the flash of light he grasped the lower jaw, back of the sharp canines, bent it down with his giant strength, at the same time gripped the throat with his left hand, and the two rolled in the snow from which came horrible cries, growls, imprecations, the sounds that go with enforced strangulation, and despair of man or beast. Not for a moment did the desperate man release his grip; the huge, doglike beast tore ridges in his face with its fore-claws, while the man beast, bearing it down, in turn tried to fasten his teeth upon the animal's throat. Slowly and surely he choked it, not releasing his hold until the brute was almost stiff; then he hurled it aside. Embued now with superhuman strength, he picked up the fur bundle, slung it upon his back, adjusted his skees, and ran as though for his life. Once more, amid a snow-storm, he stopped to eat, and to feed the child that now was almost always silent. But there was nothing; the roll containing the supply had been lost. To return was impossible; the drifting snow covered up the skee-marks as fast as they were made. It took some minutes for Clancy to realize the situation, and then he broke into a roar of terrible laughter; such laughter as had never been heard in those solitudes. Again slinging his bundle upon his back, he moved on to the south, laughing, singing, talking to the child. There followed long periods of silence. Time and again he fell over rocks and trunks of trees, but always on his face. And so he plunged along, at times raving like a madman. Great eyes peered at him, eyes of demons, eyes of wolves; but he staggered on until a larger wolf's eye than ever burst upon him;

then, kicking off a skee, he whirled it aloft, sprang forward, went down, and—the light went out.

Old Joe Kicking Horse, a Modoc Indian, was cutting wood for the T. D. Company in the Sesqualie range and, as he later told the story, was making coffee over the camp-fire, when a wild figure came rushing out of the woods, whirling a long skee about its head, and plunged headlong into the coals, from which Old Joe and his squaw pulled him, to find, to their amazement, a baby strapped to his back; a baby not much over a week old, feeble and apparently starving. The squaw took the baby and folded it to her ample breast, while Old Joe forced some whisky down the insensible man's throat. For a long time he worked over him, while a droning Modoc lullaby—and a lullaby is the same over all God's world—came drifting on the wind from the cabin-door. He rubbed life into him, and suddenly the gaunt, haggard frame of a man struggled blindly to its feet and turning fiercely to Old Joe cried: "Where 's the kid?"

"You come," replied the Modoc, and taking the trembling man by the arm, he led him into the shack. Steadying himself, Clancy looked round, rubbed his bloodshot eyes, and made out what at first looked like a big, squat figure of Buddha that slowly changed into a squaw.

"She heap busy," said Mrs. Old Joe.

Clancy, clinging to Old Joe, leaned over the two and stared.

"Did n't I tell you, kid," he said faintly, "Grubville was at the end of the lane?"

"She 's a stayer, I 'll be dogged if she ain't," he continued, disappointed that the child did not look up.

"You bet," replied Mrs. Old Joe, lifting a handkerchief on the other side and displaying the bronzed intaglio of her own babe's face.

It was many a day before Clancy saw the child again; a few hours later he was in a delirium. Old Joe brought the surgeon from the government reservation, and for weeks the man struggled for life. But one day, when the sun came pouring down into the cañon, Mrs. Old Joe placed the child in his arms, and Clancy knew that he had accomplished the impossible. A runner was sent over the mountains to Sierra with the news, and one morning when the snow had gone, when great mounds of green went tumbling eternally away to the distant sea, a queer outfit crawled slowly up the divide that looked down on the valley of Sierra Vista; first came Clancy, leading a burro upon which sat Mrs. Old Joe, hired on a life lease as nurse in perpetuity by the miners of Sierra Vista, looking more like Buddha than ever, and holding the child; while behind, mounted on a mule, rode Old Joe with his own papoose. As they reached the divide the whole town came rushing up, and at the head Bill and a fair, brown-eyed woman who was not dead, who, by a miracle, had lived. As she reached Mrs. Old Joe and the child she had never seen, Alec and Lou Doyle and the rest turned away and looked at the scenery—then laughed and shouted through many tears; and then Clancy, Old Joe, and a protesting Buddha went up upon the shoulders of the citizens of Sierra as they hit the trail and wound down into the valley of deepest snow.

CHAPTER IV

THE RIVER OF FEATHERS

THIS little river rose in an amateur glacier on the slope of Mount Lassen—once a terrific volcano in northern California, but now a mother of trout streams on the east slope of the Sierra Nevada. You pass through Humbug Valley to reach it, climb the Sierra Nevada until you are on top of the world, and from ten in the morning until six in the evening you are staging through eternal forests; now looking out over the land, or down into abysmal chasms from a pinnacle nearly eight thousand feet in air; again descending some deep cañon, or skirting an abyss from which you look into other depths, deeper and farther on, but always on the finest mountain road anywhere in so wild a country, always in the deep black forest on the very top of the world.

The River of Feathers appears very large on the map, but when you climb out of Humbug Valley and through the big pines, and look down on Big Meadows, the fair river is really very small. But then the trout are very large, and again, what pleasure to the angler is there in a Mississippi or an Orinoco? You could not cast half-way across, and if you did, catfish, not trout, would be your reward.

Late in the day you drop from the high Sierras into a little village, founded by a man named Pratt. What Pratt was doing half a century ago on the Feather no one knows, but millions in gold have been washed from the bed of the stream, so we assume that he was not hunting for big trout. Whatever it was, he has his monument, and you may have guessed it: It is Prattville. There is a blacksmith shop and two or three others, a post-office and a row of buildings that gradually dwindles down into little homes, and, last, there is the Feather River winding in and out; and away up to the north, hanging like a roc's egg in space, the splendid, glowing snow-cap of Lassen. Down the river another mile, hard by a great mass of fine trees and on the edge of the meadow, you come to a little shop, and on the sign read, "Costar, Artificial Fly Maker."

You have seen all sorts of signs from Chico up to Sterling and the divide; one reading, "Keep Off the Snow," tacked on a big tree thirty feet in air, where the coach drives in winter when it tries to reach Humbug, or where the Indian mail carrier coasts on skees. But this, one hundred miles from anywhere, is the first to really appeal to you; and so you stop, and find that Costar not only makes flies, but keeps a little inn that is so near the River of Feathers that if the inn had a veranda you could stand on it, and cast one of the inn-keeper's flies nearly to the other side, and the chances would be that you would land a trout.

As you enter the yard you notice a number of creels and rods hanging on the side of an old weather-beaten shed, and they are the bulky baskets that are seen only on the Pacific coast, built by some dreamer who had seen trout in a nightmare. A little crowd surges out of the inn to meet the coach, and inspect the new arrival, and already recognising the fact that your creel is outclassed, you try to hide it, but fail. An hour later, in the central room, you hear the truth about the River of Feathers from a group of sturdy, big-booted, gray-shirted anglers. They pretend not to know what the creel is, and take you over to the fly-maker's sanctum and show you the Hall of Fame of the River of Feathers. The walls are covered with rude but correct and life-size paintings of trout made by the simple means of placing the trout on paper, running a pencil around him, and painting him in, with colored chalk. What fish stories these walls tell! There is the story of every notable catch in the Big Meadows for the past decade; and the size of these monsters, their massive pro-

AUTHOR LANDING A BIG "RAINBOW," FEATHER RIVER

portions, surely it is a dream. But on each picture is the attest, the name, the weight, the date, and these are the mere commonplace happenings on Feather River, so named because in the old days the Indians fastened bunches of feathers by short strings to willow branches out over the stream, which, dangling in the wind, became targets for leaping trout which were thus impaled by the spears of the relentless fishermen.

An old-timer and friend had told me that when he first saw the river way back in the fifties, he looked up-stream when the wind was blowing and saw dozens of these feather bunches leaping and swaying over the river, and after them, madly, the guileless trout. With this alluring incident in mind I buckled on my little creel one morning, and with a companion who knew all the pools, and who proposed to confide them to me, started down the river. Directly at the inn, where the "hired band" was the leaping of trout, there was a little branch, and at its head, the crown of Lassen, nine thousand feet in air. From here the river bore away to the south; now dividing around a miniature island, racing over shallow reefs, to plunge suddenly into a deep pool in which I saw a drove of trout that gladdened the eye and astonished the senses.

The river was now in the Big Meadows, a flat clearing, six or eight miles square, from the edges of which great deep-green forests of pine, spruce, and fir rose on the slopes of the mountains. Where we stood the river skirted the forest, and here and there along the bank were great clumps of brilliant willows around which one walked to come upon the bank about three feet above the water, clear of brush, grass grown —an ideal spot for fly-casting.

In such a pool we began to "wave our feathers" over the waters, and I might add that it is against the moral law here to use more than one fly, or to fish with anything but flies. My companion made a long cast to the opposite bank, allowing his fly to dangle in the air just where the willows came down to the water's edge and cast yellow shadows on the deep green, then withdrew it, not allowing it to touch. I followed suit. Again the yellow "Costar" fluttered over the pool, and again, now ten feet down-stream. As it settled on the surface and darted along for a second, a swirl came, and up into the air went a splendid trout, hurling the water aloft; then something rose just below to meet my own fly. Ah, the joy of it! the infinite patience rewarded.

At last I can cry with Walton, "I am, sir, a brother of the angle," as I have him; I know it by the thrill, the firm response, the dash of the resilient rod, the hiss of the line as it cuts the water. And now he is in the air, lashing himself like a tarpon, hurling crystal drops of spray at me and the whispering aspens. But the little fly clings to his jaw like a fifth cousin, and down he goes, to make a straight-away run of fifty feet that is irresistible. I let him go because he wills it, then when I check him on the turn up he goes again, a whirling Dervish of the pool, trying, perhaps, to look at me and invoke the gods of Lassen, then down, to come up-stream to the deep pool he knows so well, running along the edge of the drinking willows with slack line, despite my reeling; and then up again, just where the early sunlight bursts through the willows, having the centre of the stage with all the lights turned on, up he goes pirouetting, dancing on his tail, displaying every beauty of tint, shape, and avoirdupois.

Down to the bottom of the pool he goes, coursing here and there, striking sturdy blows upon rod and line, then again up-stream into the field of my companion, who just now comes up over the bank holding a colossus he has netted. How long this rhapsody continued I do not know or care, but if all the druids of the stream, all the gods were not on the side of that trout, were not aiding and abetting his attempts at escape, I miss my guess, as time and again I was sure he was gone, and for twenty minutes he kept me running up and down this radiant pool, giving and taking, fearing, hoping, and other things, lest he take me unawares. More than once he had me on the run; more than once I lost control and he led me into pastures new and dangerous, and as I pranced down-stream for the last time, working hard, I caught the laughter of my friend, who was still holding the big fish, as a sort of totem, and reciting his Walton: "And so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more *calm, quiet,* innocent recreation than angling."

Walton never fished the River of Feathers, or he never would have penned those dulcet lines that fit most streams and angling minds. But such a trout in Waltonian waters would be a "Volscian in Corioli," and at last, superheated, excited to the limit, exultant in the angler's fashion, I held him in mid-stream, and began to think of the long-handled net. He was conquered, but refused to acknowledge it; went into the air repeatedly, mayhap to look at me, shook himself bravely, and bounded from side to side in the deep shadows of the pool, like a ball, my stolid friend meanwhile holding the big trout.

And so I brought my fish to the bank, and my friend netted him in gallant fashion, and having broken the ice, as it were, the game was on. To an enthusiast every stream is the best, and each fish the biggest, but this little winding river with its song and laughter, its

AUTHOR ON FEATHER RIVER
Photograph by C. L. Leonard

dainty moods, reminded me of a line by somebody, from somewhere: "Music is nothing else but wild sounds civilized into time and tune."

As I was casting around a bend I came upon an angler lying in the shade of a bunch of willows, and as the wind touched the leaves and made real music, I referred to it. But he regarded me with suspicion, and I fancied I saw him looking at the big water-wheel down-stream as though there might be some association yet. Surely this was no place for real things, for anything but imaginings.

The little stream that had been flowing quietly along the forest now turned to the east, narrowed, gathered its strength, and in wild and turbulent fashion dashed on into the open where the banks were higher, and in the big meadow wound about, leading one to quiet waters, a bay of springs where the cold water could be seen oozing up through the sand, and not far away a musical fall came down through a deep and well-wooded cañon where trout of all sizes abode.

I have often noticed that luck of a specious quality attends a novice. Reaching the centre of the meadow, free and innocent of trees, I was walking along, casting here and there, when I overtook an angler who said he had been there over an hour casting for big trout. With rare camaraderie, which means that it was very good of him, he asked me to try a cast. It was a long cast to a little bay of delights among the weeds where a diminutive cape came out, but I essayed it, and as my fly hovered over the mystic spot there came a swirl that sent myriad chills down my spine. I missed him, ye gods and fishes! Back came the tapered line over the grass, then it went bounding ahead and dropped, and then, ministers of grace! the unexpected happened,—I hooked him. Note the extraordinary circumstance. One of the best fly-casters of this land of feathers had tried and tried again, when along comes a tenderfoot,—the trout of the meadows did not even know his face,—and with an alien fly, a Coachman of bedraggled aspect, takes the prize.

There was a moral to this which did not escape me; it was, never to enter new fields with an apologetic air or announce your innocence, but rather crowd on all sail, and with assurance at forced draft, put on an appearance of wisdom, which in nine cases out of ten will win. To digress, I saw a notable illustration of this at Avalon in 1907. A man came into town who had never caught a fish. He visited a shop where large mounted fish were exhibited, and when the owner endeavored to sell him one he replied, "I will go out and catch a larger one than you have." The fish were the records of years, mind you, but that confidence-inflated tenderfoot chartered a launch, disdained all instruction, and in less than one hour had hooked the largest long-finned tuna seen in a decade and landed it; then he returned to the shop of the taxidermist, saying, "There is the fish I went out to catch. You see it's bigger than any you have; mount it."

That my extraordinary luck had any effect upon my good-natured acquaintance I do not say, nor do I know what he thought. He merely backed away to give me room and watched me play *his* fish, *his* rainbow, in his *favorite* place. To some anglers luck is born; they call it a silver spoon. Upon others it is thrust. And so this big trout (for he was big, and is always growing in my imagination) fell to me, and he made me rush up-stream to my whistling reel after a fashion that was worth a king's ransom; he made so splendid a demonstration that I was ashamed to look at my companion, who stood there calm, but I fear inwardly raging. I have read many definitions of a gentleman, but a gentleman is a superhuman who can look pleasant under the above circumstances.

Up into the air went the trout, throwing the line at me in ripples and undulations, coming down on his tourmaline-tinted sides to slide along the surface and drop out of sight, forcing me on and on, to save the delicate line, then up again, whirling himself about in a frenzy of abandon. As the trout had shown himself early in the game I knew him to be a six or seven pounder; indeed the bending, leaping rod, the tension of the line, the staccato of the silver-tongued reel all told of a fish "very like a whale," and the fear of possible loss in the presence of the man who really owned him began to creep into my soul. I even began to imagine what he would say, as the fish was now racing downstream, and he was quietly following me. He would say perhaps, "I 'm sorry you lost him, as I *might* have brought him in."

So, caution flying at the peak, I played my trout, humored him when he turned on me, turned the little reel as delicately as I knew, fed him with line when he would have it, and breathed hard when he went into the air ever and anon to invoke the gods of Lassen, hanging omnipresent in air, not to desert him.

It is an old, old story, the joys of an angler in these all-too-fleeting moments. It may be absurd for a full-grown man, who responds to the big things of life, who, mayhap, has a fondness for desperate chances, to be seen playing a six or eight-pound something, at the end of a twelve-foot, six-ounce split bamboo, but he owns up to the weakness, glories in it, and finds consolation, when caught in the act, in the solace of Walton: "Angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so." Then, again, the trout has all the advantage. Perhaps your angler of conquest is, 'way down in his heart, tender-hearted. He has the most delicate silken line that can be made; his rod I am sure is light and long, no worm has lured the strike; indeed I have heard that the barb may have been filed; so the chances are a thousand to one that the trout will escape, and last, there is the adjuration of the master already quoted: "All that are lovers of virtue . . . be quiet and go angling." It is with these sophistries the angler assails his conscience, if he has any, and so he takes the one chance and tries to land his game that has all the odds.

There was something wrong with the gods of Lassen that day. Invoked they were by the leaping trout, as, just there, no trout could fling himself into the air without seeing that mystic mountain hanging in the distant north against the blue. But "whom the gods love die young" on the River of Feathers, and with a splendid leap the big trout fell near the bank, and for the first time I felt that I really had him, held him firm, the rod and line humming, vibrating, thrilling, the little reel, a juggernaut of chance, eating the line. For a moment the bamboo bent to the buckling point, the splendid band of color, the dark roseate living rainbow sliding along, protesting, helpless. A quick motion, and into the long-handled net he glided, flinging the spray over us as I lifted him out and had him on the bank. Then came the joy of retrospect, the weighing, and my friend, as a good joke on me for having so underestimated the size of the rainbow trout of Feather River, placed him on my creel, as I could not get half of him in, and photographed him then and there. I do not remember the exact size of that trout, but he was between six and eight pounds; a pound more or less counts but little to an angler with luck and imagination, and every time the story is told he lengthens out and weighs a little more.

With due humiliation I must confess that on my first trip it took me nearly a week before I could carry my head at the angle of conquest with the few fly-casters who had kept the secret of Feather River near to their hearts for years. Big creels of trout were coming in, but not for me, and I recall the terrors of that week as a piscatorial slough of despair. I did as I was told. I tried to cast as did other and better anglers, but day after day I, who privately considered myself something of a black bass angler and had taken some big trout elsewhere, caught nothing.

The trout of Feather River measured me up as game; they toyed with me for a week, then suddenly under the tuition of my friend Leonard, a patient, long suffering angler, who took the pictures of leaping trout and salmon in this volume, I achieved merit, and almost the first

LEAPING RAINBOW TROUT, FEATHER RIVER

Photograph by C. L. Leonard

fish I landed with a fly was, as I have related, so large that I could not get him into my southern California creel; so I laid him on top and had him photographed with savage exultation to prove the yarn.[1]

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[1] Here are some of the names I copied from Costar's Hall of Fame on the Rio de las Plumas in the county of Feathers:

Sam Wells, 2¾ lbs.; George Gray, 2¼ lbs.; C. L. Leonard, salmon, 34 lbs.; J. H. Hibbert, 2⅝ lbs.; R. S. Starks, 8¼ lbs.; C. L. Leonard, 7½ lbs.; C. F. Holder, 7⅛ lbs. (Oct. 5, 1907); Dr. J. E. Rodly, 2 lbs.; F. W. Frost, 5 lbs.; J. F. Buckly, 10 lbs.; C. L. Leonard, 4½ lbs.; C. F. Carpenter, 3 lbs.; H. M. Merritt, 6½ lbs.; J. A. Lansberger, 4½ lbs.; John Silva, 7¼ lbs.; H. H. Lockwood, 6 lbs.; C. L. Leonard, 7 lbs.; A. P. Costar, 4 lbs.; H. W. Howard, 3¾ lbs.

CHAPTER V

ON THE TRAIL OF A MOONFISH

FOR several days those who go down to the sea in ships on dark nights had reported having seen in the little bay, patches of fire, as though the full moon, which rose over the Sierras to the east, had fallen from her high estate and was wandering about in the kelp beds or among the "dark, unfathomed caves" which characterize the channel islands of California. Some stated that these globes were four or five feet across, and the reports were so numerous and positive that even discounting them fifty per cent., as the scientific evidences of a layman, it was apparent that some extraordinary animal had arrived, nothing very remarkable here, as the waters of the lower part of California appear to be common ground for a strange variety of fishes.

The newcomer was described as the moon herself, with all her luminous splendor, scintillating with phosphorescent glare; now at the full, a perfect oval, ablaze with light, moving slowly along, then as suddenly becoming less and less

THE TWIN SALMON OF EL RIO DE LAS PLUMAS, CALIFORNIA

(1) The Leap
(2) Falling Back

Photographs by C. L. Leonard

until it was a mere streak of luminosity. Summing up all the reports, it was evident that the unknown was a moonfish, a colossus of the sea, often eight feet long or high, or both, and which at night became phosphorescent to a wonderful degree. Be this explanation right or wrong, it was at least a singular coincidence that a few days later when coming in from a morning's fishing with Colonel C. P. Morehouse, I should become a participant in an extraordinary contest with one of the largest moonfishes ever taken in the prolific waters of Santa Catalina.[1]

We had been trolling for yellowtail, the game fish of the region. The water was smooth, a long, not heavy, ground swell coming in from the west, striking the great pinnacle of Church Rock and sweeping up into the air to fill it with spume and dust of the sea, that drifted out upon us, as we were trolling about the Rock, within a stone's throw of it, in the midst of the finest yellowtail fishing to be imagined in all the world. The water was blue as sapphire, reflecting the color of the lofty cliffs in red, yellow, and green tints. Inshore the water was a light green, a combination of tints entrancing to the eye, while the surge of the sea against the granite cathedral rock came as the splendid music of the ocean to charm the senses.

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[1] The largest specimen, weighing 1500 pounds, was taken by George Farnsworth of Avalon.

Thirty or more flag-bedecked launches bearing women, children, and men were moving slowly in and out, trolling, many having fishes on at the same time; and the shouts of laughter at the landing of the game, or the breaking of rods and lines, came down the wind, a feature of one of the most remarkable angling scenes to be found anywhere. For several hours this kept up, then the fleet moved slowly down the shore toward home and Avalon.

Not one hundred yards from the little bay is a long pebble-covered beach which forms the vanguard for a well-wooded cañon that winds its way up into the island mountains and is lost in the jumble of peaks. The water here is clear, the dark-green graceful kelp leaves floating in the vagrant currents or coiled upon the bottom protecting myriads of strange fishes. Just as we passed the beach, the gulls rising here and there before us, Colonel Morehouse's boatman, Charles Hammond, sighted a big fin cutting the water inshore.

Rising, I saw what I supposed was a mottled or spotted shark, looking not unlike pictures of the great *Rhinodon* from Ceylon waters.

I had been trolling a flying-fish and suggested that I might try it on the shark, to get rid of it. So Hammond turned and circled about the supposed shark, which was now swimming slowly down the shore, while I endeavored to place my bait in front of it hoping to see how soon so huge a fish would snap a nine-thread line with a breaking power of eighteen pounds, and a nine-ounce tip. The first big circle we made had no effect, but the fish sank several feet. On the second turn I caught a good glimpse of it, and saw that, instead of a shark, it was a moonfish of colossal size and remarkable appearance. At the same moment my line caught on its sandpaper-like dorsal fin that was waving in the air, then I saw my flying-fish bait in front of its mouth; the next moment it disappeared. Whether it was taken as food, or whether it was sucked into the vortex of this small but extraordinary mouth by accident I do not know; I favor the latter hypothesis, but may be mistaken; it doubtless was not taken at all; in any event, the line *appeared* to be streaming from the monster's mouth when I began to reel. The fish looked as though it might weigh a ton; it was a colossus, and as it moved slowly along, while I whirled the handle of my reel about, it presented a most extraordinary appearance.

As I "gave it the butt," the rough hide, like sandpaper, cut my delicate line like a knife, but I succeeded in hooking up the end, reeved it onto my rod again and tied it, as the fish was only twelve feet or so away, apparently paying no attention to us and moving at a rate of about two miles an hour. Again I "gave it the butt," just to see if it would notice it, and for a few seconds the line held; but I doubt if the ancient giant knew that it was supposed to be hooked. In any event, the line chafed off again, and then, wishing to have an opportunity to see at short range so large a fish, and if possible learn how it used its remarkable fins in swimming (data regarding which is lacking), we decided to attempt its capture, alive, uninjured, and out of hand.

Hammond started the engine and we rushed at the fish. As we ran alongside I seized the enormous fin, bent it over the rail, to obtain leverage, and told the boatman to gaff the fish in the top of the muscular dorsal fin, where it would do no injury, which he did, notwithstanding the violent struggles of the fish, as for the first time it seemed to realize that it was in the toils, making a rush which nearly brought the rail of the eighteen-foot power launch down to the water's edge, and only by the best of luck did we hold to the short gaff. The monster appeared, in fact, to be waking up in a progressive fashion, every moment increasing its struggles, and in a short time would have been off had not the boatman taken two half-hitches about the gaff with the anchor rope.

This was hardly accomplished before the moonfish concluded to really awake and look to its interests. It jerked the gaff and rope through our hands, made a terrific plunge, rolling over and over, striking the boat with its powerful flail-like fins until it seemed as though it would beat a hole in her. Indeed we were so impressed by the possibility of this that we moved out of the kelp, where the swimming might be more comfortable. But the fish now rose under the boat, broadside up, and seemed to be engaged in trying to lift her and beat in the bottom at the same time. This was due to a peculiar writhing frenzy that the fish went into in its terror, rage, or despair (if fishes have these attributes), though doubtless it was a case of mild astonishment on the part of the fish, expressed with vigor and fervor.

In one of these rushes it tipped the boat so that a capsize seemed imminent; the next moment it fouled the propeller and doubtless was really squeezed, as it bent its extraordinary body—a mass of white rubber-like muscle—lifting the boat. All this time we were clinging to the cable and trying to hold the fish, and that it tossed and hauled us about at will, goes without saying.

We were slowly drifting into the kelp again, so the engine was started to see if we could tow the fish; but it could not be moved. The moon-shaped fish, it happened, was headed the other way, and although lying prone upon its side it steadily towed the launch inshore, despite our efforts. It was evident there was a doubt as to who was really caught; the boatman seemed to think it was not the moonfish. In fact, the tables were turned, and we could not move the fish an inch in the opposite direction from which it wished to go. Again it fouled the propeller, and writhed and lifted us as we drifted nearer the surf—a bad prospect for the launch. We attempted to haul the big fish around so that it would tow us seaward, but it was of no avail. The next thing was to cast off entirely, let the fish swim out, then take the chance of catching it again in deep water.

While we were deliberating a large launch hove in sight, and upon seeing the struggles of the fish and our predicament came to our rescue. We passed them a line, then both launches put on full speed and started. The fish redoubled its efforts to escape, whirling about, striking the launch ponderous blows, and made a desperate attempt to go down. To the excited lookers-on, it seemed as though it would be successful, but after much manœuvring and excitement the fish was gotten astern, the boats got under way and slowly started. Every few moments it would try to turn and surged violently from side to side, threatening to rake the deck and carry away our smoke-stack. Hence it was necessary for me to hold the hawser and see that it was kept in place, a performance, during a mile or so, which can only be compared to leading a bull by a rope where the bull has a strong aversion to the leader and a strong desire to go in the opposite direction.

In an hour, possibly less, the two boats towed the fish to the Tuna Club dock and we made it fast to the float, where several hundred people had an opportunity to see it alive and unhurt, as we were careful not to injure it. Here the fish appeared to accept the inevitable, and I succeeded in accompanying a long-wished-for desideratum, one, in all probability, never enjoyed by any one, an opportunity to see a big moonfish swim, a performance witnessed by a crowd armed with kodaks of all degrees and conditions, and it was photographed in various positions by the wonder-eyed tourists, not one in a hundred of whom doubtless had ever heard of a moonfish.

A better name than moonfish would be "headfish," as it is all head, at least to the layman, and might have been conjured up by some weird imagination for a grotesque display of the possibilities; a fish made by the mile and cut off to suit the customer, as it is a great oval, with big staring eyes where they should be; two absurd little fins where fins belong, and where the long graceful tail of other fishes is, literally nothing but a kind of frill, hardly that, and of little use.

The dorsal or top fin was represented by a long tooth-shaped fin which extends upward, and on the lower side is another just like it, so if you should stand on your head, or the fish should turn completely over, it would look almost the same, and from what I have seen of the fish I am almost convinced that it has some doubts as to which is the upper side, as it often affects a happy medium and lies on its side floating in the tides of summer. The fishes appear like great faces as they move gracefully about, certainly among the strangest denizens of the sea. They also look like moons or suns, and a common name is sunfish (Mola). One of my boatmen called them moons, and had seen them at night in the shadowy depths, very reflections of the moon, blazing with light, spectral, ghostly.

I have had various experiences with these fishes. Upon one occasion I took one with a boat-hook after a struggle off Boon Island, Maine. The fish weighed possibly two hundred pounds. Another I saw run aground, like a ship, on the bar of the St. John's River, Florida. The water was very low and several lumber schooners had been lying up-stream waiting for the conjunction of high tide and down-stream wind. But the big moonfish knew not of tides or winds; drawing eleven or twelve feet of water, as clumsy as a

GIANT SUN OR MOON FISH CAUGHT BY AUTHOR OFF AVALON BAY, CALIFORNIA

When this Photograph was Taken the Fish was Whirling the Boat around like a Top, Using the Lower Fin

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galleon of the past ages, he came sailing up the stream, an ancient and venerable fish, to strike the sandy bar in seven feet of water. I saw him sailing in, observed him when the tall tooth-like fin hit the bottom, saw him turn and fall upon his side, beating the water into foam in his effort to escape. The Minorcans went out in their boats, lassoed and hauled the monster ignominiously in, one of the largest specimens I have seen, a giant of the tribe.

This fish must have weighed in the neighborhood of a ton, though this, like the substance of many fish stories, is but guesswork, as no scales were at hand, not even those of the ancient joke—the ones on the fish's back—their place being taken by a rough corrugated and paper-like skin covered with a mucus, the home of phosphorescent bacteria.

Just before casting off the fish we held it to the side of the skiff, holding the big fin out of water, but in this position the fish towed us in a circle by employing the big lower fin as a screw. It here developed a peculiar trait. As Hammond, who performed yeoman's service in the whole catch, lifted up its head, the fish raised its mouth, opened it quickly, and shot a volume of water at me, as big in diameter as a man's closed hand. I saw it coming and ducked, but my companion received it in the chest. Whether this was accidental no one knows, but this stream, with not the same volume, was directed at us every time we lifted the mouth of the fish above the surface.

Having accomplished the brief study of the animal we towed it several hundred feet out into the bay. It was fascinating to see the docility and good sense of this giant that had evidently in a way realised that it was caught, and so accepted the inevitable; at least this is what some enthusiastic people believed. When we cast off the fish it swam slowly away, taking the exact position we had first observed; its dorsal fin several feet above the surface, swaying from side to side with a rhythm suggestive of strength and power. We headed it out to sea, and as it turned toward land we had but to keep our boat ten feet behind, and row to that side when it would turn out again.

We drove this giant out into the open sea and to liberty and safety with the ease and directness with which a boy drives a cow to pasture. As the fish reached blue water its speed became accelerated and it descended four feet until it was entirely submerged, and it was then that it afforded the most satisfactory exhibition of its movements. The water was as clear as crystal, the sun overhead, and in the splendid sapphire-blue the fish stood out as a colossal discordant element, a veritable freak of animate creation. Even the fishes gazed at it in astonishment, as I saw a yellowtail swim up to it, then dash away, as though it had seen some hideous vision.

The fish is normally a French gray in color, but this ancient individual was splashed with growths of membranipora, which had died and bleached white, the fish thus appearing spotted. Just over the small mouth was a ball of flesh as large as a child's head, which gave the fish a singular expression. It swam entirely by its big dorsal and ventral fins, which were waved like the blades of a propeller—a method of propulsion at once extraordinary and seemingly impossible; yet they performed all the work, the two small side fins being mere balancers.

The fish sailed along in a stately fashion, its staring black eyes watching us. Suddenly it came to the surface, thrust its mouth above it, and gradually fell over on its side, presenting the broad surface to the sun. It swam slowly in this position for ten minutes, then assumed a vertical pose. The last view we had of the big fish it was sliding down into the deep sea.

Very little is known about the peculiar tribe of Molas except that they live on the high seas offshore. The young are very unlike the adults in appearance, and, at least at Avalon, are never seen, a fish smaller than ten pounds having never been observed. But this is not a peculiarity of the moonfish; the young of all fishes are difficult to find. It is one of the common fishes of southern California waters. Sometimes in looking about I have seen several in the air, falling with a crash. They doubtless leap in play or are annoyed by the various parasites which attack them. Mr. T. McD. Potter told me that near San Clemente Island he once came upon a moonfish of the largest size that was lying flat on the surface, and about it was a school of yellowtails feeding on the goose barnacles and other streaming parasites that infested the monster, as they were darting at it, apparently biting it; but that they were feeding on the parasites was shown by the fact that the fish did not resent the attentions, submitting to them with the same indifference as does the ox, rhinoceros, and other animals which allow ox-biters and other birds to run over them in their search for parasites.

My informant watched this school of yellowtails a few moments, then began to cast his sardine bait at the moonfish. As it struck the water and sank, the thirty-pounders seized it, and gradually the anglers picked up four or five of this finny relief corps before the fish discovered what was really the matter. Meanwhile the moonfish was lying prone upon the surface, half of its body exposed to the sun; and that it appreciated the situation and the service the yellowtails were performing, there seemed little doubt. Gulls doubtless carry on a similar

FOREST ROAD TO THE ROGUE RIVER, SISKIYOU MOUNTAINS

work—not altogether philanthropic—as I have seen them sitting on this fish out at sea.

The big fish is covered with a mucous envelope in which various parasites appear to thrive. One I caught had even in its mouth a long goose barnacle which swung, just escaping the large ivory teeth. At night this envelope becomes luminous, the fish gleaming with the pale light described—an extraordinary sight, as all about are luminous bodies,—stars, comets, and lesser lights, the whole sea ablaze,—in which is the great living moon, swinging slowly along, or adrift among the lesser constellations of the sea.

By no stretch of the imagination can the sun or moonfish be included as game. It is a freak, its capture possible only with boat-hook, gaff, or spear, and then it is an accomplishment to be classed with extreme hard work; an adventure strenuous and exciting, more like roping cattle than fishing, yet in a way an interesting divertisement if one can but release the big fish unharmed.

CHAPTER VI

DOWN THE ROGUE RIVER

IN southwestern Oregon, in the lower part of Des Chutes Valley, like a sapphire in a setting of emerald, lies one of the real wonders of the world—a vast and perfect crater filled with pure, limpid water. In the immediate vicinity are the Calapoois Mountains, of which Crater Lake occupies a peak, and here are some beautiful cañons filled with verdure. Much of the country from here to Shasta and beyond is volcanic, and in places the earth is covered with lava balls which were sent whirling into the air ages ago, to fall back and bombard the shrinking earth. But everywhere Nature is trying to cover this. Splendid forests have arisen, streams have cut down, forming cañons, and a wealth of fern and fragrant verdure has burst forth, concealing the evidence of a thousand tragedies, draping the hard lava with tapestries of moss, and converting the rifts in the face of the earth into glens of radiant beauty.

One of these gulches has been made by a little river that rises near the slopes of the crater and doubtless derives some of its water from it. It goes foaming capriciously on, gaining strength; now through rocky barriers with tremendous abutments on every side; now sinking into profound depths, again flowing out into peaceful pastures and amid fields of flowers, ever on to the distant sea. It is a fair little river to look upon, yet has so many moods and fancies that long ago they called it the Rogue, and almost everywhere in its course the eternal fitness of the name is apparent, as even in places where it is the least riotous, I have been nearly snatched from my feet by its mad waters, and have seen them sweep big salmon into eddies near shore where they became helpless and were easily caught.

The river is ever changing as it sweeps on. For many miles it skirts the Rogue River Mountains and passes between them and the Siskiyou range, finding the ocean below Cape Blanco. In all its length the Rogue River is, as you may have suspected, a trout stream, and everywhere, from the level of the sea to nearly a mile above it, whether thirty feet or two hundred wide, whether rippling over shallows or bounding through some deep and rocky pass, or leaping into some abyss, affords good sport, or some charming diversion.

I first heard of the Rogue when drifting on the beautiful waters of Crystal River, which forms a part of the upper Klamath Lake. My oarsman pointed out the snowy cap of Mount Pitt, which seemed to hang in the air like the roc's egg of fable, and on my expressing my admiration he would say, "Yes, but you should see the cañon of the Rogue beyond." Again, when following up the Dead Indian Trail, the anglers on the coach in the deep forest talked of the Rogue and its beauties. And so one year when I came out of the black forest that forms the advance guard of the Calipooia range, and dropped down from the trout streams a mile above the sea I kept on until I came to the Rogue. Long before I reached my destination, near Grant's Pass, we found the little river, flowing along by Oregon farms, through fields of grain that rippled in the sun; and everywhere it was so suggestive of peace and the delights of the angler, as depicted in the philosophy of Walton, that it was almost irresistible to stop and follow its eccentric bidding. It was sometime between September and October that I found myself on the stream. The nights had been freezing cold, a mile above the sea in the uplands, so we deserted the rainbows for the oceanic cousins—the salmon trout that were now coming up from the Pacific in bands, singly, and in twos and threes, with big salmon of a late run for companionship. Early one morning I started with a good boatman and companion, casting the Rogue.

CASTING DOWN THE ROGUE RIVER, OREGON

There is usually some drawback to angling, and here it was the impossibility of fly fishing, as some unconscionable miner was ditching or sluicing, and pouring his muddy water into the main stream far above us, and the Rogue as it came down was copper-hued, against which the steelheads and occasional salmon, stemming their way, flashed and gleamed like silver. A fly of the gaudiest hue was thrown away in such a stream, so we began casting with eight-ounce rods with small salmon egg bait, if you please, tied on with some diaphanous stuff, held in place by a miracle. We first tried the broad stream where the trees on the banks—willows and alders—shut in the little river, and trailed their drooping leaves, then worked our way up, hoping to get above the mud-maker, in the course of time reaching a big rock by which the river rushed. It then made a violent turn, and looking up-stream I saw that for perhaps one hundred yards it was compressed between narrow banks and came down furiously, as though sliding down-hill. It seemed impossible to fish with the water the tint of Van Dyke brown, but it is the unexpected which happens, and as I walked along the bank a forty-pound salmon made a rush up the rapids, swerved to one side, and floundered in the shallows, tossing the golden water high in air—an exasperating sight, which brought out the following story from the boatman or guide to the effect that about a mile above only a few years before a clergyman, a man of veracity even in matters pertaining to fishing, hooked a large salmon when standing, waist-deep, in the Rogue. The fish made a rush down-stream, forcing the angler to follow, and after a desperate struggle, carried him to a point where the river entered a narrow defile between two rocks, running down a sluice-way,—a miniature cañon. The fish on reaching this rapid took line so rapidly that the angler saw it was impossible to hold it. He had a few seconds in which to decide, and when the last coil of line was reached, he struck out and swam after the salmon. He shot down through the cañon, came out into the shallows a quarter of a mile below, where he gained forty or fifty feet, but was then forced into deep water again to save the fish, which seemed determined to reach the lower river, and the plucky clergyman swam on until he stranded on a shoal and then ran the big fish into shallow water, where it proved to be one of the largest salmon ever taken in the river. This story is told to the newcomer on the Rogue, and the appearance of big salmon rushing through and over the rapids of every rift and riffle lends color to the possibility of the tale.

I walked up to the head of the narrows and, wading out, cast about thirty feet, and as the swift current took the bait, followed it down as best I could. This was not absolutely necessary, as men in tall waders were standing braced against the current casting up-stream and reeling. I had gone about twenty feet down, when the line came taut, the rod bent violently, and the line cut a furrow in the rushing waters as a splendid fish dashed up-stream. I was just from the region about Pelican Bay, where trout run up to six and seven pounds, my best weighing nine and three quarters, hence I was not in a condition to be alarmed or put to rout by big trout; yet this splendid rush, this firm thrilling strain on the line, was a new sensation in trout fishing. There was a suggestion of force and power altogether new in my experience, and I handled the fish as well as I could and with especial caution.

The trout dashed up-stream against that extraordinary rush of water as though it were standing still, making the little reel sing and the line toss flashes of spume; and as I checked it and the resilent rod went to the danger point, it came out of the water, a flash of vibrating silver that seemed to hang in the air for a few moments, to be swallowed up in the copper-hued flood. I saw my line dropping down-stream, come slack, and for a second supposed that the fish had flung out the hook, when with a blow, as though the rod had been struck, the fish hit it, at the end of a long run down-stream, and to the barcarole of the reel took feet and yards, took them at a pace that was irresistible, and when I did stop it, after much wading and stumbling to keep the pace, it sprang into the air in a leap that for the size of the fish seemed the most extraordinary feat I had ever seen, though I was familiar with the aerial play of black bass, seven-pounders, and tarpon.

There was nothing particularly graceful in the leap; it was tarpon-like; a frenzied rush into the air, a convulsive spring for freedom, to fall and bound again and again. I am not going to even guess at the distance covered, but an angler told me he had seen a twenty-pound salmon trout leap ten feet into the air in the Santa Inez, and I can believe it.

At every prodigious leap I fully expected to see the delicate line break or the hook come flying at me, for there was method in the madness of the fish and only by the very best of luck did I save it, following down to the foot of the run where it reached smooth water and gave me a marvellous exhibition of its strength and power; rushing from side to side with great swirls, dashing along the surface, to plunge to the bottom and come up quivering into the air—a splendid and exhilarating spectacle.

Time and again it tested my tackle and caught me unawares, but some of the saints to whom good anglers burn candles—St. Sebastian of the

ON THE UPPER ROGUE, OREGON

tunny of return, St. Zeno of the rod, or St. Anthony—had been invoked, and there was no "severing of companies"; its rushes grew less and more restricted, and at last, after half an hour's work, I backed my fish in, and the guide netted it, then held it up, that I might view the gallant fighter that had won its release a dozen times.

In this way I took several fine fish, and the anglers, waist-deep in waders, were catching as many by casting, letting the swift current take the bait bobbing along the pebbly bottom until it struck the nose of a salmon trout headed upstream, when the strike came, as certainly no fish could see in this copper-tinted water, with its glints and flashes of gold and umber. While playing a salmon trout a shout would come over the water, and looking up, a salmon would be seen dashing here and there, followed by men with nets, and a louder shout told of the happy man who had struck a salmon with a spoon and was having the fight of his life, up to his armpits in the well-named Rogue, that every fifty yards changes its fancy and form.

As the day crept on anglers increased, and on our way up we found them dotting the stream; some in waders that came to the armpits, and standing elbow-deep in the tricky, roguish river that had swept many a man and angler from his feet; and it is a well-known fact that hip boots of the rubber variety are not conducive to good swimming.

Coming to another narrow run where the Rogue swept by with inconceivable speed, "Louie," the guide, who was an expert on the fishes of the Rogue, and could tell you when each fish was expected, secured a big flat boat and began to explain the fishing in vogue at this particular point. I could see the river one hundred yards above, seemingly motionless, but suddenly the bed dropped and the entire volume rushed over a shallow gravel bed with a deep resonant roar, to spread out below in serene and placid fashion.

The boat was pushed up-stream with no little difficulty, being partly towed, and at the head of the torrent or rapid was headed down. The hook was baited with a bunch of salmon eggs from a thirty-pounder we had captured shortly before, then I cast down-stream and "Louie" pushed off into midstream, seizing the oars to pull against it with all his strength. Despite this, the boat rushed rapidly down-stream, stern-first, my bait scurrying along fifty feet ahead of it, my boatman cautioning me to look out, as the big salmon trout lay right in the middle of the channel, head-up. Just then I had a strike and gave the butt to a splendid fish. "Louie" saw the bending rod, and being rather an excitable person, with a yell of triumph pulled on his port oar for the beach that was shooting by us like the water in a mill race. As we neared it, I leaped into the river, my little reel buzzing and shrieking, and followed the fish in the shallows, while my boatman hauled the boat up and followed me with a net.

It was an extraordinary way of fishing, but exciting to a degree, as there were so many things to think of, and it took some time to get the proper hang of it. This trout took me many feet down the bank before I stopped it, then it came around on the surface, turning its side to the sun, blazing like newly minted silver against the strangely tinted waters of the Rogue, now umber, copper, or old gold, dashing up-stream, surging along the surface; now quivering into the air, to turn and dash down-stream, taking me up and down, in and out, to save it, and showing an extraordinary fertility of resource; all of which was carried on before a small jury of booted anglers who watched with delight the gyrations, the slippings, and other eccentricities of the tenderfoot from California, on his first appearance on the Rogue, who, by the grace of happy luck more than anything else, played his trout to a finish.

Then came the holding up by my guide, that I might see its beauties and revel in the glories of the conquest, a salmon trout, and a six- or seven-pounder I guessed it; not to compare, of course, with the twenty-pounders of the Santa Ines, but a splendid fish. A sort of sea-going rainbow some consider the steelhead, or salmon trout, as I prefer to call it, and of all the tribe (may they never weigh less) it is to me the most attractive, the hardest fighter, and the one who never spells defeat. Along those attractive shores of the Rogue it comes in from the sea in early spring; in the fall and winter and at other times is supposed to lie offshore, as I have seen it five miles out in Monterey Bay; but everywhere *Salmo rivularis* is a game fish in every sense of the word.

We lunched alongshore with the anglers in high waders, and exchanged stories about the big steelheads that came up the Rogue, in the interests of the tackle men and fly-makers. The anglers here recognized several "runs" from the sea. The winter run begins in January and continues to May; then there is a summer run which seems to last into fall.

Among the anglers was an old fellow whose boat was hauled on the sands, who, it was said, took tourists fishing. He had a remarkable scale of prices, first, second, and third. The first-class passenger fished; the second-class cut bait, and the third baited hooks, a real penance.

CHAPTER VII

THROUGH THE GIANT CACTUS FOREST IN A MOTOR CAR

SOMEWHERE in the weird giant cactus forest that fills the delta of the Rio Yaqui in Sonora, Mexico, for fifteen hundred square miles, there was a stone bearing a strange inscription in hieroglyphics, to locate which was the object of our travels across, and through, what in all probability is one of the strangest and most extraordinary forests in the world.

The sequoias of the Sierra Nevada and Coast ranges, the huge eucalyptus trees of Australia are among the wonders of plant life, unique and incomparable, and so this forest of the Rio Yaqui stands by itself one of the marvels of the plant world, alluring in its riotous colors, its uncanny beauty, its fascinations of shape, size, and variety.

In 1908 when the Yaqui wars of three centuries came to an end by the forcible expulsion of the worst of the Bronchos to Yucatan, and their ancient home became safe to travellers, from the brigandage that has made the name Yaqui synonymous with that of the Apaches, this stone was discovered by Major Frederick Russell Burnham, the scout and explorer.

It was Burnham who in the second Matabele war was ordered by Sir Frederick Carrington to capture or kill the Matabele god Umlima, and who forced his way through thousands of natives with a single companion, killed the trouble maker in his cave in the Matopa Mountains, and made his escape by a dash which stands in military history as a remarkable and unprecedented feat of heroism and courage.

Major Burnham observed the stone in the heart of the giant cactus forest about six miles from the Rio Yaqui near Esperansa, not far from the ancient town of Corcorit, in 1908; and in April, 1909, he proposed to the author to re-locate it, which resulted in its discovery again by Major Burnham, after a graphic illustration of the qualities of this famous Indian fighter and scout, in running down game, human or ethnologic.

It might appear a simple procedure to re-locate a stone weighing several tons, known to be within from twenty to eighty miles of the ancient native towns of Potam, Bicam, Potim, Bacum, and Corcorim of the delta, shown on the Spanish maps of the seventeenth century, whose location is well known to-day, but the difficulties may be illustrated when it is learned that in a two minutes' walk into this maze of

MOTORING IN GIANT CACTUS FOREST, YAQUI DELTA, SONORA

huge cacti from a trail, a man may become so bewildered that it would be an easy matter to wander off indefinitely. Every hundred yards is often a replica of the next; the tall columnar shapes of saguaro and hecho cutting out the distant mountains and landmarks; a complete and marvellous maze, whose charms of color and shape seem to lure one on and on.

The delta of the Rio Yaqui, which has, until within comparatively a few months, been a *terra incognita*, extends from the Bacatete Mountains on the north, the old stronghold of the Broncho Yaqui, of which Mounts Coracipe, Pocacho, and Mebelabampo are conspicuous peaks, to the Rio Mayo on the south, with the peaks of Tebaree, Sombrerete, Zapeboa, and Osocahui to the east, while to the west, it gradually stretches away with an almost perfect level, sloping possibly three feet to the mile, for sixty miles to the Gulf of California at Lobos and Tobari bays.

Over this rich delta hundreds of expeditions have passed in the last thousand years, migratory bands, the ancestors of the Pueblos, and others, and in the sixteenth century began the Spanish invasion of what is now New Mexico and Arizona; the search for the so-called seven cities. Among the first, was that of Nuno Guzman, who while Cortez was in Spain organized an expedition.

In 1538 two friars, Pedro Madal and Juan de la Asunsion, crossed the great delta of the Rio Yaqui, and reached the Gila. Then Mendoza sent Marcos de Nica, whose expedition was followed by that of Coronado, and later that of Fray Francisco Lopez, Don Antonio de Espejo, Juan de Onate in 1595, and many more down to Otermin, Cruzate, Vargas and those of more recent years. All these leaders, and many more, crossed a portion or the very heart of the giant cactus forest of the Rio Yaqui. Among the legends and folk-lore of the natives of to-day, are suggestions and memories of the gallant men who formed these extraordinary expeditions, mounted on strange and unknown animals, bedecked in armor, pressing north, walking over or by, unsuspected, the richest mines in the world, in their insatiate search for gold. One of these expeditions, that of Guzman, said to number four hundred Spaniards and twenty thousand natives, reached no farther than the Rio Yaqui, colonizing the province of Culiacan, which was afterwards governed by Coronado, and old Yaquis living near the Bacatete range to-day have a legend that among this horde of natives of the south were some who inscribed strange pictures (petroglyphs) on rocks and stones, a message, or a welcome, a notice of a rich and promised land; a legend of no scientific value, yet sufficient to throw about the Burnham dis-

AUTHOR IN GIANT CACTUS FOREST, SONORA

covery an aroma of romance and popular interest, as it might have been made by some of the native allies of the early explorers, or by others thousands of years before. This, then, was the lure which led us into the heart of the giant forest, that, to me at least, became the real prize of a successful quest.

Owing to the almost absolute level of the Rio Yaqui delta, and the absence of stones, the region for miles is perfect for motor cars, and the majority of runs bisecting the forest were made in a large touring car over the ancient Mexican roads and trails, that might have been compared to those of some park. We entered Mexico at the head of the Magdalena Valley with its picturesque native towns, its green fields, and constant change of verdure, dropping down from the higher altitude of three quarters of a mile above the Gulf, and I have the impression that the greater part of the roads of Sonora, where there has been no heavy teaming, will afford an interesting field for the motor car enthusiast of the future, a possibility prophesied by Burbank, who, in a recent address on the cactus, out of which he is evolving such marvellous results, said:

"Mexico is the land of destiny, the land of a hidden past, the land of a most brilliant future. It has a climate in parts surpassing California. It is destined in the summer, the autumn, the winter, and the spring to be the resort of all the world."

Our immediate objective was the region between the Rio Mayo and the Rio Yaqui, Los Hornos, and the Gulf at Tobari Bay. One morning when the sun rose a deep red ball over the Sombrerete hills, we left the little village of Esperanza, and a few moments later were in the very heart of the giant cactus forest—a most elusive and puzzling region to the man on foot. I had known the semi-arid regions of New Mexico and Arizona, the big *llano escatado* of Texas, along the Rio Grande, where, here and there, a tall cactus reared its symmetrical form, or a score stood out in groups against the sky; but I was not prepared for the maze of cacti, in every sense a forest, into which we immediately plunged. From the slopes of the various peaks that environ the delta, the vast plain appears to be covered with brush, but once on the level, and in it, the verdure revolves itself into a cactus forest of extraordinary beauty and solidity. I can compare it only to some artificial scene in a riotous extravaganza, where the artist, in striving for scenic effect, has drawn liberally upon his imagination, to produce weird shapes, brilliant tints of green and yellow, strange contrasts of color, all unreal and fantastic.

Out of the region of burro trains, or the long lines of mules carrying freight down from the mines of the Sierra Madre, bound for Hermosillo, Esperanza, or Culiacan, we came upon floor-like roads, which are made by merely cutting down the cactus trees, leaving a hard and natural roadway over which a motor car can move at any speed. Once in the forest its illusions and fascination encompassed us. We were headed for Tobari, an ancient port on the gulf, a route which would take us down the entire length of the delta, some thirty miles from the Rio Yaqui. Another party was to follow the river, our forces to join at the town known to the old map makers as Port St. Martin, but now Tobari. The all-pervading impression as we wound in and out was of color, intense, enduring, insistent, greens of every possible tint and shade; trees not only with green leaves, but the trunk, and limbs, and branches, painted in greens so delicate and quaint, that the limit of artificiality was reached. The forest itself was made up in the main of three distinct cactus trees that ranged from twenty to forty feet in height; while specimens of the tallest have been seen, and estimated at sixty or more feet in height. The largest and most persistent was the saguaro, a splendid fluted column rising directly upward, often in a single column forty or fifty feet, again with symmetrical branching arms forming a perfect candelabra. These colossi, weighing tons, were a conspicuous feature, seen everywhere, and at every turn, while trees of extraordinary height, or of peculiar shape constantly diverted the eye, and far away, where one could see through the forest, the maze of columns could be seen like the masts of ships, with yards triced up, along the docks of some great seaport. On a little mound-like island off this coast I found them so closely packed that progress was almost impossible. Photographs fail to convey an impression of the dignity and size of the forest, as the trails are along the lines of least resistance, and where the saguaro is at its best, away from the road, progress is extremely difficult, often impossible, to the man without armor, and even then, the needle-like spines, darts, and claws of countless cacti are reaching out from everywhere, puncturing the heaviest leather, and productive of woe and interjections.

The saguaro (*Cereus giganteus*), seeming pillars of some great temple, so perfect are they in outline, so symmetrical, are dominant features in the landscape, often three feet in diameter, richly fluted, and spined in long regular lines, and of a deep rich green which stands out against the blue sky with startling vividness. There was an entrancing variety in the shades of green. Sometimes it had a radiant yellow tint; now was purple or yellow, and we were continually stopping to measure with the eye some more than ordinarily spectacular giant, or wonder at the vividness of the green. There were three, or four, dominant giant forms which completely filled the eye and the imagination, the saguaro,[1] the hecho or saguesa, an allied form of Cereus, the pitahaya (*Cereus thurberi*), and the cina. The pitahaya is perhaps the most colossal, as its individual columns are almost as large as that of the saguardo, and there are numbers of them rising from a single root near the ground, and bending upward in graceful columnar shapes, as many as fifty or sixty, forming a compact vase shape of assembled trees, of a dark ribbed green, a splendid object against the deep blue of the sky, the line of which was cut and broken by myriads of them, as far as one could see, a rolling, billowy sea of masts, columns, thirty or forty feet in height and as many in diameter.

Almost as striking was the saguesa which rose in colossal columns from three to ten in number, typical trees of the arid regions whose development illustrates a marvellous adaptation to circumstances, and a maximum power to store water in its vast fibrous and pulpy interior. This is well illustrated by the comparison of a living and dead cactus tree where the great tree, or cluster of trees, seems to have shrunk into a woody skeleton, and bunches of slats, used by the natives of the Sonoran region in a variety of ways. There was a constant variety in the forest, as we wound our way through it. The setting, the base, was of cactus in infinite variety, long snake-like forms drooping gracefully, others pear-shaped, ranging in colors from vivid impossible sea-green, to the richest purple and all its variants; or now we were in a forest of cholla, that appeared like colossal bunches of grapes, the plants being six or seven feet in height, forming a base, from which grew a great pitahaya, like coyotes around a jaguar.

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[1] Pronounced *Sa-war'-ro.*

There was a constant color change, greens pervading, and over all was drawn an ineffable lace-like silvery haze or tint, that added to its unreal and artificial appearance. There was no apparent law or order in the forest growth along the delta, and that it reaches north along the Encinas desert is shown by the following from Dr. McGee in his paper on the Seris in the report of the National Museum:

> Ordinarily, the Saguesa like the Saguaro (in Seri land) is sparsely distributed, but there is an immense tract between the desert of Encinas, and the eastern base of the Sierra Seri, in which it forms a literal forest, the giant trunks close set as those of trees in normal woodlands.

Now we were gliding silently, or walking through a region where the giant Cereus held sway, the tall columns being everywhere evident.

A mile beyond, or it might be one hundred yards, the bush-like pitahayas asserted themselves, or the colossal hecho, and again we came to some friendly ground, where all these forms[1] were growing side by side in great luxuriance. Suddenly the forest would thin out, and a big jisto tree would appear, black and forbidding, against the sky, then out upon a vast llano as level as a floor we passed, where a few yellow or golden stalks told that grass grew here in the time of summer rains. Perhaps the llano is red, or it may be gray, or white, and beyond are the purple mountains, Sochi and Cohuincahui, grading into infinite tints over the distant forest. These llano are found occasionally in the very heart of the forest, innocent of the slightest vegetation, a marvel of contrast. On the oldest Spanish maps may be seen the real line of the road we are following, or one near it, yet never crossed by a motor car, rarely by an alien, sacred to the Yaqui, who with a Serian dislike for outsiders, has succeeded in sequestering his land for ages.

The car was a trackless *ferro carril* to the natives, and the picturesque and ancient Yaqui we met riding slowly along on an earless burro, with jangling spurs and complicated matadura, tarried awhile under a big pitahaya, to gaze at the strange thing, the last of the invaders of the land. The pack trains met with in the heart of the forest were often demoralized. Burros and mules stopped, gazed at the strange thing intently, then, in concert, took to the forest, to be rounded up later on by the burro-mounted vaqueros; others, again, in long picturesque lines, paid no attention to us. These trains were all part of the strange picture. One was a bat guano or pack train from the famous Bacatete bat caves in the mountains, where at sundown the bats stream out in such vast numbers that they resemble a column of black smoke, that gradually widens out and is dissipated in the purple cañons. The Yaquis collect the guano, pack two bags on each burro, and drive the patient animals through the forest to Esperanza, where it is shipped to California to rose growers and owners of fine gardens. Long lines of burros are laden with garbanzas, as staple a food to the Yaqui as rice is to the Chinaman. Now a deer leaps across the road far ahead, stops, and gazes at the oncoming monster, or a big white-tailed jack rabbit, with a coyote lurking along, shies as we appear.

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[1] Saguaro (*Cereus giganteus*).
Saguesa (*hecho*) (*Cereus pecten-aboriginum*).
Pitahaya (*Cereus thurberi*).
Cina (*Cereus schotti*).

While the giant cacti are the attraction of the forest and make it, there are other trees that lend character to the region. Suddenly the hechos and pitahayas disappear; long graceful

JAVALINA (PECCARY) HUNTING IN THE CACTUS FOREST

snake-like forms of vivid green or claret appear, bending down to the ground, to rise again, and over their entire lengths are star-like bunches of spines. Now it is a linked variety, with clusters of yellow flowers, then all seem to melt away as the scene changes in this extravaganza and we are on a llano, and in the distance a mass of vivid yellow stands out against the purple of the distant Sierra.

You may have thought of such a thing after looking at Japanese colored pictures, yet the reality is so artificial that the palo verde forest which we now enter seems, in reality, of the things dreams are made of. There is a vital change, yet the dominant note, strange, elusive, impossible green, is still here, the green of the palo verde, and presently the entire horizon is encompassed by this wonderful little forest of vivid green, powdered, irised, starred, with yellow flowers.

The palo verde is rarely over twenty-five feet high, but it is expansive, spreading out in an extraordinary way; so, for a little plant, it fills a large place in the perspective. Palo verde, in the vernacular, means a green tree, and all trees may be said to be green, but this tree and the forest, are peculiar from the fact that the trunk, the limbs, and every twig is a vivid startling green that I do not remember ever having seen, except in French impressionist paintings, unnatural and impossible. Powder this tree as closely as you can with bunches of flowers of the most vivid golden-yellow, and you have the palo verde forests, which are here, there, and everywhere about the giant cactus forest of the delta, while occasionally another species joins forces, and lends still another green to the landscape. There are minor streams, arroyos, in the delta, and when these are approached the forest becomes mesquite,—large and attractive trees which line the banks of the Rio Yaqui, the Mayo, and others, growing in sandy loam that ages ago was cultivated as the gardens of the Yaquis.

Motoring even in this region is not without its excitement. In attempting to take a balsa irrigation bank we are stranded on its broad summit like a horse on a hurdle,—a proceeding which demonstrates that our Yaqui runner is of service as a Yaqui digger. An hour of digging and jacking, and we slide off the sandways and run down into Muchobampo, a little village no one ever heard of before, or is likely to again, yet a place to fascinate the artist. Muchobampo means in some way the place of the well, though bampo is a popular suffix in this country whether there is a well or not, but Muchobampo has a well, one street lined with picturesque, indeed artistic, adobes, with patios in the rear, over the walls of which, black heads and darker eyes gleam in fear, surprise, and wonder, and above which, the green tops of orange, lemon, lime, or pomegranate wave and rustle in the wind.

The well is the centre of interest at Muchobampo, as everybody is always at the well, it being the only water for the community, the only water within thirty or more miles. As water was essential for a big motor car we found the natives at the *poso,* and hauled water for the women to pay for what we took,—a proceeding which doubtless amazed the Muchobampoans, as, arduous as it was, it was too much like work for the men, who possibly thought that they did enough when they drank it. Be this as it may, girls and women of all ages, sizes, and complexions were the water carriers, as was another Ruth in an Oriental Muchobampo long ago. This well was over one hundred feet deep, big and wide, cut down through gravel deposited by the rivers of thousands of years ago, and was worked in an ingenious way. The buckets were of canvas, the rope of cow skin with the hair on. This ran over a pulley, then off some thirty feet to a big open vertical drum which was worked by two long beams or capstan bars, to which burros or mules could have been harnessed and driven around and around. But there were no burros, so the women and children drew the water, filled their graceful ollas, and there was a constant line of women and girls coming and going, balancing the heavy ollas on their heads.

The car was a constant source of wonder. When we went up the single street children, pigs, and chickens fled to the adobes, the elders crowded the blue and yellow doorways, while the dogs of varied types flew at us with every demonstration of rage and resentment.

Muchobampo was surrounded by a mesquite forest, and as we dropped down to the sea, the cactus forest grew less and less dense, disappearing as we rolled into a little town, of four or five homes of the characteristic Yaqui type, artistic, and constructed on the admirable plan that it was easier to let the wind blow dust and sand completely through a house than to pile up against it. Here, the well was a little laguna surrounded by willows, cottonwood (alamo), and big mesquite trees. I could not catch the name so called it Lagunabampo. It is safe, when in doubt along the Rio Mayo country, to add "bampo." The major-domo, the chief of Lagunabampo, was a Yaqui of gigantic proportions, who lined up his entire family around the trackless *ferro carril* and was photographed. Race suicide need not be feared at Lagunabampo.

The homes of these people were flat, rectangular structures ten or fifteen feet long, made by thrusting four or more mesquite poles into the ground, building up the sides with reed, cactus slats, bamboo, or mesquite, the top covered with brush; there was always a ramada or piazza and here the family lived. In one, swung an attractive baby in a native hammock, beneath which, tethered to a root, was a little spotted pig, evidently a pet, with several hairless dogs, others with hair, and with evident prejudices against *Americanos*. In none of these houses was there any evidence of beds or bedclothes; mats constructed of woven fibre were leaning against the walls, and these were beds, and the poorer classes, despite the cool nights, which prevail here, are not embarrassed by any of the encumbrances of civilization; the single serape, which every man possesses, performs innumerable duties.

From Lagunabampo it was but a few miles to the town of Tobari, which at the present time boasts of but one family of Yaquis, who looked upon us and our *ferro carril* as a menace, a feeling their half coyote dogs shared. We camped directly on the bay (Porto de Tobari), really a series of inlets affording anchorage for vessels of fair size. The inlet opposite was a quarter of a mile wide, then came a long low island or peninsula, with the outer bay a mile wide, then another long island, in its turn bisected by a charming laguna, across which, from the outer beach, came the roar and splendid music of the sea, as it piled in from the Gulf of California.

For untold ages the Yaquis, and their ancestors, and the Mayos, have frequented this coast, and we camped on the vast oyster mound of their forming, which was duplicated in many localities alongshore, suggesting a joyous existence from the standpoint of the epicure, as here were soft-shelled crabs, green turtles, white sea bass, mullet in vast schools, and offshore, in deep water, the finest fishing known. The only criticism of anglers is, that the fish bite too well, and are too large. The white sea bass, which in California is large at fifty pounds, here runs up to one hundred and fifty, and there are others too numerous to mention, still innocent of the wiles of the man with rod and reel, ranging from the great manta, or sea bat, twenty feet across, to the game "rooster fish" with its gallant show of fins and many colors. The shores and inlets are alive with plover, snipe, and shore birds of infinite variety, recalling the Florida I knew in the early sixties, before the game fiend had devastated the shores of the State. At night we lay on the beach, and long into the moonlight I listened to the strange sounds. Mullets and sea bass were continually leaping, not fifty feet away, and by raising up I could see, in the clear light, troops of herons, cranes, roseate spoonbills, snipe, curlew, and

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other birds walking up and down the beach, singly, in platoons and companies. Great flights of migrant birds filled the air with the roar of wings and strange cries. Early in the night a coyote on the opposite island began to yelp and bark, working himself up to such a pitch that one heard a dozen wolves instead of one; then he was answered by another near us, which came creeping around, demoralizing the mules, making them snort and attempt to break away.

On the neighboring roof of a veranda, several of the curious ani birds of Mexico amused themselves by jumping over a small opening in the roof, keeping this up until sunrise. From over on the island an occasional wild cry came that might have been that of a jaguar as I followed the trail of a big cat-like animal all over the first island, that had its little forest of cactus, its curious paper trees, here dwarfs, blown down by the prevailing wind, until they seemed to creep along the ground, like some weird reptiles.

Early in the morning our Yaqui runner appeared, ready to shoot game for our breakfast, and we pushed the edge of the tarpaulin down and discussed it. Some were for green turtle, others jacksnipe; one had a longing for plover, while another preferred Tobari oysters,—the most delicious in the world, in the deep shell; and still another wanted venison. It was clearly an embarrassment of riches, hence we decided that, living on the country, we would take everything that fell to the guns or spear. As the sun rose the dugout of the single turtle hunter of Tobari passed along the isle of Ciari, and an occasional shot told that we were coming into our own in this land of Epicurus.

Señor Pedro Alvarado once left his mine in the Sierra Madre and came down to Guaymas in his diligence. It was a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. There was no room inside for the guard, so the four men ran alongside of the coach the whole distance, wore out several sets of horses, and displayed no fatigue. Our Yaqui runner was a descendant of this stock, and he thought nothing of running thirty miles to near Lobos Bay, coming back in a few hours with word from our party that they had been obliged to return. So we entered the giant cactus forest again and bore away to the east, flying by groups of great pitahayas, bored with the nest-holes of woodpeckers; now in the elusive heart of a palo verde forest, or lost in the spires of a great hecho beyond Muchobampo. We passed the quaint native villages of Bayatori and Tesopoco, and at Ajiabampo, which might have been in the heart of Asia Minor, we stopped to ask the way, in a maze of most picturesque houses of adobe and bamboo. In the centre of the town, the adobes appeared to have bunched together, looking not unlike the piles of Acoma, but an Americano had arrived, and on the summit of the pile was an American bungalow with its wide piazza destroying the effect. But nothing could detract from the general effect of all these places in the cactus forest. Color was the key-note of the situation, and when we entered a town the natives all seemed to have selected just the colors and tints to give life and beauty to the picture. This was emphasized at Ajiabampo, where, lost and thirty miles out of the way, we rounded up at a blue- and pink-doored adobe out of which came a line of Yaquis bearing on their shoulders goat-skin bags, a picture from the Arabian nights. Each man had on a shirt of a different color—pink, blue, green, or light red; each one had beneath his big sombrero a head-kerchief of some striking color; their linen trousers were also of gay hues.

These Yaquis could not have produced a more startling effect had they practised for years. They came slowly out, stopped about thirty feet from the building, poured out a gleaming stream of green and yellow garbanzas (Mexican peas), turned aside as the major-domo, in a green shirt and yellow headdress, took the account. They directed us to Batequis, another delight and solace to the eye, where a pig pen was the artistic *pièce de resistance.* Who but a Yaqui, or a Maya, would have thought of surrounding a histo tree or a palo verde with a bamboo fence ten feet across, for the convenience of the pig, thus producing shade and artistic effect at once, and hiding the pig, who, perchance, was taking a siesta on the veranda of Señor Osario? From here we entered into the artistic joys of Guadalupe, dashed into the forest again near Mount Cohuincahui, and other lofty knife-like peaks to the north, across wide llanos into palo verde, hecho, and pitahaya, and near Ontagota perhaps passing the greatest wonder of this region, the effect of irrigation on a cactus forest. On one side of the road stood the brilliantly-colored cactus with its tens of thousand spires and columns, on the other, the hacienda of an American farmer, Don Pedro Chism, who had cleared the land of cactus with a big traction engine, turned on the waters of the Rio Yaqui by vast canals, and produced the touch of Midas in a wheat-field, that rippled away in the sunlight, as far as the eye could reach. At the little town where his warehouse was piled with wheat, garbanzas, and alfalfa, he told us that the delta was the richest land in the world, and that he grew everything that could be grown anywhere. In this marvellous exhibition one saw the doom of the giant cactus forest. It was giant, due to the richness of the soil deposited by the Rio Yaqui and Rio Mayo in centuries, and it did not require the gift of a prophet to see that in less than a decade one of the real wonders of the plant world will have disappeared, and be replaced by American and English farms, and where stood the gigantic hecho and pitahaya, orange groves, wheat, corn, and barley fields, cattle ranches, alfalfa and beet fields, will rise before the irresistible wave of intellectual progress. It is somewhat pathetic that it has taken the Mexicans three hundred years to discover that the real wealth of their country lies not in gold mines, but in agriculture, and it is still more pathetic to see the alien reap the benefit, and the Mexican peon do the work.

The town of Esperanza, our headquarters, stands near the ancient town of Corcorit, with Mounts Osocahui, Tebache, and Zaperboa to the east, while to the west is the Rio Yaqui and Los Hornos with its radiant outlook of river and islands, its picturesque mountains, and adobe village in the shadows of the army post, where one sits and watches the mules and burros cross the river in the twilight, or the long line of Yaqui women along the shore lying in the water, washing on the big flat metates.

It was not three miles from Esperanza that Major Burnham had found the inscription on the rock a year previous, and we bore off toward the town of Bachoco to relocate it. There was a good trail for a long distance, along which we met occasional Yaquis or a train of burros coming in from the Bacatete, the drivers solemnly saluting:

"Como esta Vd. señora," "Adios señora,"—every Indian with serape over the shoulder, and with some dominant color about him, that seems to fit into the peculiar aura of greens about every person and thing.

There was no particular landmark to go by. Hechos, pitahayas, big mesquites with great wood-rat nests high in the branches, now and then clumps of palo verde, from which the attention would be taken by the paper trees and their red blossoms, and again the yellow blossoms of the palo verde against the purple tints of distant mountains. Then we would pass clumps of beautiful ironwood, covered with brilliant lavender blossoms. Everything was spines, or claws, and even the noises were peculiar to the cactus forest. A great white-tailed or rumped hare, with ears eight inches long, loped along ahead, and numbers of Mexican eagles—caracaras—left a large pitahaya, and flew clumsily on, and through the forest in places came the *wăra, wăra, wăra,* of some mysterious bird, a dominant note of a strange region. Green and red parrots flew across the trail with harsh cries and heavy flight, then sweet as the note of a lute would come *chut chut yano yano soi, soi, net somel twit towit boro tweto,* the melody of the sweetest songster

AUTHOR UNDER BIG HECHO CACTUS, SONORA, MEXICO

I have ever heard, which seemed to be trying to speak Spanish or Yaqui or Maya.

All this, and more, as we moved slowly along through a region that impressed itself upon me as a part of some play, then the man who demoralized the Matabeles cried to the Yaqui runner, "*Aqui esta. Quedese Vd. aqui,*" and leaped out into the sand.

I fancy he knew it by some mountains that cut the sky line to the south as he had no mark in that maze of cacti.

"I know that I am within a mile of it," he said, and throwing off his coat, he started, as near as I could determine, in a giant cactus forest, where everything looks alike, to the south, at a fast run; while we dismounted and wandered among the strange verdure. In half an hour, there came a long resonant cry that told of success, and following it up, I met Major Burnham in the heart of the forest. A long-horned bull had threatened and detained him, and he had left the *toro* standing near the stone, and so, not far away from the animal, we found it.

It was an ancient landmark; any one could see that by the strange distinct earth line, suggesting centuries undisturbed. The Yaqui could not read it, but at a glance it resembled copies of a Maya Yucatan inscription that I called to mind. Some of the markings, as the inverted scroll or rectilinear form, are found on some of the Painted Rocks over the border. One figure was the *Muluk* sign of the Maya codex, easily recognized, and the scroll recalled similar figures on ollas from old Tusayan graves, and a similar figure is found indefinitely repeated in the interior of the tomb on Mount Guiri, near Mitla, whose ruins antedate history and are among the wonders of the American continent.

Excavation showed that the rock doubtless weighed several tons, and had been brought from the distant mountains for some purpose indicated by the inscription, as the delta of the Yaqui is, so far as I could see, entirely destitute of stones of that, or any, kind. The impression it conveyed to the unscientific observer was that the stone had been brought there, and the inscription made, referring to the region, a sign post of the ancients. We found no instruments of stone with which it was made, but in the *débris* thrown up were pieces of broken pottery which may have belonged to the makers, as the nearest water was the Rio Yaqui, five or six miles distant. The inscriptions were all upon one side, but on the opposite, a crude face, eye, and beak marks had possibly been attempted, giving the resemblance of a flat human face, or that of an owl.

It seems incredible that a region of such fascination, hardly four days from New York, and but twelve hours' ride from the American line, should have so long remained practically unknown except to a few miners, but once in Mexico, this is understood. The Yaquis have never recognized Mexican or Spanish authority. They have always claimed this rich delta as their home; have fought for it with a fury that has, until 1909, successfully kept back the natural development of the richest state in Mexico; but during 1908 the Mexican government determined to end it. The worst of the Yaquis were shipped to Yucatan, the rest were rounded up, and all signed a peace compact. The leaders were taken into the Mexican service, after the original plan of forming the famous Rurales, and as a result, the West Coast Railroad, under the genius of Harriman and Epes Randolph, is opening up western Sonora, has reached Mazatlan, and is moving on to a connection with the City of Mexico. The rich delta of the Rio Yaqui and its cactus forest is being taken up by American farmers and orange growers, and the story of California, which Frémont wrested from the Mexicans, is being repeated.

The Yaqui has been dammed and canals lead from it over the delta, producing farms or ranches like that of Don Pedro Chism. Vast sums in American money are pouring in; almost the entire delta has been taken up by a New York syndicate, headed by such names as John Hays

Hammond, Major Frederick R. Burnham, the Richardson brothers,—guarantees of good faith to settlers and immunity from the alleged dangers to people under Mexican rule. The rule of Diaz has been the means of elevating that country to the ranks of civilized nations, and the attacks on Mexico, so common, should be taken with a grain of salt. The Yaquis have been the Apaches of Mexico. They have steadfastly held back its development. The Mexican government gave them good sites along the Yaqui on the richest land in Mexico, but, like the American Apaches, they periodically took the war-path, and the time came when a heavy blow had to be struck to stop the murders that made the name of Sonora a terror. Americans who had mines and had invested millions in Mexico demanded protection, and Mexico, as a last resort, adopted the American plan of deportation. Geronimo was sent to Florida. The rebels of the Yaquis were sent to Yucatan, and for the first time in two hundred years life was safe in Sonora, and the citizens are beginning to go out into the country without a six-shooter strapped to the belt.

In June, 1909, the first night train was put on the Yaqui and West Coast line, and now passengers can go to Sonora by night without fear of being picked off through the windows. What has been done to the Yaquis was necessary

ESPERANZA STONE

Discovered by Major F. R. Burnham, Yaqui Delta, Sonora, Mexico

to Mexico, as was the deportation of Apaches to Florida, and the American war of extermination against them. The Indians of all nations have rights, but if a race of Indians expects to keep back the natural intellectual evolution of a great nation for the simple purpose of enabling them to use the land to support towns of mud huts, and to live in ignorance, poverty, and vice, they are mistaken. No modern government will permit it. Every opportunity has been given the natives to become citizens, to work as every white man works. If they do not do it they must go to the wall. It is a case of the survival of the fittest, justified by the conditions which hold to-day among all civilized nations.

CHAPTER VIII

THE TROUT STREAMS OF THE MISSIONS

IT may be merely a vagrant fancy, but a suspicion has always lingered in my mind that the good *padres*, followers of Junipero Serra, who built the fine old missions on the Pacific coast, the men who blazed the most extraordinary trail ever seen or heard of—*El Camino Real*—from Mexico to Monterey, in California, were devout anglers of the true Waltonian school.

It has been my privilege to know several of the modern representatives of these men, fathers who had lived for many years in some of the best preserved missions, to pore over the old records of the crops, the births, the Indians, the conversions, the vast holdings, and in all these never in any way was there a suggestion of angling; fishhooks, lines, or poles were never mentioned in any of the old lists of properties I have been fortunate to scan. Yet I believe that Saint Zeno, the patron of the men who followed the rod, had many devotees among the uncanonized saints who followed Junipero Serra.

It is true that by a stretch of the imagination one might assume that angling was a very worldly occupation for men whose sole avocation was supposed to be that of saving souls, the conversion of the savage tribes of the entire Pacific coast. But, again, there is in the Bible much testimony to show that fishing was far from being in disrepute. "I go a-fishing," is not from Shakespeare, to whom I have heard it referred. Even to-day some of the most notable anglers, those who have rescued the gentle art from savage hands and placed it high above the prosaic and ignoble things of life, are of the cloth. I recall Henry Van Dyke, Isaac Sharpless of Haverford, and William Prime.

Anglers have always borne with smiling patience the inference that when they spoke of fish and their catches of fish, truth was not a factor in the proceedings, yet was it not St. Thomas who said, "We toiled all night and caught nothing"? What layman would confess to this—and at night, too, when snipe are supposed to run into bags by the light of candles in the Cabrillo Mountains and all good fish feed? Yet here is a great fisherman of history who boldly tells the truth. He fished all night; not half an hour, or an hour, but *all night,*—mark the difference,—and caught *nothing.* How different it would have been with some of these lay traducers of anglers if they had been asked "What luck?" some morning.

"Oh, forty or fifty, mostly ten-pounders. But it was a poor night; there was a dew on." But Thomas said, and he stands for the type of anglers, "We caught nothing."

My reason for assuming that the fathers were anglers does not rest on a question of biblical precedent, but is based on a far more practical hypothesis, the location of the missions, the fact that nearly all of these fine old Moorish piles, the only real ruins in America outside of Arizona and New Mexico, were built near or on streams famous then and to-day for their trout.

It is true that mere water may have been the inspiration, or perchance the rare beauty of these localities, still I prefer to imagine that these trail-makers of the Californias, these men of intense courage, of ideal faith, who were in the vanguards of early exploration and adventure, who bore the cross along the Sierra Nevada at the risk of their lives, had in their stern and spiritual make-up the gentle philosophy of Walton and his friends, and I like to think that they selected their sites by beautiful streams that they might at least be near not only the musical water, but the living rainbows which made joyous every pool to the lover of sport.

Be this as it may, the missions of California in almost every instance stand not far from notable trout streams, or what were trout streams years ago, and it requires but little

MISSION OF SAN ANTONIO DE PALA, ON PALA CREEK

imagination to see the cowled friars casting in the pools. That angling is a virtuous sport we well know. Does not Walton say, "All that are lovers of virtue . . . be quiet; and go a-angling"? Again, "And so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling." Surely there could be no sin should a contemplative man of God in leaving San Carlos Borromeo for a stroll up the fair valley of Carmel forget for a moment the more spiritual things, and find himself breaking a willow wand, attaching a cord in his pocket, all by accident, and casting for the gleaming rainbows that lurked in every pool. The disciples were fishermen, and ennobled their following; and what sin for a modern man, be he Protestant, Roman Catholic, heathen, or Jew, to confess to a weakness for gentle streams and leaping trout?

One of the fairest of the missions, San Carlos Borromeo, was founded by Junipero Serra on the Rio Carmelo, in 1771. I saw it first when wandering along the banks of this attractive trout stream that whispered as it flowed on to the distant laguna; moving now beneath bending willows, or out into the open, a sparkling, virile thing. The mesa was a Field of the Cloth of Gold, waving forests of mustard, over which against the fog-flecked sky and the laguna rose the spires and domes of San Carlos, its groves and ancient garden. Serra selected the site, indeed, he changed the original location from Monterey to the little river, and if he had hunted all over California he could not have placed San Carlos nearer a more beautiful trout stream; and in following its windings up into the Coast Range to Los Laurelles the picture of cowled friars in the deepening shadows is irresistible, for the Carmelo is a rare and radiant little stream, whispering of peace and contentment, and abounding in good and game trout. I know its upper reaches best where it enters the mountains and flows capriciously in and out hidden from view. True, its trout are not large, but the large things in life are not always the best, and this is particularly true of rainbow trout.

Not only is San Carlos hard by a delightful and alluring trout stream, but near at hand, in the bay, is the finest sea salmon fishing in California.

There is no fishing in the winter in the Carmel, except in the laguna or in tide-water where, from October 15th to the 1st of February, one may, with a clear conscience, angle for salmon-trout, a splendid fish, *Salmo rivularis* of the scientist, a rainbow gone to sea some think, but a tremendous fellow who takes the fly and sometimes rod and tip; a rainbow of twenty pounds has been caught not far from San Carlos Borromeo, and when hooked went spinning into the air, a bar of living silver, four or five feet. Reaching away from the little river in January, if the rains have come early, is a carpet of wild flowers that in its variety and beauty challenges comparison.

It seems profanation to wade through and over such a Field of the Cloth of Gold, as here the flowers run riot, and have driven out all invaders and the valley is brilliant vivid yellow. Far beyond the painter's brush appears and the yellow yields to red, as though a battle, not of roses but of colors, was waged afield, and this deepening tint races away, a gorgeous weave, to blend with white, blue, pink, and purple of every tint and shade.

The gentle wind coming in over the sand dunes strikes the fields of flowers, and yellow butterflies rise and go drifting on. The wind bends the grain, and rivers of green in various tints ripple and flow across its surface, cat's-paws of tint, while here and there the wild oat awns jangle and the faint rustling music comes down the wind.

Casting in the little laguna behind the sand dunes the rod bends, and up into the air goes a salmon-trout or steelhead, flinging the crystal spray from side to side, tumbling down to send the ripples in every direction to the magic rhapsody of the reel. The whole situation has changed on the instant. Then, flowers, colors of the infinite filled the eye; now, *guerre à outrance,* and I mentally measure that trout as the biggest fish ever seen in any pool; but in trying to fix its exact size, remember Pope's lines which hit the imagination with a dull, muffled knell:

> A wit 's a feather, and a chief a rod,
> An honest man 's the noblest work of God.

It was not the biggest fish, but it was big enough, and the bamboo bent fiercely, whipping the air as it made a rush across the *laguna del Carmelo,* turned in sight of the sandy shore, and went whirling into the air, frightening a snipe and putting a mud-hen to flight, tumbling down like a beam of silver to go skittering along for a second, then stop, sulk, and away again, sending volley after volley of those things the angler feels, but has no name for, up the rod; things that make the heart jump and throb, send joy and fear rushing up the spinal column cheek by jowl; then away up the laguna it goes, taking line, the little reel protesting, screaming, laughing down in its silver throat somewhere. Surely Junipero Serra, Crespi, Palon, Lasuen, Amurrio, de la Pena, and others enjoyed this sport; at least, let us hope they did.

The trout made a splendid run for the mouth of the laguna in a desperate rush for freedom; but it was of no avail, the little reel, the bend of the rod are too much, and the game came

CASTING ON THE SANTA YNEZ

nearer and nearer the net. There are men I have heard who fish with barbless hooks so that if the game makes a good and gallant fight, he may escape. Let us hope that this hard fighter so escaped, as up into the sky he went, and with a fling sent the leader high in air, and was gone.

I have a particular fondness for the region in southern California marked by the little San Juan and San Luis rivers, as when I first knew them they abounded in trout, and flowed down from the Coast Range through an attractive country that still has a charm despite the dividing up into ranches. Coming upon these little streams along the coast below a lofty mesa covered with flowers, the stroller would wager that not far away, so near that down the wind would come the chimes, would be found a mission. And so one Sunday, when I stood in the little San Juan where it reaches the sea, I caught the tolling of bells of a distant mission, followed the stream upward, and came to the fine ruin of San Juan Capistrano, built near a trout stream by Father Serra, in 1776; a stupendous and splendid pile, cross-shaped, ninety by one hundred and eighty feet (if one must have statistics with their trout), after plans of Fray Gorgonio, and of all the missions in this wonderful chain the most pretentious. It was built of quarried stone, had seven domes, and its ruins are beautiful and imposing to-day. The earthquake of

1812 nearly destroyed it, but the lotus land is still there, the mesas with their countless wild flowers in midwinter, and, not least, the trout stream, the Rio San Juan, flowing musically on to the distant sea.

Near the San Luis River not far away, is the fine old ruin of San Luis Rey de Francia, built by Father Lasuen, in 1798. This soon became one of the most prosperous of all the missions, and in 1826 boasted two thousand eight hundred and nine neophytes, and was the centre of life and native activity. The San Luis was rich in trout, and just over the Santa Margarita range was a large laguna abounding in water-fowl, the region being particularly blessed.

In following the coast of California northward beyond Points Arguello and Concepcion, one comes to a long beach where the waves pile in many rows, and over the dunes is a little laguna which in winter, the time of rains, cuts a way to the ocean through the drifting sand. The laguna is the mouth of the Santa Ynez River, which drains the mountains of this range that face the sea here for miles, forming one of the most attractive portions of the Coast Range. The little laguna is a favorite haunt of the silver trout which comes in from the sea in spring and winter: a fine game fish attaining a weight of twenty pounds. This is almost its southern limit, and as these lines are written the laguna is being whipped by many flies and rods and many fine fish taken.

This trout, fresh from the ocean, is virile and full of fight, and once hooked leaps into the air and is apt to play havoc with line and rod if not handled with care. The fish enter the shallow laguna, lie there for a while, and then ascend the stream to spawn, following it up forty or fifty miles. Very few rivers or trout streams flow through a more radiantly beautiful region, as here in the valley of the Santa Ynez mustard is the crop of the farmers, and acres, miles of this brilliant yellow blossom cover the land, rippling in the sun in shimmering waves of gold, changing to green and many tints in the strong wind that comes up from the sea. The little river, famed for its rainbow trout, winds up the wide golden-tinted valley; now flowing through verdant tunnels and alcoves of verdure, to bound into the warm sunlight like a living thing, then on through

> Meadows trim with daisies pied,
> Shallow brooks and rivers wide,

as here and there the Santa Ynez seems to escape, and little brooks are formed which reach away aimlessly to afford shelter for very young trout.

Away to the west lie great mountain ranges tumbling down to the sea in waves of vivid green, telling of the Coast Range and the Sierra Nevadas beyond. The Santa Ynes winds upward into the Coast Range, and the salmon-trout and rainbows find their way far south, sixty or seventy miles, to the upper range of the Santa Ynes. As the angler follows it up, casting here and there, he feels in his very bones that not far from these alluring pools there is a mission built by good men, the kind that love purling brooks, and "a primrose by the river's brim." Such an angler is a true prophet, as once upon a time a padre named Lasuen, walking through these lands where the mustard blooms, looked upon the river, and builded the mission of La Purissima Concepcion, and that he and Padres Vicente Fuster and José Aroita angled as they planned there can be little doubt, as man cannot live by bread alone, and there was an abundance of trout, long willow rods growing on trees, and worms for the digging.

The last mission, for there were several attempts, in the *cañada*, was built near the river, and was a solid buttressed pile of adobe, plastered on the outside. It had a corridor three hundred feet long where the padres and neophytes sat in the cool of the summer evenings. To-day eighteen of the pillars are standing, still showing the fine Moorish arches, which have survived time and numerous earthquake shocks. La Purissima is a ruin to-day, neglected, deserted, its bat-haunted walls and falling pillars telling little of its former greatness, when the neophytes numbered one thousand five hundred and twenty-two, the live stock twenty thousand, and hundreds of adobe buildings and *rancherias* reached away from it. But the little river, the Santa Ynes, still flows on; and the trout, they rise as they did in the long ago.

The anglers of Southern California haunt the San Gabriel River, which rises in the snow-fields of San Antonio ten thousand feet in air, and flows down through a little cut in the Mission hills which form a branch of the Santiago range. In the Sierra Madre, before it leaves the grim portals of the range, it is in spring, after the rain, a tumultuous stream abounding in deep and swirling pools, sweeping under fragrant bays far up the cañon, or under lofty pines and sycamores; bounding over fern-draped rocks, a queer stream for trout, some might think, or as Hamlet said of the play: "Pleased not the million; 't was caviare to the general." Coming out into the valley it spreads out often to become a wide stream, or again divides to meet where the Rio Honda joins it, and cut, as it has, through the very heart of the Coast Range, and go swirling along to the sea.

Could such a stream, filled with trout in even its upper reaches, abounding in snipe and other water fowl, have been passed by the padres of old? Perish the thought! On the mesa, overlooking the river, with a commanding view of the snow-capped Sierra Madre, are still to be seen the ruins of the first mission of San Gabriel Archangel, the fourth on the chain, founded in 1771, now known as the mission Viejo. This region was deserted on account of the earthquakes and the present fine mission, one hundred and forty feet long and twenty-six feet wide, built in the nineteenth century; a fortress so far as strength and bulk are concerned, as at the base its walls are five feet thick, supported by ten colossal buttresses, while above rises a beautiful campanile pierced with arches of various sizes for bells which for years called, and still call, the faithful in the valley of San Gabriel.

The mission is now five or six miles from a stream, where in leafy coverts trout of large size were originally found, all the streams having been looted by the Americans. The Arroyo Seco near-by, twenty-three years ago when I first fished it, was an ideal region for the angler. The stream winds up into the Sierra Madre, the trail constantly crossing it, carrying one from leafy covert to sunshine and back, the cañon becoming deeper and deeper until at times the stream seems to be flowing down a long leafy tunnel. In all its length are delightful pools with overhanging verdure, nodding ferns and brakes

HEADWATERS OF THE RIO SAN GABRIEL, WHEN THE SUN BURSTS IN

beneath which the trout hide, rising at vagrant insects which swarm and hang in midair, or play in the beams of light which come down through the leaves.

In midwinter this and all the cañons of the range are at their best, and doubtless in the old days many a party of friars with their neophytes spent the day in these charming resorts catching trout for the mission supply.

The splendid mission of Santa Barbara faces the sea at Santa Barbara, and its long line of arches presents an artistic, indeed imposing presence. No trout stream makes music here, but not far—three hours as the burros please—back in the range flows the Santa Ynez, which we have seen at La Purissima Concepcion, even to-day affording some of the best trout in California.

The mission of San Fernando Rey de Espagna in the Encino Valley, founded in 1797, looks out on a great valley surrounded by mountains down which pours the Los Angeles River, and one does not have to wander far from its long corridors to find a trout stream and trout. And so one might easily associate every mission in this monastic chain, from San Diego de Alcala to San Carlos Borromeo, with the quiet and beauty of trout streams. "Angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so," was an epigram of Walton, and as angling is a virtuous and gentle art suggestive of silence, of pure waters, and gentle music, and the imagery of beautiful things in nature, it requires no strength of the imagination to associate the builders of the missions with the best of sports and pastimes. There is hardly a California mission whose chimes cannot be heard on some trout stream or good angling grounds, be it San Antonio de Padua, Santa Clara, San Buenaventura with its steelheads, or San José de Guadalupe, beyond which you may reach the trout streams of Mount Hamilton; San Antonio de Pala, on Pala Creek, San Antonio, or La Soledad.

True the streams are not large, and in summer are very small, especially those of the Coast Range, but the true angler is not after weight or size, and this was the philosophy of Walton; he went fishing not particularly to catch fish, merely using the pastime as a medium for the further enjoyment of nature. And so one may fish the streams of Southern California and incidentally find the fine old ruins along *El Camino Real,* or he may have the missions as the sole objective, in which case I would advise taking rod and line, a good selection of flies, and a well-thumbed Walton.

THE SONG OF THE TROUT STREAM (RIO CARMELO)

CHAPTER IX

THE DIVING COWS OF PLUMAS

"BY the great horn spoon! but this is too much." The speaker, or rather the user, for this was an awful oath somewhere once, was an angler, and he was casting a yellow fly in one of the most charming streams in California, and in one of its most attractive pools. There was a long reach of river coming down between two rows of vivid green willows, which stood so even and so regular that they looked like green lines of men standing at attention. And well they might, as in front of them, parading up and down at their ease, very much at it indeed, were platoons, crowds, and companies of trout, so big, so fat, so active, so ready to jump, so everything, that no wonder the very trees sat up and took notice.

Up at the head of this line you could see a splendid snow-capped mountain, a delightful Quaker gray, where there was no snow, and the snow was really glaciers that were always there, forming among other things, the head waters of this little river known by the name of Plumas;

not because it is light and airy, foamy and altogether fluffy, but because the Indian anglers had a habit of hanging bunches of feathers on sticks over the water to attract the attention of fishes,—a great scheme this,—and when a ten-pound trout moved inshore to size up the bait of helgramite, the noble red man smote it in the back and harpooned and jerked it in; and as the moral lies with the fish and its foolish propensity for noticing feathers, it need not be dwelt upon.

But the mountain, it was Lassen, ten thousand feet high; a volcano covered with ashes, and all about it grew the great forests of Oregon, which crept down to a great green spot about ten miles long and six or eight wide, called Big Meadows, through which Feather River runs in a circuitous and altogether bewildering fashion, as when you are rowing on it, or wading it after a trout has jerked you overboard, you sometimes are going the other way, when you are really going home.

But this is not what made the angler exclaim. Another angler not quite so gorgeous in his outfit, stopped and asked the brother angler why he spake thus.

"Why, it is this way," replied the man with a rod, "I have been casting in this pool, and, by the way, did you ever see anything so beautiful [he had just accepted the writer's thermos]

THE DIVING COWS OF PLUMAS

(1) About to Dive
(2) The Trout that Would Not Go into the Creel
(3) Mr. C. L. Leonard's Trout
(4) A Disturber of Angling

the shadows, the colors, and, by the gods! the fish? As I was saying, I had been casting and had caught about five, running up to six-pounders, when a regular whale struck. I had been experimenting on him an hour with all the flies I had and some I invented on the spot; and just as the wind came up, almost without warning, down came this infernal grass. Now, how do you account for it? It came all at once, and, of course, a man can't cast in grass. I have landed about a bale of that stuff, and it is the slimiest, dog-ornery grass I ever saw. How do you account for it?" he repeated, accepting a cigar.

"I don't," said the newcomer, "but it looks as though some one was making hay up-stream. Suppose we go up together and smake the villain out and sacrifice him. A man who would spoil a pool like that has lost his usefulness on earth."

"Good!" exclaimed the angler. "I am with you on that. We will find him first and then decide on the form of execution. Personally I like the saw method used by the Chinese—you have heard of it?"

Yes, the other had, but he was a practical man, and he said:

"We have no saw," which seemed to surprise the angler.

"You appear to have everything about you," he replied, "and it never occurred to me but that you would have a saw."

"No," said the other, "I never have found any use for a saw when trout fishing; that is, here," he added. "I have seen the time on the Soquel, and on the Carmel, when a saw would have come in handy to get back flies."

So the two men picked up their creels, and good sized ones they were, swung them over their shoulders and walked up-stream. For long distances there was not a tree nor shrub near the bank, only the splendid spruce and pine forest yards away, and as the river bank was only three feet high one could stand on it, or ten feet back and send his fly within a foot of the shade of the willows on the opposite side, sixty or seventy feet distant; and in many times out of ten one would have a strike. Then would come a clump of willows drooping over the water around which the anglers were obliged to walk; then a long stretch of clear bank again, all the time turning and twisting, as became a moderately swift little stream.

Meanwhile, the anglers were watching the water, which here and there was covered with grass in patches, lines, ropes, and bunches—the distraction of the fisherman.

"There must have been an earthquake to turn up so much grass," said the latter. And the higher they went the worse it got.

"I reckon some dam has broken and swept out the river," remarked his companion.

"Dam!" repeated the first angler, "cows, I vow!"

They had suddenly made a turn around some large willows, and came upon a long shallow reach in the river. In midstream, ranging up several hundred yards, were ten or more cows, and sitting on the bank, fishing with a willow branch, was a man who doubtless belonged to them.

There was nothing remarkable in the fact that the cows were in the water, though it was as cold as the glacier on Lassen could make it, but there was something queer about these cows, and the two anglers were not nature fakirs, either—just plain anglers. The cows were up to their shoulders in the stream, and five had their heads completely under water, while one in a pool was almost out of sight. One of the anglers took out his watch to time her.

"Are these cows yours?" he asked the man on the bank, unloading his heavy creel.

"They will be when the old man dies," replied the man, who was young, jerking at a trout and flinging it twenty feet back into the grass.

"What are they doing?" again tried the angler.

"Jest divin' for eel grass," was the reply, and the man got up to unhook his fish, looking at the anglers with an air of mild surprise.

"Diving!"

"That's what I said," retorted the man. "Ain't you ever heard of the divin' cows of Plumas?"

The anglers confessed that they were from the benighted lowlands of the Atlantic Slope.

"*Oh, I see,*" responded the farmer hooking on a live grasshopper, which he fished out of his pocket, and casting, as though that explained almost any difficulty.

"Do you mean to say that the cows dive?" again questioned the first angler, as though he doubted the evidence of his senses.

"You don't see their heads, do you? They've got heads," and the man grinned. "There's one up," and he pointed to the nearest cow, which came up, lifting her head out of the water, her mouth full of the succulent eel grass, explaining the stopping of the fishing.

"Yes," continued the man, "them's the real thing; the only breed of divin' cows in the world. I s'posed everybody had heard of the divin' cows of Plumas. You see they are fond of that grass; they see it and they jest naturally put their heads down and fill their mouths with it and yank it off, and of course, a lot goes downstream. But you can't stop 'em; they've been doin' that for ages, ever since cows first came here in 1842, when old Pete Lassen struck the Meadows. Some cows dive better than others, and in deep pools they go almost out of sight. Yes, they open their eyes under water, of course, or they would n't see, and they don't choke, because they 're gradually growing like fish.

"You 've heard tell of Darwin's theory, I reckon? Well, it 's the same way with them cows. In about nine million years them cows will be livin' under water; they won't have any legs and their tail will be like a whale's, or one of them manatees. They 're getting web-footed already," said the farmer jerking another rainbow out into the country. "I reckon a fin will grow right out of the back, and they 'll have blow-holes on the top of their head. That theory ain't original with me by a long shot. In some way some one told about my divin' cows, an' it got into some scientific society, and they sent a chap up here to investigate. I reckon he got what he come for; he said it was the most interestin' thing he had ever seen or heard of. He made a diagram of the cows, took the time of their divin', told how old they was, how often they dived, and what for, and the Lord knows what, and then he formulated, as he said, the theory that they was goin' backwards to fish, and that from reachin' down they might develop a trunk like an elephant; but they 'd get to be fish sooner or later.

"Some of the cows ain't much on the dive," continued the historian, "as they can't hold their breath, jest like some men, but they all go in and make a bluff at it. The short breathers take the shallow water, and the long breathers take to the middle of the stream, and what we call a first-class diver will keep her head down eatin' grass in four feet of water until you think she'd bust. But they jest get fat on it, and it makes the finest, thickest cream you ever saw.

"That theory chap, he certainly did get his fill. He could n't understand why some cows jest went in and stood in ice-water, and I told him we trained them to do it to keep the milk cool. Most folks, I said, have regular houses for coolin' milk, and go to big expense, but we jest train our cows to stand in the ice-cold water of Plumas River, temperature thirty-six degrees, and when we milk it comes as cold as ice. I said all we have to do to make ice-cream is to put in the ingredients and give her a whirl.

"Well, that chap he was that scientific he looked to me that he was starvin' to death. He would n't drink milk until he had taken the cow's temperature to see if she was a tubercolic, and the notes he took, and the reports he was goin' to make, was a caution. But the divin's on the square," concluded the farmer; "you can see that."

There was no question about that, as the cows were gradually wading down-stream, and two were so deep in water that just the upper part of the back, where the fins would probably grow, showed. One cow thrust her head down out of sight and held it there, not once, but several times, apparently eating and munching all the time. So the cows of Plumas, so far as the diving was concerned, were real, and if there is anything in the theory of selection, here is a stage at the very beginning of a fish-cow, or, if the theory of DeVries is correct, one may expect to hear some day, suddenly and without warning, that the diving cows of Plumas have developed fins and scales and have taken to the deep pools of the river of feathers for all time.

Thus, in a general way, did one of the anglers converse with the worthy farmer who replied: "I ain't worryin' myself. I reckon they 'll give milk all my time, and when they take to the pools, why, I 'm a tol'ble fisherman," and he yanked a two-pound rainbow trout into the empyrean, "and I 'll go to anglin' for cow-fish."

CHAPTER X

EXPERIMENTS IN SEA ANGLING

To the gentle Waltonian accustomed only to the fields, brooks, and dales of angling philosophy and the perfume of meadow flowers, the big game, the really big game of the sea, does not always appeal; yet it is well for an angler to have a diversity of tastes. The sportsman on land does not always confine himself to snipe, woodcock, or quail; he finds a diversion in elk, rhinoceros, panther, or big game. And so to obtain the full enjoyment of angling, the angler should test his rod on everything, game large and small, always, of course, adapting his tackle to the game and giving it the complete advantage.

It was but a few years ago that the tarpon was supposed to be an impossible catch with rod and reel, and so positive were anglers that it could not be taken that some one challenged the world to go to Florida and take a tarpon with rod and reel, offering to defray all expenses if success was attained. To-day the secretary of the Tuna Club, L. P. Streeter, of Pasadena, is president of a tarpon club at Aransas, which is confined not only to rod and reel fishing, but to nine-ounce rods and No. 9 lines—a mere thread. The great tuna is taken with a twenty-one-thread line and light rod, and the end is not yet, as members of the Tuna Club take the swordfish and large sharks with this light tackle, and perform prodigies of valor.

To any one who has a fondness for shark fishing especially, and who has taken large sharks of various kinds with the old-fashioned hand-line, fishing for the same beasties with a rod comes as a revelation. I have, merely because the opportunity has been offered, had a wide experience with sharks, especially with big fellows in the Gulf of Mexico and around Florida, where girth counts. On the Pacific coast of North America, especially in Southern California waters, sharks are very common in August and September, but, as a rule, they lack the bulk which characterizes the big, so-called man-eaters of the Gulf. I have hooked a shark in Florida which was not over thirteen feet long, which required ten men to land on the long, heavy hand-line. On the other hand, I have played a big California hammerhead to a finish, single-handed, from a skiff weighing less than one hundred and fifty pounds. It is this difference of bulk which makes the rod and reel possible in Southern California waters. The game is long and slender, while the big or long sharks of Florida often have enormous bulk and are able to swim away with a large and heavy boat.

On one occasion I hooked a shark, which was at least fifteen feet long, in a little channel on the Florida reef. In some way, purely accidental, the fish headed up the shallow lagoon, instead of going out the channel. It took all the line with a rush; and when the end came, to which an oar was hastily tied, it jerked the boat ahead, and as my companion and I rose to shift the line, it jerked us both overboard in water waist-deep. We lay back and allowed the shark to tow us, prodded our feet into the sand, presenting the greatest possible resistance; but that shark towed us about much after the fashion of a tug. It shot around in a circle, became utterly confused and frantic, and on one of the turns we picked up the boat, leaped in, and away we went, headed for the reef. Not once did we make a foot, as we tried to haul in the shark; our every pull gave it new life, and it headed for the barrier reef like a Kentucky hunter at a hurdle.

The reef was well covered with water, there being about two feet, rising to three when waves went over it. We had time to make the line fast to a thwart and to take an oar each and pull against this shark; but we might as well

SEA-ANGLING STATION NEAR SAN LUIS OBISPO

have waved feathers, so far as any effect on the animal was concerned. It sped on with a violent motion of its tail, its big fin cutting the water like a scimitar. When the reef was reached it dashed over it, grounded for a moment, tossed itself about, whirling into a big curve, then straightened out, gaping its wide and ugly jaws; then catching a wave as it flooded the jagged rocks, it dashed on. As the boat grounded we jumped over and held her, and for a second I thought the shark would tow us, boat and all, over the barrier, but the rope broke and we saw the big fin dashing away down the long line of breakers. A rod, or small line, with such a shark would have been impossible; the fifty-pound limit would have been reached in a second, and the slightest swing, the slightest mistake, would have broken it.

I succeeded in keeping several of these huge sharks in captivity for some months, but the end was always the same—apparently the big game starved to death; at least all the food tossed into its long prison—an enclosure affording plenty of water and room—was untouched. Every hour of the day the big fish spent in swimming about the edge of its prison, a lion in truth whose spirit seemed broken. I even harnessed one of these sharks in a primitive fashion by throwing about it a loop which fitted on over its head and caught in front of the two large fins; and by a single trace it hauled about a small skiff, at times in a very docile fashion, again throwing us out, capsizing the craft, and it can hardly be claimed that our attempts at training a shark met with perceptible success.

The sharks about the islands of Southern California are distinct types. They are long, but lack the enormous bulk which seemingly characterizes their fellows of the Atlantic subtropic region; hence are to be counted on as game, if one is so disposed. Assuming for the nonce that the shark is a game fish, its action on the rod may be observed from the standpoint of my experience. At the outset I may confess to a heathen fondness for shark fishing, possibly from having lived in a shark country for a number of years, where big sharks were always about and very common, and treated with contempt and indifference, which, in all probability, they did not deserve.

Grouper sharks are to be found off the Southern California coast, particularly in summer, and occasionally man-eaters come in, individuals twenty feet in length having been seen; but the average grouper shark found off the banks, or in August alongshore, is from ten to fifteen feet long and will not weigh over two hundred and fifty or three hundred pounds—a formidable creature, yet within the field of the rod fisherman provided with a good sixteen-ounce rod and a twenty-one or twenty-four-thread line, an abundance of it on a big, well-made reel. Every season such huge creatures are hooked by anglers trolling for tuns or fishing for black sea-bass. At the strike they take several hundred feet of line, the angler jamming on the thumb brake with all his strength; and if the boatman gets headway on the launch and backs after it, the line can often be saved and the fish played; but generally it is a fight for several hours until the shark is worn out, when it is slowly and carefully brought to gaff.

The playing and handling of so large a fish require such constant care that few anglers care for it. The slightest overstrain on the delicate line, overpressure on the thumb brake, or a coil about the tip, and the rod is gone, while the repeated rushes of the game, and its remarkable display of strength, are a constant strain upon the angler, who often is unnerved at the extraordinary actions of the game, which in one instance, I know, seized the boat and almost crushed it, so alarming the occupants that they cut the line.

During the summer of 1906 I was for several days at anchor on a yacht in the small harbor of San Clemente—one of the outermost islands of Southern California, belonging to the Government—a most desolate spot, the last of a great volcano or outburst that at one time doubtless spouted lava out of the ocean, so building up the peculiar island which to-day affords the finest sea angling for large game fishes, in the United States, at least. Harbors in the best sense it has none, and we were lying in a little indentation directly under a cliff which afforded perfect protection from the prevailing west wind. I had among my rods a nine-ounce affair, with six hundred feet of the nine-thread line tested to a holding capacity of eighteen pounds—an outfit which the Light Tackle and Tuna Clubs of Avalon were trying on large game fishes, at the suggestion of Mr. A. J. Eddy with surprising results.

Baiting the line, I tossed it over from the stern of the yacht. Almost immediately I had a strike, and whatever it was it started out to sea to the tune of my buzzing reel. I called for the boat, the men tumbled in, and we made a run for it; but my game, doubtless a four-hundred-pound black sea-bass, walked off with all my line with great ease. The next time I had the boatman row me away from the yacht near shore, and at once I had a strike from some game that unreeled three hundred feet of line, so quickly that I did not realise that it was slipping away; then I stopped it, and the game turned and made a splendid rush around in half a circle, and I saw that it was an eight- or nine-foot shark.

The water was not more than twenty feet

deep, a most propitious environment, and telling my oarsman to pull in, I played this shark with complete enjoyment; its rapid rushes, its powerful, never-ceasing pressure, its sudden changes, its dashes in and out, its semi-leaps, all suggesting that it was good game and far ahead of the average shark. It was constantly taking us out to sea, despite the efforts of the man, who was rowing with all his strength; so I forced the fighting as well as I could with my light tackle, and by sheer good luck brought the shark alongside, still full of fight. My tackle was of a most delicate character—a nine-thread line, preferred by some anglers for black bass and often sold for this purpose; yet it had almost killed a large shark that certainly could not have weighed less than one hundred and seventy pounds. Several times the fish dashed around the boat; then it would suddenly sound, roll over, come in with a rush, and feeling the slack, which it was almost impossible to take in, dash away with irresistible force, only to be reeled in again. For nearly an hour this shark fought and was fought, and had it been called a salmon or some very large game fish, it would have been considered a splendid fight. But the prejudice against sharks cast its shadow over the play, and when it came to gaff it was—merely a shark.

I hooked and caught several about the same size in this bay which gave a satisfactory demonstration of the powers of the nine-ounce rod and the No. 9 line, as the contests were hard and the oarsman unskilled in the art of gaffing, merely pulling against the shark with all his strength, putting the line to an additional test. The waters about the great island of San Clemente teemed with fish of many kinds. Among the large sharks taken here, following the schools of albacore or yellow-fin tuna, was a trim, attractive, clipper-built fish called the bonito shark. I frequently had small ones come up to the boat when fishing for albacore, coming so close that the boatman would attempt to gaff them; but the shark always just evaded the point, and swam about with freedom and lack of fear. I have seen a six-foot bonito shark sailing among a fleet of launches, eying the bait tossed over, refusing the hooks, but picking up the chum with a discrimination worthy a better cause.

The bonito shark, when it attains a length of eight or more feet, specimens of which have been taken off San Clemente and other islands of the group, is formidable game. It is built for speed, which it must have to catch the fleet bonito or any member of its tribe. The head is pointed, the body keeled near the tail, after the fashion of an albacore or bonito—hence the name. The mouth carries eight or ten rows of fierce awl-like teeth, more like fangs than typical sharks' teeth, all heading backward—an ominous

BREAKING SURF, POINT CONCEPCION, CALIFORNIA

cheveaux de frise. The largest fish of this kind was hooked off Avalon by Gilmour Sharp, who was fishing with a typical tuna rod and reel. He hooked the monster at once, and then began a play that has taken its place in the annals of this region as a remarkable display of skill. The shark made a rush down the instant it felt the hook, that took nearly the entire six hundred feet of line; then being stopped, it rolled over and over, as a barrel might be rolled on the floor—a peculiar shark trick to break or involve the line; but the angler kept a taut line, and the fish could not foul it. Then the shark rose rapidly to the surface and began a series of violent rushes from side to side that put both rod and line in jeopardy; only the skill of the angler and his boatman, Jim Gardner, saving the day.

This shark dashed around the launch, dived beneath it, came in on the line like a shot and whirled about on the surface, displaying savage, impotent rage that was more than impressive; but the angler understood the game—he met every play, made no mistake, and at the end of two hours had it at the surface, beaten, sullen, swimming slowly about. Then it was gaffed by Gardner and towed in, doubtless the most vicious specimen of its kind ever taken here. When triced up it was found to measure about twelve feet in length and to weigh three hundred and ten pounds. If this shark had been as bulky as the Gulf of Mexico species it would have weighed three times as much. This is the shark that hangs about the edge of the big schools of barracuda and yellow-fin tuna, picking up disabled fish or plunging into the school and trusting to luck. When the angler hooks a fish the bonito shark is ready to dash after it, and generally secures it.

In landing one of these sharks, T. McD. Potter, the president of the Three Six Club, brought it to the rail; his boatman, Neal, gaffed it, and the fight was considered over; when the shark dashed out of water half its length and, like a bulldog, snapped at the boatman's arm, missing it by a matter of inches—so near that as it fell back its sharp recurved bang-like teeth tore away the man's shirt. Such a shark could easily bite off an arm, leg, or head of a man.

Among the large sharks which are considered game in Southern California waters is the hammerhead. It appears in the warm summer months, especially in August and September, often coming from the South or other cruising grounds, lean and hungry, the Cassius of the sea, ready for anything. At such time, this graceful creature with a head suggestive of a nightmare, its eyes on the extremity of the hammer-like projections, is often so intrusive that it will approach boats and steal fish. I have followed such a fish and demonstrated its indifference at times to human enemies, and I acknowledge here my defeat in attempting to take it with a rod, though my experiments and failures covered many days. I can only say that the angler who, single-handed—without the aid of his boatman—brings a ten- or twelve-foot hammerhead to gaff with rod and reel has accomplished an angling feat worthy of record. I understand this has been done several times. My experiments were made with what is known as yellowtail tackle—a sixteen-ounce rod eight feet long, a twenty-one-thread cuttyhunk line with a piano-wire leader a foot long, 7/0 hook, and sardine bait. My line was about five hundred feet long, and had I had eight hundred feet and a boatman I might have succeeded.

I first hooked the shark, not knowing what it was, and broke the line as I struck. In a moment it came to the surface, swimming around the boat so near that I could have touched it. Quickly putting on another hook, I cast; the shark took the bait and I hooked it, but by a single jerk it again broke the line. A third hook was baited and taken, and this time as I struck and hooked it, it bit off the wire; but in no instance did it display any pain or appear to notice the hooks in its jaw. Again I hooked it, gave it the bend of the rod to the limit and played it for a few seconds; but the shark bore off a few feet, broke the line, and came swimming about the boat again, as ugly and menacing a creature as can be imagined. In a boat near by two men were fishing, and as they caught a fish it was fastened to a string and tossed over. This is what had attracted the hammerhead, who now attempted to take the fish, so frightening the men by its boldness that they lay down in the boat not to show themselves; then tried to shoot it as it passed.

Becoming interested, I determined to catch this shark. Frightened possibly by the bullets fired at it, it turned toward the bay of Avalon and I followed it in, went ashore, got a rope shark line and chain hook, secured the services of a friend to row, and put out, to find that the shark had succeeded in stealing a string of fish from another boat and was being followed by a number of boats. It continued moving about among them, its big dorsal fin waving, a good illustration of bulldog serenity and utter disdain of human enemies. I baited my line with a yellowtail and went out some distance, placing myself in the course of the shark. As it came on I cast the ponderous bait, which I had floated, Florida fashion, with a piece of wood. The shark caught the scent, disappeared, and in a few seconds I hooked it.

This time the game woke up, making a rush which was irresistible, going out to sea. Nearly an hour slipped away, if memory serves me, before I stopped the shark, and then the skiff was two miles from shore. Repeatedly I brought the game up and was forced to let go as the boat was jerked to the very water's edge, and it should be remembered that I was fighting the shark from the broad, flat stern of a frail boat, my companion coiling the line between my feet as I gained it. Exactly how long we fought this powerful shark I do not know; but its strength, endurance, and savage methods made a lasting impression on my mind. Whether we could have brought it in is a question. The wind came up and it was dangerous to make the line fast, as a single slip over the side of the boat would have meant a capsize, and my companion could not row against the shark. It was not until four or five following boats had made fast to us, all rowing, that we stopped it; then I brought it to the surface, caught the chain and held it, got a turn of rope about the ugly head and gave the word, and the five skiffs began to move inshore, towing us.

When the beach was reached the line was passed ashore, and it required ten or more men to drag the struggling animal up onto the sands, where it threshed about, the black remoras still clinging to it, its cavernous mouth snapping like the animated trap it was, row after row of teeth opening and shutting in convulsive rage, while the air was filled with the peculiar musky odor of sharks. I have described this catch not to show how difficult it was to accomplish, but to emphasize the fact that to land such a fish fairly with rod and reel is a feat worth the trying, and a test of endurance of high order. Even then the success of the trial depends upon the boatman to a great measure; the management of boat and cleverness of the gaffer is an important factor.

On the Gulf coast is found a leaping shark. The last one I took was at Aransas in 1906. I supposed I had a tarpon as up into the air went the fish, so far away that I did not see it plainly; then it made a fine rush across the pass and into the air again, lashing itself from side to side in a graphic fashion. If tarpon are not biting, as they generally are, this fish is a fair substitute. I have had excellent sport with a twelve-ounce rod, twenty-one line, with a leaping shark in a bight or harbor on the southwest side of Santa Catalina. It is really a small fiord, and at its head in very shallow water these "oil sharks" gather in July and August. They are beautifully colored and range up to seventy pounds, the largest I have seen taken with rod and reel being a sixty-three-pounder. The fishing was all from the sandy beach; the bait, a six or seven-pound fish, being towed out by a fisherman to a point sixty feet in the bay. The moment the strike came, up into the air

THE AUTHOR'S "OUTFIT" IN ROD FISHING FOR LARGE TUNA,
OR ANY FISH OVER 150 LBS. 12-OUNCE
ROD, NO. 21-THREAD LINE

went the shark, whirling about, coming down with a crash, to rush for deep water, taking me down the beach on the run, reeling, giving line —an exhilarating experience—the gaffer often having to wade out, waist-deep, to secure the plunging game.

Many of the shark tribe may be counted as excellent game if taken with rod and reel and allowed a modicum of fair play; but the prejudice which attends the shark and associates it with the vermin of the sea will, doubtless, always prevent the pastime from becoming popular. Again, the shark is usually caught when other game is in question, is a destroyer of sport and a "sunderer of companies," all of which adds to its unpopularity. The present article may be considered merely as a suggestion to the angler to take sharks as they come and treat them as you would a game fish, when often what seems a destroyer of sport may be turned into a delight-giver, if robust sport is desired.

CHAPTER XI

THE WINTER ANGLER

"DID it never occur to you," said the winter angler, one warm January day at the Tuna Club, "that there is about as much delight in 'winter trout' fishing, as in summer? In fact, I do not know but that there is a little more. The trout are bigger, the salmon seem to leap higher, and under the beneficent influence of a rousing fire, all fish are larger, better, and harder fighters. Just how this happens I do not know, but I fancy I obtain almost as much sport out of fishing in talking it over a year later, as I do at the time. It is this feature of it that causes the layman to look upon the angling guild with indulgent suspicion. They think we are harmless, and so we are, to all except the big trout that rises to the fly beneath some low-lying, caressing willow or some sedgy bank where wild flowers nod, and bending over the rim, eye their beauties like Narcissus.

"Speaking of flies, reminds me of an experience. I was fishing in Canada on a preserve I have, not far from Three Rivers, and casting in a beautiful lake with three flies. I do not believe, and I say this advisedly, that those trout had ever seen an artificial fly before, and what they thought they were, no one knows. This made no difference, as the moment they touched the water it seemed to me, from the boiling of the water, that a hundred trout jumped at them, and before I knew it I had a trout on each hook, each a two-pounder at least, bounding into the air in a mad triangular duel. After a long play I brought them to the boat; but it was manifestly impossible to net them all at once, as they were so widely separated, so I told my boatman to carefully take off the trout highest up, or on the upper fly, which he finally did, and took him in, a fine two-pounder at least. The remaining fish made a combined rush that was irresistible and took forty or fifty feet of line before I could stop them. I was astonished at the fight they made, but in time I reeled them in.

"To my amazement and that of my man, there was a three-pound trout on the upper fly. He had seen it trailing, taken it, and hooked himself without my knowing it. There was nothing to do but repeat the manœuvre, and again my boatman, a good man from the Tadousac country, took not only the second, but the third trout from the hook, by hand, then picked up his net and prepared to net the other as I slowly reeled in.

"How that trout played! I can feel him yet;

feel the thrill that went up my arm as he slashed from side to side, then surged off with strength that was almost irresistible. I could not believe it possible that a trout could make so desperate a play, and slowly, inch by inch, I brought him in, Raphael on the *qui vive*, net in hand. Suddenly he dropped it and exclaimed, '*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* you have three. I swear I take heem off two.'

"It was a fact, I was playing three trout; the two remaining flies had been seized almost the moment he had taken the fish from the flies. In they came, fighting, dashing this way and that, and again Raphael, a good man as I say from up the Tadousac way, a good Catholic, I happen to know, carefully took the upper and second fish from the flies and dropped them with the others, and again the trout on the end hook made its final rush away, and again I felt the undue strain, the peculiar sag, only twice as fierce, twice as menacing. Slowly, carefully I reeled, checking the rushes with rod and my thumb on the line; playing, giving the butt, keeping reasonably cool, and marvelling at the strength of these Canadian trout. They came in very slowly, but they came in warring among themselves, and when I had them on the quarter, *mirabile dictu!* there were three trout; the two new ones had taken the extra flies as they raced away after the original trout.

"'Take them off, Raphael,' I whispered, as it certainly was uncanny and I fancied my boatman was a shade paler as he reached down, caught the leader and unhooked a two-and-three-quarter- and a three-pound trout, and again released the trout on the leader, still full of fire. Away he went, bounding out into the open to the song of my reel, and then——"

The listening men closed in on the story teller; a menacing long-suffering group of anglers. The story teller glanced at them a moment, then added:

"No, that was the end."

The listeners fell back into their seats gazing on that man as upon some strange thing, yet if he had added two more to the string of truths, he would not have gone beyond the bounds, as this thing really happened to my friend, George A. Weber of the Laurentian and Tuna Clubs, a well-known angler, in that peculiar thrice blessed spot where the lakes of Canada rest in the Laurentian Hills.

The wind was blowing hard without, rushing, roaring over the city in a bearish, playful mood; now banging old shutters or blinds, to wrench them open again and with a wild roar go on; now down into some big helpless chimney, then up into the air, joining forces with a snow squall which enveloped tall steeples in gigantic wraiths, and swept on and on into the country, howling and screaming, to die away, literally out of breath, on the broad and distant ocean.

An open fireplace is particularly grateful at such times. You hear the wild roaring voice of the wind as it shouts down the chimney, it even ventures part way down but only succeeds in stirring up the lambent flames which rise and chase it away with showers of sparks.

There are more stories, discussions on rods and line and flies, and, strangely enough, some one brings out a book of flies, then another, and another, and by a curious coincidence every man in that line opposite the fire has somewhere about his person flies. And such a marvellous variety, of such beautiful shape, design, and color, that you could easily imagine that there must be Titians, Rembrandts, and Turners among the fly-makers of every land. One book was made in Dresden by an old man who had conceived flies for one of the Georges, so it was said. He was almost a century old, and his son was a fly-maker, and *his* son. One could pick out the old man's flies without difficulty, they were so beautiful, so dainty and ethereal.

One was a delicate mauve in color, so small that one could hardly see it, much less pick it up; a perfect gnat, the kind we have seen dancing on a moonbeam or ray of light in some little river. We often come upon them in the woods in some little clearing among tall trees where their subtle lines and undulations stand out against the flowers, rising, falling, suddenly dropping to come again. Of such dainty ephemeral things was this fly designed.

The Dublin flies were marvellously attractive, and one might imagine this man who had them a great general instead of a great fly caster, as he waved a sorry ghost of a fly and told of the trout of eight pounds that he had laid low with it. Thus challenged, every angler drew forth old and dilapidated flies from some pocket in his book announcing that thereby hung a tale.

That old and ragged fly once killed a salmon that weighed forty pounds, after a struggle of two hours. When the fish was gaffed the hook was hanging by a sliver of flesh. Here was a book of flies from the Sierra Nevada Mountains, made by a fly-maker who was snowed in all winter and could do nothing but make flies, and who lived in a hall of fame referred to in a previous chapter.

"I know of but one other hall of fame like this," said one of the anglers. "It is at the town of Tarpon on Aransas Pass, that Streeter, Beebe, and Hooper of the Tuna Club raided with light tackle, in all probability the best locality for tarpon in the country and perhaps the most isolated, as it is on a long low sandy island about opposite Corpus Christi, Texas, and ten or twelve miles offshore where the sea has beaten up an island or sand-bank. It is so low that when I landed the first thing I observed was driftwood at the very gate of the little inn, and I was told that the storm which devastated Galveston had been a menace to them. The old Tarpon Club, a mile opposite, on another island, was completely surrounded at this time by a wild and menacing sea, and it is said that a wealthy but trapped angler telephoned the Life Saving Station that there was five thousand dollars waiting for any one who would take him off; but they did not go.

"The inn at Tarpon is not much to look at, but it is a hospitable place and about the only building of any size or value in the vicinity. Owing to the heat there is a patio, or gallery, as they call it, in the centre where the anglers sit and talk. When a man hooks a tarpon here he releases the fish, but takes a scale,—a splendid silver-like object,—and nails it onto the wall of the inn, after writing upon it his name and the length of the catch. This has been going on for years, and as a result, the wall is covered, or was when I saw it, with a blaze of scales, a radiant hall of fame which not merely tells of the glory of the catch, but that the anglers, to a man, release their catch."

The glow of the fire as the wind roared down the chimney illumined a row of books on the broad mantel over which hung a number of old rods, creels, and other once destructive engines of war.

"Listen," said the angler, leaning against the corner, taking up the books one by one: "*The Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an angle*, Juliana Berners, 1496; Leonard Mascall's *Book of Fishing with Hook and Line*, 1590; *La Canna de Piscare*, Blakey; *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*, Vandunk; *The Secrets of Angling*, 1613, John Dennys; *Salmonia*, Sir Humphry Davy; Markham's *Art of Angling*, 1614; Walton's *Compleat Angler*, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th edition. These are the books an angler never tires of. It is all very well to take an edition with you on a fishing trip, and I religiously do, but I fancy it is an affectation though I do not acknowledge it. I always intend to read, especially after dinner when I am lying on the pine needles beneath some big tree on the stream of my choice and in a philosophic mood, but I rarely do. It is in winter when I am far away and the trout streams or lakes are frozen up that my favorite author is taken down and gone over, lovingly and affectionately.

"Perhaps it is Walton, or that old manuscript entitled *Piers of Fulham*, the original of which is in Trinity College, Cambridge, which was written in 1420, and contains the first account of angling in England. Walton doubtless took the term 'Contemplative Man's Recreation' from this manuscript, which says, 'Loo, worshipfull sirs, here after ffollee with gentlemanly tretyse full convenyent for contemplatiff louers to rede and understand.'

"If we take down the old Berners we are impressed by the strange fact that the first authority on angling and fly-making was a woman, Dame Juliana. In 1496 Wynkyn de Worde published a second edition of the *Book of St. Alban's,* with a fourth part added—*The Treatyse of Fysshynge.* The personality of the authoress must always be of interest to anglers. It appears that she was prioress of the Nunnery of Sopewell, near St. Alban's, and of noble family. That Dame Juliana had in mind the pot hunter, the modern trout hog, is evident, as she refused to publish her book on fishing separately, on the ground that it might fall into the hands of gentlemen who would not use her advice and so spoil the sport doubtless by over fishing. Her words are well worth reproducing, and she says:

> "And for by cause that this present treatyse sholde not come to the hondys of eche ydle persone whyche wolde desire it yf it were enpryntyd allone by itself, and put in a lytll plaunflet, therefore I have compylyd it in a greter volume of dyverse bokys concernynge to gentyll and noble men, to the entent that the forsayd ydle persones whyche sholde have but lytyll mesure in the sayd dysporte of fysshyng sholde not by this meane vtterly dystroye it."

"Even Dame Juliana did not claim to be the author of her work. She says 'I have compylyd it.' How admirable this is, as in it is the soul of all fish stories of to-day, as each story teller doubtless 'compylyd it.' Whether Dame Juliana compiled it, or invented it, no one knows or cares, but every angler since has been indebted to her, and Walton with his delightful philosophy absorbed much of her wisdom. She described the first flies, although I have in mind Ælian's famous description of the fly of the Macedonian in his *De Animalium Natura* and that they have been used for ages there is little doubt. She gives descriptions of them by the month and they are the types of standard flies to-day in many cases."

"If Juliana really compiled her book, it would be most interesting to know from whom she compiled," said an angler from the French Broad country who had been watching the fire and seeing cool purling streams in the burning wood. "To me the interesting thing in her famous treatise is its philanthropy, its high standard, the good doctrine it teaches, and I consider it remarkable that this work, written over four hundred years ago, should contain the ethics, the principles of what gentlemen of to-day consider the standards of sport. The old treatise is an angling idyl, and that it has had a strong influence on men and women in the past in formulating high ideals in sportsmanship goes without saying. Her introduction to sport is a classic. She begins by quoting Solomon, to the effect that a cheerful spirit maketh a flourishing age, a fair age, and a long life. Then she asks what are the things that cause a man to have a merry and cheerful spirit. 'Truly to my best dyscrecon, it seemeth goodly sports and honest gamys whom a man joyeth without any repentaunce after.'

"Then she goes on to select the four honest games or sports that will bring fair age and long life, to wit, hunting, hawking, fowling, and fishing. 'The beste to my simple dyscrecon, why then is fishing . . . with a rodde.' She refers to the fact that angling is not arduous and that it counts little if he lose fish or tackle and if he catches nothing in the way of fish; he has at least his 'holsom walk' and a 'sweet ayre' and and 'swete savour of the meede floures that makyth hym hungry.' He also hears the melody of birds, and she readily proves that angling keeps a man well, makes him better, morally, physically and mentally,—all in the quaint language of four hundred years ago.

"No high standard of sport has even been adopted that is not traceable to Dame Juliana, who has given us a list of rules for anglers that holds to-day, or should hold. She was the original giver of advice to the 'trout hog.' Listen: 'Also ye shall not be to ravenous in takyng of your sayd game as to moche at one tyme.' Also, 'Ye shall besye yourselfe to nouryssh the game in all that ye maye.'

"The entire introduction to Dame Juliana Berners's treatise should be printed and hung in every club and school in the country, as it is good advice, constituting the standard in use by gentlemen anglers everywhere of to-day.

"In the British Museum there is a copy of the first edition of Leonard Mascall's *Book of Fishing* (1590), the father of fish culture, who took most of his fishing data from Dame Berners and the French. A fine edition in black letter of the *Book of St. Alban's* was printed in 1596, and in 1600 John Taverner published a book on fish. Michael Angelo was an angler, and many artists of our own time were devoted to the rod, as Sir John Williams, Mr. John Pettie, R.A., and W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., and in America, Walter Brackett.

Another book on that delightful old mantel was an edition of John Dennys's fine book, *The Secrets of Angling,* taken down and handed around with care and delight. It was written in 1613 and published under the nom-de-plume of "J. D." and for two hundred years or more the public did not know who J. D. was, and Belve tells us that "Perhaps there does not exist in the circle of English literature a rarer volume." John Dennys wrote a century after Dame Juliana, and evidently did not know her work, at least he did not borrow from it, and he was doubtless the first angler to write in verse; he says:

> Of angling and the art thereof I sing.

By the side of the Dennys is a copy of *Barker's Delight*, a quaint little book on the charms of angling that was often copied by Walton. Thomas Barker was the first angler to write about salmon fishing from the standpoint of the successful angler, and as he lived on the Severn at Bracemeal he was always near the game of his choice. The *Delight* was written about 1600, and the second edition, issued in 1657, was published by Richard Marriot, who issued Walton's works. He may have been a teacher of angling—such still live in England—and in his book he tells us: "I live in Henry the 7th. Gifts, the next door to the Gate House in Westminster," and offers to give information about fishing "to any noble or gentle angler who may desire it." Barker is the first angler to describe the reel or "winch," and he gives an illustration of it: "You must have your winder within two feet of the bottom." Walton later said "Some use a wheel."

Barker was truly a delight giver. He was a thorough fly-maker, a good angler: "the white

flye for darknesse, the red flye in *medio*, and the black flye for lightnesse." This was his receipt for night fishing, and any one who has read Colonel Venable's *Night Fishing* will see that what he wrote came from *Barker's Delight*. The full title of the charming book is, "*Barker's Delight, or The art of Angling.* By Thomas Barker, an ancient practitioner in the said art."

CHAPTER XII

THE SALMON OF MONTEREY

NEARLY all the old explorers who sailed north from Mexico speak of the salmon and its vast schools in and about the bay of Monterey. The Californians have fished them for years, yet few eastern anglers understand that there is famous sport to be had in the big bay with the fish supposed to be the king of the fresh-water game. But the salmon of the Pacific coast is very different from the long silvery fellow taken in Newfoundland, the streams of the St. Lawrence, and Great Britain. He is of several kinds and of such strange and unaccountable habit that one takes a second look at Dr. Jordan when he tells the story, and wonders whether this is a fish story or a story of a fish, between which there is supposed by wags to be a difference.

Thus Dr. Jordan tells us that in going upstream, a salmon of a certain kind will turn up a river that leads to a lake in which they spawn, while its companion keeps on to the next river which does not begin in a lake. How these fishes know the difference or why there should be a difference is one of the piscatorial nuts which you and I need not worry about as we are going a-fishing. Then Dr. Jordan tells us that the forty-pound salmon we are in search of at Monterey dies after it spawns, hundreds of miles from the sea, and worst of all is the trait of the Pacific coast salmon told in the story. It seems that when the American government was considering the purchase of Alaska from Russia the English government objected, but an old salmon-fishing English angler settled the question at a conference with the following remark: "Oh, let the d—— Yankees have it, the salmon won't rise to a fly." And so we got Alaska for a bagatelle, and its salmon fisheries, alone worth ten times the amount of the purchase price.

This is true, the salmon will not rise to a fly, though I remember an article on the Klackamas by Kipling in which he described his catches with the fly, and how he and a nameless companion pranced up the sands and landed the big fish. This, doubtless, was one of the few exceptions, and I conclude that Kipling had some peculiar flies which he has kept to himself ever since.

If the salmon will not take a fly, they make up for it by rising to a spoon, or sardine bait, in a fashion to delight the most critical angler, and I can imagine no more inspiriting scene than to go out in Monterey Bay in July, August, and September and follow the vast schools. The fish appear in June or July and gather about the mouths of the rivers, and in the great bay, ready for the later ascent to the spawning grounds. You may take your choice of places. The little town of Monterey, the ancient capital of California, is a charming place, and here is a salmon fishery; hence the facts regarding the fish can be had at first-hand, with an abundance of boats to go out in, while the town and Del Monte, a beautiful park, a veritable game preserve, is a fascination in itself. Here are groves of the restful Monterey cypress in whose shadows are pools stocked with black bass, and reaching away from this salmon fishers' paradise are roads which might be a part of a city park, which lead you down the picturesque coast to the old mission or out toward the Gabilan range where you climb steep trails, and in winter look down upon one of the most extraordinary flower gardens in the world—acres, miles of flowers which fill the valleys and race away up to the mountain chaparral, a blaze of color, making the entire land a Field of the Cloth of Gold, and in the centre a little lake of the deepest blue in a setting of gold and green, purple and red. Then there are the laurels, groves, forests of them, filling the little cañons. You see them when you are casting for trout in the Carmelo, and you stroll into them and trace up the rich odor of the leaves, that, when crushed, fill the air with incense.

Indeed, it is not all fishing, or salmon, or trout, when you are on a fishing trip around Monterey, as there are many allurements that keep you, ashore, away from the water, which is well, as one may even have too much of salmon fishing.

Then there is Capitola, on the opposite side of the bay, and Santa Cruz, at the foot of the splendid mountains of the same name. At all these places hotels or inns are found directly on the coast, and a fleet of boats to take the anglers out. I found them all equally inviting and different.

One summer I made my headquarters at Del Monte and fished the Carmelo, a trout stream a few miles distant. About fifteen miles from the sea, at Los Laurelles, was a little inn from which I could reach the trout stream in ten minutes, and following this radiant stream down to the mission I looked out on the smooth Pacific, and the finest salmon fishing on the coast. So with the aid of a team one can fish for trout one day and salmon the next, but if we are after salmon alone we remain at the attractive town of Del Monte, which is only comparable to a beautiful English estate where age has left its imprint in big trees. The wharf of the town reaches far out into the bay, and every morning numbers of salmon fishermen go out from here and the bay is soon dotted with boats, private and professional; the scene, one long to be remembered.

At Capitola the inn headquarters of the salmon fishermen is directly on the beach, and the same is true of Santa Cruz, both having long piers reaching out into Monterey Bay, devoted entirely to fishing and not to commerce, as one might suppose. All the conditions are delightful. It is never warm here in summer; in fact the climate is as near perfection as one can find, a storm of any kind being unknown in summer. One season I spent at the shore; another I duplicated the Del Monte fishing by making my headquarters about five miles up in the redwoods on the Soquel River—a delightful little stream which winds its way down from the Santa Cruz Mountains. The Soquel was once a famous salmon stream, but now it is given over to steelheads in season, and is stocked with rainbow trout,—not large ones; but then the Soquel is not a large river, just large enough to enable one to cast a fly and pass the time in true Waltonian fashion. I fished for trout one day and could hear, as I waded the stream, the roar of the surf in the bay, five or six miles away, the valley being a perfect sounding board.

So to-day it was trout in the alluring stream, and the next morning mine host carried me down

THE AUTHOR CASTING ON RIO CARMELO, DEL MONTE, CALIFORNIA

the road and landed me at the wharf at Capitola by six o'clock, in time to join the anglers who were embarking in boats and launches. While I was waiting for my boatman, who had gone for anchovies and sardines for bait, I amused myself by watching the Italians bring in "sea trout" or white sea-bass, which they netted alongshore at night. The boats pulled up to the dock and the splendid fish, ranging from ten to fifty pounds, would be tossed into a big net and hoisted up to the pier, which was often fairly covered with white sea-bass—one of the finest game fishes of the coast, which I found interfered with the salmon fishing by getting on the line when they were not wanted. The reader will wonder, Why not fish for them? —but I was after salmon.

In time Bill, my boatman, came alongside with his double-ender. I went aboard and was rowed out with half a dozen others—launches, rowboats, and craft of various kinds. Away on the horizon, I could see the fleet from Del Monte and Monterey, and over to the west boats were coming down from Santa Cruz—all heading for a mysterious place about five miles offshore where the salmon were supposed to be. One could locate them by the boats which followed the school as the bay was like glass, only a slight undulating sea coming in from the west, the air cool and delicious. Bill, like many boatmen, was a character. Whether he was a physician or a D.D. or a Ph.D. I did not learn, but he might have been either, as he talked learnedly as he faced the stern, and rowed, by pushing the boat along with powerful strokes. I remember we discussed Darwin, and I listened to a learned dissertation on Herbert Spencer's theories while I watched the moving boats.

After a while we joined a fleet of nondescript craft and Bill tossed over a big murderous hand-line which he hooked over his arm, slacking out about fifty feet to locate the salmon and find out how deep they were lying. Here was the only disagreeable feature of the sport,—the fish were liable to lie deep. But it was a poor angler who could not devise some method to offset this, and this had been done for us by the dean of the fishing, Mr.——. I had prejudices against the hand-line, in fact, had waged a successful war against it with the Tuna Club at Santa Catalina, but I fell from grace and took the line from Bill just in time to have a strike and was shortly playing a fine fish, which came to the surface forty feet away and attempted to jump as well as a fish could with a three-pound sinker, and soon came in, a splendid silvery fellow which weighed about twenty pounds. As we passed the various boats they called out obligingly the depth the fish were lying, and when the cry, "two fathoms," came, meaning that the last fish

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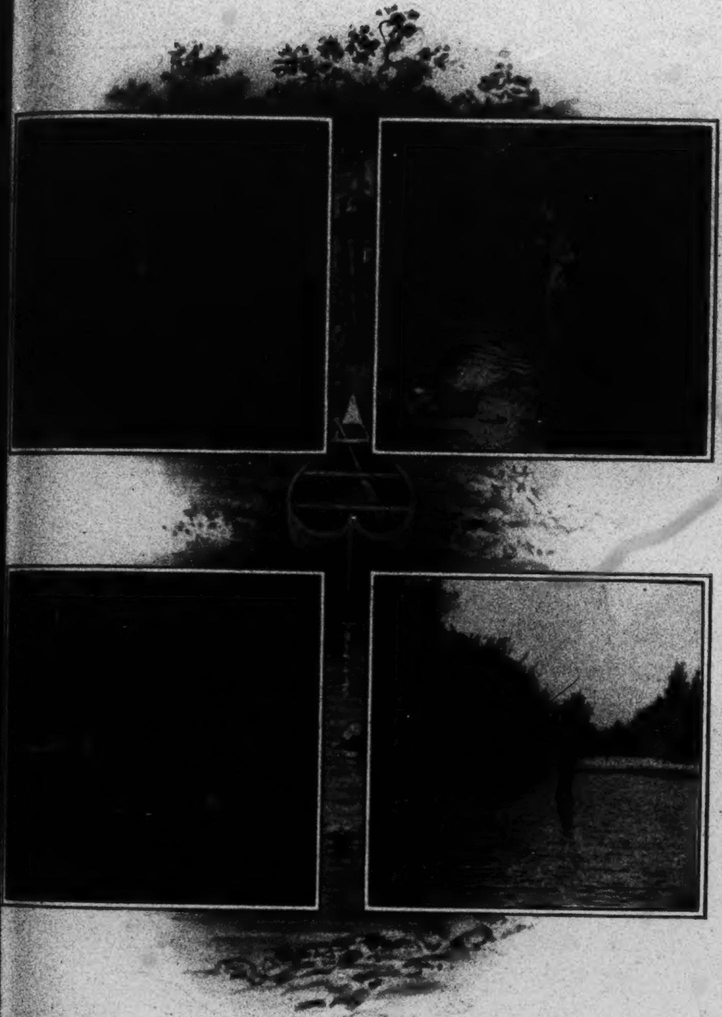

AUTHOR CASTING ON THE SOQUEL, SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS, CALIFORNIA

had been taken at that depth, I took my rod, which weighed about nine ounces and was rigged with a nine-thread line and number ten hook, baited it with a sardine, put on a light sinker, and unreeled. Bill took charge of the hand-line on the port side and I fished to starboard while he slowly rowed about.

The sport was fast and furious in other boats. Sometimes four or five fish were hooked in one boat-load of hand-liners, and with shouts and cries of delight they were hauled into the net; or a light boat containing a lady with a rod, her husband at the sculls, would hook one and the resilient rod would tell the story of angling delights. Then everybody seemed to have a fish, and the floating villagers shouted encouragement one to the other or laughed at the losers, as there were misses in the game, as I learned to my cost. Nearly all my strikes came on the deep hand-line, showing that this was the lure of lures; so the reel line was rigged. I made a loop in it, ran a thread through a fairly heavy pipe sinker, and tied the thread across the loop so that the sinker was suspended by the thread. This was lowered down, the theory being that the first strike would break the thread, release the sinker, and allow me to play the salmon without this incubus. The year previous I had little or no luck with my rod and Bill looked upon it as a thing of evil; yet others were taking fish and now I seemed to have come into my own, as in a few moments I had a strike. I felt the break of the thread, and away went the line from the reel with the peculiar melody that starts the angler's blood and sends it coursing madly through his veins. It seems inane to certain over-sane persons that anglers should be so easily worked up by a hissing line, a bending rod, and a screaming click, but the angler acknowledges the soft impeachment and is satisfied. Just what my sensations were with my first salmon taking line, garnering it in feet, yards, and fathoms until he had four hundred feet, I could not describe and would not care to try for the benefit of these same over-sane critics, but at that particular moment there was not money enough in Monterey Bay to have bought the experience which, I doubt not, proved the case of the critics. I know Bill was laughing at me, and he wished to discuss it then and there. Bill was not disputatious, but merely insistently argumentative at the wrong time; and as the fish took fifty feet more in a glorious burst of speed and I sprang to my feet that I might catch the glint of him against the blue waters of the bay, he laughed softly and put his proposition.

"Say, Colonel, did it ever occur to you that fishin' is a curious thing?"

My salmon was sulking now; he had plunged down about one hundred feet and was hammering at me in a most peculiar way, as though he were tossing his head from side to side trying to throw the hook from his mouth; the result was a hammer-like blow on the rod.

"Here," continued Bill, "I go out, day after day, fishin' for the market, gettin' up at three, goin' after anchovies for bait, comin' in at six to go out and hand-line salmon for a livin'; sick and tired of it, and makin' about three dollars a day some days and some days none. My point of view is three meals a day, and hard work I call it. But here comes you, Judge" (I must have had a judicial aspect when the salmon was sulking), "doin' the same thing, only makin' it a dern sight harder work with that whip of a pole, and you pay me, yes, pay me five dollars to let you do my work. Now, how do you figure that out?"

I did not figure it; my salmon had made an upward rush, the line was slack, and I thought for the moment he was off. But the big multiplier, as finely made as a watch, responded to the call, and I gained line, and as the fish—a blaze of silver—went a foot into the air, I caught up with him, had him on a taut line, and was calling for the net.

"You ain't ready for the net," said Bill with the superior air he affected when he began to talk about Herbert Spencer.

He was a true prophet; I had the salmon on the quarter, was turning him toward the place where the net should have been, but Bill had not picked it up—he knew the fish and I did not. There was never a better illustration, as at that moment the fish saw the boat, or me, or Bill smiling, and made the most effective rush of the play, and was rolling over two hundred feet away on the surface, trying to jump; then bearing around in the arc of a great circle just below the surface, he went plunging down, down, the reel giving inch by inch, the click protesting, fairly groaning under the pressure I was giving the thumb brake.

There appears at times to be a decided difference between the strength of a nine-thread line on the tester and attached to a fish; the line tests well, theoretically, but something often happens when the thumb that plays on the brake becomes panic-stricken and presses too hard, and it was just this that I feared. There was something about this mad leaping and rushing fish that aroused one's enthusiasm, and added strength and force to the arm, and so the mistake is made, just the mistake I feared, as I was winning. I had the splendid game on the run and it was coming up in great circles. The lust of conquest was in my throat, and as some non-angling clergyman once said in a burst of pathos, "murder shone green in the angler's eye."

SHOSHONE FALLS, SNAKE RIVER, IDAHO

But here is where luck came in; luck of the very best quality served me and I brought the fish to the quarter, as I would a yellowtail. Bill slipped the net beneath him like the artist he was, then, as I unreeled and allowed the resilient whip of a rod to straighten out, Bill lifted the finest, plumpest, biggest—no, not quite the biggest, but one of the biggest, salmon into the *Irresistible Arabella*, as the boat was named, ever seen, that is, rarely seen in the waters of Monterey Bay. Then the wonder of it all became apparent. The hook was held by just a sliver of skin. Bill unhooked the fish,, killed it mercifully, held it up that the sun might blaze from its silvery scales a moment to intoxicate me with its beauties, then folded it away in a piece of canvas. It was too big to weigh with our scales, so we still call it "the sixty-pounder," but if hard pressed for the actual facts I do not think it would run over thirty-five.

Dr. Jordan says in the preface to a book we once wrote together: "A fish story needs no apology, and no affidavit nor string of affidavits can add anything to its credibility. The highest authorities on ethics have indicated the angler's privileges. It is agreed that it is better to lie about your great catch of trout than to make it." There seems to be some application of these truths to salmon fishing.

Whether you fish from Capitola, Santa Cruz, Carmel Bay, or Monterey, in these cool summer days, you are sure of salmon, that is in July, August, and often in September, as the big fish are here in vast numbers, doubtless taking their last meal, fattening up for a long fast, as they do not appear to eat after they enter the rivers; in fact the salmon is one of the strangest of all fishes and at the same time possibly the most valuable, the great catches of the Northwest being a notable and valuable national asset.

Bill I fancy was too fond of gambling. It may have been his besetting sin, as with his fund of general information he could easily have found some more lucrative work than catching salmon with a hand-line for the market. He was fond of telling stories and once, while we were drifting and waiting in a lull of biting, he said that he made his first money in a wager, on a bet on cats. He wagered a friend that he would see more cats in an hour's walk than he. The friend took him up. They started off, returning at the end of an hour. Bill's attendant reported that Bill had pointed out thirteen cats; the other party had not seen one. He explained his luck by saying that it being a very hot day the other man walked in the shade, while he, Bill, kept in the sunny streets, knowing that cats like sun. I was glad to know that Bill had read *Salmonia*, as from that classic he filched his cat story, which illustrated a characteristic of Bill, though he did not know it,—he was a close observer, which made him a good boatman.

I sent this salmon down to a friend who lived in a salmonless country, who pronounced it fit for Lucullus, and, as I had imparted to him a secret regarding its cooking in olive oil, with dashes of Burgundy, and a certain vintage of white Chablis to go with it, he was doubtless right; the shades of Lucullus and Epicurus were doubtless there.

When Bill had stowed away this record salmon, which he declared was truly the record for the *Irresistible Arabella* with a rod, he came toward me, put out his hand, and assured me that he had fished with some of the greatest anglers of the world, but in all his experience he had never seen a fish handled so well, so gracefully, so tactfully. I think he even referred to my technique, and interjected something about Herbert Spencer, who was an angler, but of this I am not sure. The point is this: you would hardly believe that I who have lived several years, and know all about flattery, cajolery, and all the rest of it, would fall so completely into this vortex of adulation and complacency, yet I did, and if you could have looked in upon the *Irresistible Arabella* a moment later, you would have seen Bill smoking one of my best cigars, after having been given a rod and various other things. Bill knew his man and had sized up the situation with all the cleverness of a Machiavelli, all of which goes to show that anglers are sometimes susceptible people, and the most menacing part of it is, I believe they are glad of it.

While Bill baited my hook, running the point into the eye of the fish, then down through the mouth so that the line formed a loop keeping the mouth closed, he resumed the conversation.

"As I was saying, it 's a curious thing, Judge, that you enjoy what is the hardest kind of work to me. I 've been trying to figure it out on a Christian Science basis, and the proposition is, that if you only *call work sport,* you 're having the time of your life. It 's the point of view. If you have to fish for a livin', it is drudgery; if you fish for the fun of it, why, it 's a pleasure. I can't exactly get it fixed straight in my mind, or what Herbert Spencer would have thought of it, but I came out one day and tried to imagine I was goin' fishin' for the fun of it, and was an angler like old Walton and the rest of 'em; but doggone it! every salmon I pulled in meant fifty cents at the dock. When *you* lose a fish you 're glad, because he put up a good fight, but I could n't get that commercial feelin' out of my head—it means too much for me. Now Herbert Spen——"

But just then I had a strike, and Bill pushed the boat after a fish that tore about two hundred feet from the reel so quickly that it made Bill nervous; he breathed like a porpoise, though merely looking on. I was doing the work and he was being paid for letting me. I rounded up the game and for a moment held him; one of those delirious moments that an angler knows when rod is bending to the breaking point, line being tested to the point of breaking, when a peculiar vibrating thrill comes coursing up the line. I had the tip well up and Bill was taking big odds to himself that it would all go—I knew that, but he was handicapped by my luck and I won. I made up my mind I had hooked a sea-bass, but Bill thought it a salmon, and there I had him again as the fish surfaced away off and we saw it; then it came running in at me to stop and sheer off, roll over and lash the air, then plunge down into the deep blue waters, rounding up in a splendid burst of speed. Then it came, fighting, in and dashed about the boat in full view—a picture of virility and beauty. Bill guessed him at thirty pounds, but I was sure forty was nearer the truth; the bass tipped the scales at fifty-two pounds three hours later.

In playing this fish we drifted down toward the shore and evidently got into the range of the white sea-bass and out of the tribe of salmon, as the moment the bait reached the water it was seized. The sport was on, as between salmon and white sea-bass it is hard to choose, and it required some moral courage to deliberately try to get rid of a fish that may weigh thirty or even sixty pounds and look upon it as a nuisance, but apparently it was necessary here. I played the fish recklessly, gave it no slack, hoping it would break the line, but nothing would remove it, it came in despite us, a splendid fellow at any other time or anywhere else, and I could but think if such a weak fish, as it was of the tribe, weighing nearly forty pounds, should be caught down New York Bay where the weakfish anglers go, what an excitement it would occasion. Every paper would have the account, the angler's picture would be published and all the particulars, while here at Monterey such game was considered a nuisance, as we were fishing for salmon and wanted nothing else. So we moved back into the sphere of the salmon schools, which were evidently changing about, following the big schools of anchovies.

Monterey Bay is a most interesting place for the angler, as on a fishing trip there are countless strange fishes and birds always in sight. Sea pigeons covered the water in places in such numbers that they were disagreeable, the strong pungent musky odor filling the air. Then whales would rise to engulf small fry, or tuna would dash in, adding to the excitement. The bay is a famous feeding ground for whales and they sometimes enter the drift-net of the salmon fishermen and tow it about until they drown. An angler informed me that one day when trolling for salmon he looked down into the water thinking that he saw something gray or brown, and discovered that it was an enormous shark that had taken its place just beneath his boat, its head under the stern, and was complacently following his every motion. It made no effort to take his fish, made no disturbance, but the big attendant gradually got on the angler's nerves and he told the boatman to go in.

This shark, which followed them into shallow water, was harpooned and caught. It was of the basking shark variety and was forty-two feet long; a huge, harmless monster, so far as biting is concerned, yet the big flail-like tail of this shark wrecked several Japanese boats, killing the owners and breaking up the shark-oil industry at Monterey.

The Monterey fleet was collecting to the south and we followed them and watched the men haul in the big fish with hand-lines. Presently we had a strike, my pipe sinker dropped away, and I was playing a salmon. This fish attempted to jump, but succeeded only in rolling over at the surface, the sun glancing from its silvery scales in a blaze of glory. It was a delight to stand up and play such a fish with a nine-ounce rod and nine-thread line, dropping the butt into the socket of one's belt if the play came hard, taking it out to hold it firmly in the rushes. I fancy it was the first tackle of the kind ever tried on the salmon, at least it was new to the majority of hand-line fishermen who filled most of the launches, and when we hooked a fish we became the centre of the field and bets were freely made and taken. Gambling is uncertain. A tall thin Fresno man who had come down to the coast on his hay wagon to catch salmon and salt them down, almost was Bill's undoing. He shouted, "Five dollars he don't land him on that tackle." Bill's sporting blood surged to the fore and he took him up, wrapping a five-dollar gold piece in a newspaper and tossing it at the captain of the launch who was the stakeholder. This centred the interest on the *Irresistible Arabella* and every move I made was watched with profound interest. Every time the salmon made a rush they cheered and shouted trying to demoralize us, and the fight was on in the centre of great hilarity, the hand-liners meantime hauling in fish all about.

We had advice from various quarters, and there was a strong opinion that the "pole" would break. Fearing that it might I played a waiting game and took things easily, which means that I took no chances, as I knew, despite the gloomy predictions, that I had the big fish on the run. I played the fish carefully, repeatedly brought it to the quarter, when Bill reached for it, but away it would rush, acting I thought very strangely.

It was after one of these runs that I felt a slack line, and thinking the salmon was running in on me I reeled fast and brought to the surface the head of a forty-pound salmon bitten off as clean as though a knife had performed the operation. This aroused no little excitement. The man who made the wager claimed the money; I had not landed a salmon, only the head of a salmon. Bill quoted authorities, including Herbert Spencer, and demonstrated that sharks were not to be considered. It was a difficult point for the stakeholder to decide, but he was a Solomon in disguise—he gave each man back his five dollars and peace reigned.

Not ten minutes later I hooked another fish which ran off with nearly all my line, and but for Bill's fine manipulation of the boat I should have lost it. I was still fearful of sharks and worked the fish hard, and had the satisfaction of seeing it come up and make a clever leap into the air before I brought it to the net.

In landing this fish we drifted inshore again out of the school and fleet, and when we had admired the beautiful creature and packed it away, it was evident that something had happened as we trolled for half an hour without a strike. The fleet was separating, hunting for the school, boats were running in every direction. Up to this time the water had been as smooth as glass—the deep blue of the ocean seemed to be covered with oil—but suddenly a heavy swell began to roll in and from far away came a strange churning sound.

"It's all off," said Bill, pointing seaward. "The wind's comin'."

Turning I saw, a mile away, a line of foam, like a tidal wave. It was the "trade" wind that blows every day on this coast, coming in and converting the smooth bay into a seething caldron. So I reeled in, Bill broke out the sail, trimmed aft the sheet, and presently with all the fleet we were headed for port in half a gale. For those who angled for pleasure alone, the sport was at an end for that day at least.

TWIN FALLS, SNAKE RIVER, IDAHO

CHAPTER XIII

QUALIFYING IN THE THREE-SIX CLUB

The reader may be interested to know that the persons described in this chapter are not imaginary. The "Baron" is Mr. Gifford Pinchot, Chief of the Bureau of Forestry. Besides the author, other members of the party were Assistant Secretary of the Interior Woodruff, United States Senator Flint, and Dr. Houghton of Boston.

IN the Tuna Club of Avalon, California, the visitor sees among other cups and trophies, from the old rod of Charles Hallock to the belt of Ananias, a hammered-silver cup nearly three feet high, presented to the club by T. McD. Potter of Los Angeles. On its side is a clover leaf and insignia showing that it is a trophy of the Three-Six Club, an adjunct of the Tuna Club, to encourage fair play in fishing and the establishment of the highest possible standard of sport along the general lines of the Tuna Club.

The latter advocates a nine-thread line and a nine-ounce rod for fishes up to one hundred pounds, designed by Arthur Jerome Eddy. But its newest offspring, with Mr. Potter as President, bases its existence on the use of a six-ounce rod, a six-thread line, and a six-foot, or longer, rod; hence the "3-6" on the cup. To qualify in this club one must take an eighteen-pound yellowtail, and fishes up to nearly fifty pounds have been caught with this tackle. At the end of the season the angler who has taken the largest fish will have his name inscribed on the trophy—an insignificant incident to the layman, but of interest to the many anglers all over the world, from the Sea Anglers' Society of London to the Asbury Park Club, the Tarpon Club of Aransas, Texas, the Tuna Club of Santa Catalina, or the Striped Bass Club of San Francisco, the members of which are all interested in establishing true sportsmanlike methods, which means, the lightest tackle for the largest fish.

The Three-Six Club is but a year old, but it has aroused much enthusiasm, and one might think by the efforts of anglers to obtain the open sesame that some strange attraction, similar to that possessed by the Royal Yacht Club, lured men to spend large sums and endure discomfort merely to see their names enrolled on the records of the mystic "3-6."

Fishing with this tackle requires skill and absolute coolness. Some of the most successful exponents have been ladies, as Mrs. Bartlett, wife of Dean Bartlett of the Manila Pro-Cathedral, who has taken fishes at Catalina up to thirty or forty pounds, playing them with grace and cleverness on this whip of a rod and thread-like tackle.

The island of San Clemente can be reached easily from San Diego, about eighty miles to the west, but it is only eighteen miles from Avalon, the outfitting point at Santa Catalina Island, and fifty miles from San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles. It is necessary to go in large launches with sleeping accommodations, as the region is treacherous, and landing not allowed without permission from the lessee of the island, Mr. Howland, who has stocked the barren lava flow with sheep, this having been the use to which it has been put for the last thirty or more years.

How long the waters about San Clemente have been fished is not known. Perhaps for ages, as it was discovered by Cabrillo, and again by Viscaino, in 1645, who named it after Saint Clement, the saint, as it chanced, of that particular day of happy discovery. Both of these adventurous lieutenants of Cortez found the island inhabited. That it has supported a large and vigorous population for years is well shown by the shells, skeletons, mortars, pestles, and other objects that are scattered about, hither and yon, and the tons of stone implements that have been carried away to the various museums of the world during the past two decades.

From the standpoint of a layman San Clemente would appear to have been at one time a crater; its west sides are still standing. At what is known as the east end the crater walls are filled with caves and blow-holes of extraordinary size and nature, while to the west great clots and gushes of lava can be seen, which have poured out into the sea, forming various points and inlets. The eastern side of the supposititious crater has sunk into the sea, doubtless a mile or more offshore, and the best fishing at the island is in this ancient stricken crater, whose walls rise to a height of one or two thousand feet, rent with strange and fearsome cañons, rifts, and gorges that have more the appearance of the artificial properties of some spectacular extravaganza than the results of the varied throes of nature.

The island is twenty miles long and from a few hundred yards to three miles wide. It begins in a hollow blow-hole or craterette at the northwest and gradually rises for twenty miles or more to its highest elevation near the east end, then drops to the point where, reaching out into the sea, is an enormous mass, a veritable Giant's Causeway, a mountain of columns.

In the deep cañons and protected spots, where water finds place, verdure and low trees grow, and in winter, if the rain is heavy, San Clemente is covered with a coat of green, a striking contrast to the deep blue of the Kuro Shiwo that washes its shores. But its main surface is given over to cactus of several varieties, and as one proceeds to the east end, the ordinary despicable cactus gives way to the choya, a low ground-loving plant, a terror to horses, men, and all animal life.

San Clemente is fascinating from its desolation, a picture of barrenness and aridity, yet fringing all its shores, touching its most formidable points, is a nereocystean forest, not of the imagination, but of reality and of great beauty. The water is a deep sapphire hue as seen through the interstices of this great vine whose leaves float and wave in the current. The ocean caves, with which the coast abounds, are resplendent with color, filled with life and animation, the brilliant hue of the golden Garibaldi, the delicate mauve of the sheepshead or whitefish, the jet-black of the echinus in some crevice, or the flash of giant starfishes as they crawl slowly along. Here the grotesque sculpin mimics the rock or moss, the queer midshipman flashes his silver buttons, and the yellow and green crayfish waves his serrated antennæ.

The coast is bored and tunnelled by the sea into countless caves, some of which are seventy feet deep and twenty feet high. The floor of the "crater" drops away suddenly, and where the bottom is dimly seen flash wonderful colors with shadowy forms like spectres, and delicate jelly-like creatures in midwater. Such is the fishing ground. Here is the Rialto of the amberfish or yellowtail, the *Seriola* of the scientist; a splendid fellow who tests the rod at sixty, seventy, or eighty pounds if you will, and garners and harvests lines at thirty or forty, or less.

I have had the pleasure of trying conclusions with many fishes, but I do not recall one born of the sea that has quite the dogged perseverance and vigor of this golden-tinted cavalier of the San Clemente shores, known as the yellowtail, amber-fish, or white salmon, and by other names.

Our yacht was anchored at "Howland's" while we fished the west end, but when we fished the east end—the best, due to the absence of kelp—we anchored the vessel in Smuggler's Cove, on the southwest coast, in the lee of a bluff and off a long beach on which the sea pounded unceasingly.

For fishing, we took on at Avalon three twenty-foot eight-horse-power gasoline launches, hoisting them on board for the trip over. They were fitted with two comfortable seats, one astern and one facing it; one angler fishing to the right, one to the left, always with rod and reel of a peculiar type. Behind these anglers stood the engineer, gaffer, and boatman. The

QUALIFYING IN THE 3-6 CLUB

(1) Gifford Pinchot Playing a Yellowtail
(2) Pinchot and the Tuna Hound
(3) Chinettis
(4) Pinchot on the Fifth Hour
(5) The Landing
(6) The Party

Baron, our host, had "Mexican Joe," and the tuna hound for luck. Then there was Al Shade, who had lived on San Clemente nearly as long as Joe, and Clover, three good boatmen.

At six or seven bells we would slip away from the ship, run along by the terraced mountains of the west side, pass the sunken rocks and kelp beds where the great forest was folding and unfolding in the blue water, by the causeway with its strange heads, and—*zip, bang, z-e-e-e!* and the sport was on; not on one rod, but often on six, with dozens of unhooked twenty- and thirty-pounders dashing about, enraged at being too late for the sport of playing the newcomers. It is a case of "We have met the enemy and we are theirs." Snap goes a line; a rod straightens up; a reel is almost emptied, the *z-e-e-e!* of another sings a brazen funereal note, and in a few seconds five anglers are retired, one alone playing his fish on the thread of a line.

The reader might surmise that here was very poor fishing or manipulation for five fish to be lost at the first charge, but a glance at the tackle clears the situation. All the anglers are fishing according to the rules of the Tuna Club, which call for a nine-ounce rod and a line of nine threads, having a breaking strength of eighteen pounds, while the anglers of the third boat are fishing with the "Three-Six Club" tackle, with an eye out for the Potter silver cup already described. When it is remembered that even the nine-thread line is a mere thread, easily broken at the slightest jerk, and that the six-thread is smaller than any trout line in use, some reason for the general breaking up of tackle at the first encounter may be seen. In a word, these anglers are fair fishermen; they are approaching the game with the lightest possible tackle, while one, the Baron, is using an ordinary trout rod cut down to six feet, on the reel of which his six-thread line of eight hundred or twelve hundred feet is strung. It would be interesting to lovers of economics to detail the amount of tackle taken by these anglers, and to give the exact data as to how many lines, hooks, and leaders each lost in his attempts to establish a high standard of sport in the waters of San Clemente, but space will not permit, and it only remains to say that all fish not actually needed were released. Rarely did an angler take one out of seven or eight hooked, and it required from thirty to fifty minutes, sometimes longer, and in one instance five hours, to catch or lose the game.

The prospective game of these anglers was yellowtail or amber-fish, which ranges up to eighty pounds, averaging thirty; the white sea-bass, one hundred pounds, the black sea-bass, four or five hundred pounds, swordfish, one hundred and fifty pounds, rock bass, barracuda, and small fish in abundance, with a long-finned tuna and bonito of two varieties. This is the feast presented to the disciple of Walton in these seas of happy chance, but it so happened that the amber-fish, better known as the yellowtail, were in such force and of such size and fighting temper, that they monopolized the field, and the sport was of such strenuous and sensational nature that there was but little desire to vary the catch; indeed, the amber-fish, had, at least for the time, pre-empted the field and were in such numbers and of such size that they completely filled the angling vision.

It would have been a piscatorial saturnalia had these anglers fished with hand-line, after the bluefish fashion. Imagine the scene as the boats rounded the point: the water blue as sapphire, the surface smooth, unruffled, the summer day cool and beautiful. The long swells come in from somewhere to the west, strike the point, and go booming upward, sending masses of foam, like molten silver, into the air. Near-by rise the lofty cliffs, the inner wall of the supposed crater with its weird caves, its burnt umber shadows of the gardens of the sea below. The launches pass the long point, turn, and are fairly within the "crater," opposite a little bay, with a stretch of coast line reaching three miles up to Mosquito, a very Rialto of the fishes.

Slowly the lines are paid out as the launch moves along towing the flying-fish bait. There is no waiting, at least to-day; no philosophical discussion between strikes, as between us and the shore, on the calm surface, is a ripple, a gleam of gold, and, standing up, a procession of game fishes is seen, none under three feet. They move along until we tire at the count, the procession is seemingly endless and has divided. Some pass beneath us, others on the side; then simultaneously the baits are seized, a strong bluff strike coming that sends a thrill up line and rod. The bait is a flying-fish eighteen inches long, weighing at least a pound and a half; hence a few seconds must be given the fish, during which the thread-like line is paid out. If the line is not jerked the fish will slowly move away, but then the bait is supposed to be well taken, the slack line is gathered by a quick turn of the reel, and with a strong, steady, swaying motion of the rod, the sport is on.

Never did tiger leap quicker than this fighter of the tribe of *Seriola*, as with a single dash, never to be mistaken, it has whirled a brazen note into the air, heard by other boats far away, and garnered two hundred feet of the cobweb-like line to the music of its going. *Z-e-e-e!* come the notes! Then the thumbstall of the angler gently plays on the line; it tautens until it is like the string of a harp, giving out musical notes, a vibrating, tense, quivering cord three hundred feet long, cutting through the blue depths, severing delicate jellies, blazing a trail of silvery bubbles across the water, after which rush several larger fish. The game was hooked in water forty feet deep, but has made for the shore in search of kelp. Not finding it, it is on the surface, bearing off with tremendous force, giving the nine-ounce rod a bend, striking as a line of beauty, but too suggestive of buckling for peace of mind.

The fish is a surface fighter and makes a great circuit, and the other bait, that has been dropped over, is seized almost alongside the launch. A shout comes from the neighboring two boats, and *mirabile dictu!* six anglers are playing six fishes, each of which apparently has a method of its own. One angler has hooked a fish that is "sounding" like a whale, while another, after a brief "run for his money," is trying to explain to himself his broken line. All in five minutes, six fishes, the embodiment of life and vigor, have been struck, and most of them are seen surging along the surface. The anglers fit their rod butts into the sockets of the belts they wear, and manipulate the slender whips in a fashion to startle even the immortal Walton. A line snaps and goes rippling, coiling into the air; another bait is on in a second (leaders and baited hooks being ready to hook on), and is taken, not twenty feet away, with a *smash z-e-e-e-e-e!* There in no other word for it.

Four or five launches are about us, and every angler has a fish, every rod—split bamboo, ironwood, green heart—is bent to the angle of despair. Men are reeling, slacking, giving under protest, laughing, hailing comrades to call their attention to the magnificent play of the fish on the surface. The air rings with excitement, and men are put to the limit of muscular endeavor to stem the extraordinary action of these hard fighters. The slightest mistake, error of judgment, too great pressure of thumbstall on the line, and the thread will break; or, if the fish succeeds in rushing off six hundred feet, or so, of the twelve hundred on the reel, the pressure of the water, they say, will break it; hence eternal vigilance is necessary.

The moments slip by. Some fish break away; others dive into the kelp, but three are making for deep water and slowly tow the boats offshore out to sea where the east side of the great crater is supposed to have dropped ages ago. The fish have changed their tactics and are deep in the channel, head-down, to come up, circle, and plunge again until routed out perhaps by a shark.

Near us a great clot of lava has reached out into the sea an index finger, and over this the great seas roll, a menace to small craft. By this rock the boats drift or are towed; rods bending, anglers standing to it, measuring cleverness and intelligence with brute force and desperate fighting. Thirty minutes pass and a gaffer is standing ready. The game is on the surface, a fish over three feet long, molten silver below, deep-green, changing to blue, above; its fins and tail lemon-yellow; its big eyes red, yellow, and blue; a noble quarry that comes slowly in, fighting to the last, sending spray over the gaffer as he grasps the leader, then to be cut away and released.

I had lost my fish after nearly an hour's play with the three-six rod, during which I had repeatedly raced after the fish at full speed of the eight-horse-power engine, as it fought me two hundred feet away. In all my experience nothing so quite filled the cup of exciting sea angling as this sport, where, unable to stop the melting of my six-thread line before a thirty or more pound fish, I gave the word and the boatman threw on the clutch of the engine, and we raced after the game, the boatman at the wheel following its every move, swinging the launch hard around in answer to my shouts of "port," "starboard," or "steady." The laughter of the lookers-on, the dash of launches trying to keep out of the way lending color and animation to a scene at once exhilarating and picturesque.

By racing at full speed after the yellowtail

I could make two hundred feet, and close in on it before it knew what happened; but the moment it saw the boat, the fish was away, the reel shrieking, the rod groaning (as to the excited imagination rods seem to groan dismally at times just before they buckle or break), and presto! the yellowtail is three hundred feet away in another direction, the reel having lost all the line gained in a hysterical fashion. Again I cried, "full speed!" and as the little propeller struck the water, bent to the work, reeling fast, while we flew seaward, rounding up as the fish turned quickly. Steady! now I had him, not twenty feet away; the launch backed, tried to stop, the fish plunged, and then—back at me, like a long lash, came the line, and I consoled myself with that proverb of content, "There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught," which is particularly applicable to these waters given over to the kind of

"sport that wrinkled care derides."

This happened to me several times a day, and possibly to the rest of the party sometimes, and there was always the feeling of satisfaction that so good a foeman had come into his reward, even if he had wrecked a four-dollar line and so incensed the engine that it balked and sulked for an hour.

It was after one of these episodes, when the Baron and I had drawn Mexican Joe in the angling lottery for launches, and I had paid my three-six tax on line and leader, that my companion had a strike that made history, as history goes at the Tuna Club. It came off the point where seas were ever changing into silver, making the air tremble and vibrate. The Baron, as it happened, was not only fastidious as to his sporting ethics, but had standards that excluded the almost preposterous demands of the Three-Six Club. To put himself at a disadvantage in the game of games beyond the question of a doubt, he had cut down his eight-ounce split bamboo trout rod to six feet and was fishing with this whip, with a six-thread line—tackle that the average angler on the Atlantic might consider too light for a four-pound weakfish. His intention was the killing of a sixty-three-pound fish, the record held by a Briton being just below it, made a few days previous.

The strike was of the whirlwind variety, and not to jeopardize the play I reeled in and for five hours watched him make the fight of his life and display the skill and other masterly qualities that have qualified him as a good general in other fields than angling. At first the fish went for the kelp, but was beaten off; then it circled the boat, then sulked deep in the Kuro Shiwo; then determined to tow us out to sea, and at the end of two hours had us some distance off the east end of San Clemente, a swift current sweeping us steadily to the west. Up to this time we had not seen the fish, but on the third hour it came to surface and circled one hundred and fifty feet away in plain view, a splendid fish.

How big? Saint Zeus and the rest only know, but never was such a fish hooked on "three-six." The Baron fought without letting up, pumped, reeled, gave the butt in careful fashion, but never could he induce that fish to come nearer. The launch was always swinging, racing after it, but all to no purpose. Even Mexican Joe's philosophy had given out, and then—the engine broke down. The sun was sinking in the west, the fish and the tide were hurrying in the direction of Japan. We could see the yacht almost hull down. Our friends had gone back, a heavy sea had picked up, and four hours from the strike found us still drifting, the Baron fighting the fish, Mexican Joe gazing at the engine, which he had taken apart that he might more thoroughly and satisfactorily anathematize each individual piece, while I waved a white sweater in the faint hope that we would be seen, as half a bottle of water, one oar, and a small tuna hound seemed to be the practical assets for a long drift out to sea.

So we drifted on, and at four hours and a half, when the only light came through a crimson cloud to the west, the engine surrendered and concluded to go; hope sprang to life again, and the Baron still played the fish. But why serve him the warmed-over agony? If ever angler deserved reward for playing a giant on a thread of a line for five hours, for a matter of principle, he did, but the fates had decreed *that* fish was to go free. For half an hour as we drifted into the west it flaunted its charms in our eyes in a menacing sea. It circled on the surface, gleamed and scintillated, coming slowly in, but always a long way off, then suddenly plunged madly down deep, found a branch of kelp, and was fast. Many devices were essayed to save the fish, but the end had come, and as the night settled down, as though to hide remorse, the Baron handed the line to Mexican Joe; he could not make up his mind to break it, but it had to be done and so what was unquestionably the biggest yellowtail played on a six-ounce rod was left deep in the gardens of the Kuro Shiwo.

With hand-lines of the kind used, say at Nantucket, for bluefish, boats could have been filled with fish weighing from twenty-five to sixty or more pounds, as doubtless the really large fish broke the lines; but we used the lightest lines and rods advocated by the club. The daily rod catch of six anglers probably averaged six or seven fishes ranging up to forty pounds, and none less than twenty-five, the time of playing being from thirty minutes to an hour or more. Of strikes there were innumerable, and of losses there were many on some days, few on others; and when the yacht got up steam, about July 20th, hoisted the launches aboard, and saluted Chinetti, every angler felt as though he had put in two weeks, of ten hours a day, at club swinging. So much for rod fishing as an exercise aside from pure sport.

The largest nine-ounce rod catch was a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound black sea-bass,[1] and there were rock bass, barracuda, long-finned tuna, and others. But the big cousins of the Florida amber-jacks, that had possession of the fishes' highway, so completely filled the eye and imagination, that the anglers, half of whom had travelled six thousand miles to go a-fishing, devoted themselves to them exclusively. The largest yellowtails taken by our party ran up to forty pounds; my own was a thirty-eight-pounder. In drifting in clear water where we could see, often several fishes would dash for the bait at once, and it was the consensus of opinion that the smallest fish, the twenty-five pounders, reached it first. Once when it so happened I had my eye on my eighteen-inch flying-fish bait, I saw a thirty-pound fish seize it;

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[1] Taken by Mr. Gifford Pinchot.

then another, which my imagination made twice as large, snatched it from his mouth and made short work of my line. Hence we endeavored to keep the bait away from twenty- or twenty-five-pounders and save it for the large fish which range well up in exceptional cases to one hundred pounds, a seventy-pounder having been taken off Santa Monica this year.

Well may the reader look askance at some of these statements, yet on some of these days the reality was much more startling than I have described. A friend was trolling down from Mosquito (so called because a mosquito lives there) one morning, when he came to a cave or sink or basin in the bottom, about twenty feet across. The water was so clear that every object could be distinctly seen, and in this pool, this well, were numbers of very large fishes swimming around, giving the impression that some kind of a convention was being held among the colossi of the fishes. Here was a black sea-bass three hundred or four hundred pounds in weight, big sheepshead, white sea-bass, and in the centre, swimming proudly about, dragging ten feet of a six-line, a yellowtail of such size that the men could hardly believe their eyes. As fast as they cast, just so fast would these mystic fishes of the pool take line and leader, and the men returned to camp with tales that kindled interest into a flame.

The yellowtail, or *Seriola*, is pre-eminently the fish of the people, or *sui generis*. It requires no especial skill to hook him in the open water, as he is a veritable free booter, will either take or leave the bait as whim seizes. Some believe that he bites better on certain tides, as the flood, but where water is deep, I see no philosophy in this, as the yellowtail is taken within fifty or one hundred feet of the rocks, yet in deep blue water where tidal currents do not affect the food supply.

Some word about the yellowtail may be of interest. The Eastern angler who goes to Florida will find its cousin in the amber-jack, the finest game fish of the coast, *Seriola lalandi*, while the California yellowtail is *Seriola dorsalis*. There are a large number of species, twenty at least, ranging all over the world and known by various titles. *Seriola dorsalis* apparently is confined to Southern California and adjacent waters, and undoubtedly for its size is the hardest fighting game fish in these waters. The real home for these giants of the tribe seems to be along the vine-clad, submarine slopes of San Clemente and Santa Catalina.

CHAPTER XIV

COACHING AND ANGLING IN THE SISKIYOUS

WADSWORTH plucked the "amaranthine flower of fate" and wore it near his heart, and as faith begets courage, it would seem to be essential to those mortals who are fond of angling and its variants, as coaching along the high Sierras. By this you are not to understand that this pastime is dangerous. Statistics show that a man is much safer coming down some "whirlwind pass" behind a six-in-hand of flying horses between the Feather and Sacramento than he is in the streets of some great cities addicted to electric cars, and next to ballooning and aeronauting the sport is most exhilarating and delightful. Again, to adapt a time-worn adage, if one falls from an aerial motor car or a flying machine where is he? but if thrown from a stage down into the manzanita and chaparral of a steep cañon, there he is, which, in a sense, is consoling. But this possibly is an unnecessary divertisement.

I have taken some remarkable stage rides in California, one of which was denounced as criminal by a companion when we made the descent of a steep mountain in a six-in-hand on the run in about eighteen minutes, which had taken two hours to crawl up.

As these lines are written I am, one might say, recovering from several coaching experiences in trying to reach isolated trout streams more or less interesting. One over the San Lucia Mountains on a shelf of a road was delightful; another over the Santa Cruz along that beautiful trout stream, the Soquel, where we followed the great earthquake fault, was exciting as it was made in an automobile, and meeting a ten-in-hand of bulls, oxen, and mules on a shelf cut out of the side of the grade a thousand feet up the face of the range is not without its peculiar charm and thrills. Another delightful ride was made over the Cascade and Siskiyou ranges fifty miles to the Modoc country and the trout streams of Upper Klamath.

To reach the angler's stage route one passes Mount Shasta, one of the most beautiful of all the large mountains in California; a resting volcano that but a few centuries ago bombarded the sun and all the planets and covered the earth for hundreds of square miles with balls of molten lava which to-day stand monuments of the yesterday of the earth. In skirting Shasta there is constantly a new view, new glaciers, new out-lines; yet over all is drawn a veil of the most delicate and perfect gray. As you pass it away to the north rises another volcano into the air, nine or ten thousand feet, a sort of landmark, as in its shadows in the deep forest that climbs its slopes is the winding coach road.

Late in the afternoon we reach the little town of Thrall near the rushing Klamath, and early in the morning find ourselves on a mimic railroad which makes up for what it lacks in size by the quality of its scenic attractions. We begin to rise at once, the engine puffing up the slopes of the spurs of the Siskiyous, in a short time attaining the summit of a range on the left bank of the Klamath, rising rapidly until we look out and down onto the valleys and ranges which seem to reach away interminably. Where the little road cannot make the ascent in the normal way it switches back, and by repeated switchings ascends to the summit of another range where a bird's-eye view is obtained of a large portion of Oregon and distant California. A thousand volcanic peaks may be counted here from Shasta to Pitt with its great blowout on the east in the direction of Crater Lake and the lakes of Klamath. Ascending this wall of rock one is regaled with beautiful scenes of the green valley below, along the rushing Klamath on its way to the sea across or through three ranges. Here, bursting from the rock, is a waterfall that goes tumbling down the mountain passes, foaming capriciously on through groves of giant ferns.

There is a fascinating change in the trees as we ascend. The willows can be seen in the valley below, alders, and others. We pass firs and spruce, and on the summit, half a mile possibly above the sea, find a plateau covered with volcanic cannon balls shot out of the great cones, partly overgrown by trees, and for ten miles or more the train runs through what is to me one of the most remarkable volcanic regions in America. The forest becomes deeper and darker, and suddenly we are at Pokegema, the starting point of the most interesting mountain road in Oregon, as it virtually crosses two ranges—the Siskiyou and the Cascades; rises to nearly a mile above the sea, drops into deep cañons swept by dark rivers far below, skirts the face of impossible cliffs, all the time deep in the heart of the splendid fir and pine forests which clothe the ranges of Oregon.

The old-fashioned Concord coach and six horses is waiting for us, and after the freight, from a coffee mill to a bedstead, has been packed, the two passengers are stowed away and the driver, who has driven the stage, we are told, for twenty years, speaks to the horses and we are off over the road made from the bark, seeds, cones, and leaves of the giant trees of centuries, a noiseless highly-colored road which appeals to one. Around Pokegema we are in the alleged open. We can see the turquoise blue here and there, like a mosaic above; turquoise and emerald, sky and fir leaves, and there incense to go with it; the very air is impregnated with it, and as the wind comes soughing through the deep glades we catch the tang, the essence of it, clear and sweet, and realize why some men love the forest, live in it, die in it.

When it rains at Pokegema I fancy the natives do not find it out for half an hour; and if it had rained along the line in some dark places I should not have been surprised to hear that it was not discovered until it was all over. Thirty-five miles of forest—sugar pines that grow from one hundred to three hundred feet into the air, pillars supporting the sky, western white pines from one hundred to two hundred feet, Balfour pines nearly one hundred feet in height, black pines, looming one hundred and fifty feet, Douglas fir, three hundred feet, white fir, two hundred feet, Shasta fir, three hundred feet, Pacific red cedar, two hundred and fifty feet. We are in a land of giants; they are the only living things that we are passing here, there, over on yonder range, with scores of others not so large. The driver calls them off as he would old friends who have established claims here, and so they are, and every other day, in summer, he passes them, thirty-five miles of stupendous forest, so big, so thick that the anglers who have thought well of themselves for years are silenced. There is something in a really big forest that ought to take the conceit out of the average man, and this forest did; its bigness crept into the souls of some, it awed others, and there were some who wished to take off their sombreros to the very big trees, and would, but there were so many, it was a question of holding one's hat in his hand.

The stage road wound through the beautiful great trees in the direction of least resistance. Sometimes a sound would come ringing through the trees, the sound of bells, and a six-, eight-, or ten-horse and mule freight would heave in sight, and every driver knew "Bill," our driver, and had a word to say. Again it would be a load of loggers, huge big-limbed fellows, red, brown, hairy, going out somewhere; or it would be a prairie schooner, women and babies lying on the beds, bear skins on the side, with tired dogs beneath; ranchers going home down the Rogue River from a camping trip up the lake; or an old-fashioned buggy with a solemn man and woman, a country parson going to a funeral, as people do die here. Yet in all this forest there was not a house or cabin that we could see, and it was trees, eternally trees, glorified, for twenty miles up and down over the splendid mountains. There were two

AROUND PELICAN BAY

(1) Mr. Beebe Casting
(2) A Beebe-Holder Catch of Rainbows
(3) Mr. James Horsburgh on Williamson River
(4) Author's big Rainbow—9¾ pounds
(5) The Fishing Ground at Pelican Bay

distinct ranges to climb, long stretches of level land, great descents into the cañon, and heavy grades, made slowly, and half-way over in the valley was Spencer's ranch for lunch. It was difficult to realize that all the merchandise for a town of four thousand or more people, and a big outlying country near the Modoc Hills, was carried over this road the upper grades of which were deep in snow in the winter. But "Bill" kept it open, and did not mind it.

From Spencer's we started with fresh horses, climbed another grade slowly, then five thousand feet above the sea came into the firs and pines, and now near the river, Bill gave the tenderfoot something to dream about as he swung out onto a mere shelf. I did not ask what the drop was, but if the kingbolt had broken at some turns, which the horses apparently took on the run, the drop would have been worth seeing, that is, by some one else. It *looked* half a mile, and the ride gave one the kind of pleasure I fancy the flying-machine man has, when he depresses the bow, "lets her out," and comes swooping down like a bird, as I once saw one in Los Angeles County, rising as gracefully, as he stepped astern. But I believe all the passengers on that coach were not happy; there are people so matter of fact and prosaic that they do not like to take impossible mountain roads on the run. The ride was sensational and safe, the driver intelligent and competent, and when he let the horses out on the down grade we rejoiced, took our chances, and made the most of the exhilarating pastime.

Trees, mere trees, do not attract much attention on the level lowlands, but in the mountains, where you see them from every possible level, from above, and below, see the sky line change every moment as you drop into the cañon, they take on new meaning, new beauty. You are constantly climbing or dropping out of the sky, and to see the skill with which Bill handles the horses on a shelf of the mountains, or on a steep grade when the musical clanging of bells comes up out of the depths, is a revelation. His big-booted leg, which hangs over the side, is the chief factor, the reins an incident. The team relies on the brake, and if that gives—well, there you are, down in the cañon, in the river, or chaparral, but you are there. The only accident I could hear of happened in that way,—the brake refused to work on the down grade near the river. The driver, not Bill, was equal to the occasion and he hurled his long lash into the air like a snake: it was necessary to keep the six horses ahead of the heavy coach that was gathering headway like an avalanche, so he doubtless made the race of his life, the six horses running like the wind. On a straight road he might have made it, but suddenly a turn appeared and the coach left the grade and went rolling off into space, landing in the chaparral.

"It did n't break Jack's back, but it broke his nerve," said a passenger, who knew him, "and so the line lost one of the best and nerviest drivers in the Cascade range."

Late in the afternoon we dropped down from the sky into the little town of Keno, which belied its name; a peaceful little seaport,—at least a flat-bottomed stern-wheeler reached it through the tules from Lower Klamath. Near Keno the forest bade us farewell, and we tooled through an open country along the great tule lands and lake of Lower Klamath, opposite which the Modoc Hills rose, bathed in tints of old rose and vermilion indescribable; then we bowled along the lake edge and into Klamath Falls, a flourishing town half a mile above the sea, between two lakes thirty or more miles long, and now reached by the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Some of us were bound north to the Williamson and the region over the eastern slope of the Cascades on the important business of fly casting, to lure certain rainbow trout. Others were travellers, eternally travellers with goods to sell the Klamathians. Others again were land boomers who distracted your thoughts from the mountains, the scenery, and the road to sordid propositions of corner lots in Pilpot's extension of Bogtown. There was one sure check to these advances and that was to let the man talk for five miles where the scenery was poor, then to tell him that you were in the real estate business yourself and offer him alkali land in Southern California. He would invariably regard you with a frenzied air, and then relapse into gloom of the deepest quality.

A day in Klamath before taking the road north affords an opportunity to see one of the wonders of this lofty region of lakes, one that is a sole and unique possession. The town, a long winding serpentine-like street, stands on a neck of land between the upper and lower lakes and is destined to become a place of importance. On the west flow the rapids of the Klamath River, which goes swirling on, abounding in rainbow trout of extraordinary size, which rise in most tantalizing fashion.

Aroused by the appearance of a man with a string of fish ranging from six to ten pounds in weight I equipped a rod and strolled up a little road that is without peer in the world. It was an attractive byway, narrow, with hills on one side, and on the other little homes with lawns reaching down to the swift Klamath; the banks lined with tules in red, yellow, and white tints. As I walked along, a snake two feet in length moved slowly out of the way; then another.

Presently I came upon another, and then two

SPRING CREEK, OREGON, FAMOUS FOR ITS RAINBOW TROUT

lying dead in the road, having been run over, and it occurred to me that snakes were somewhat numerous. Still I was innocent of what was coming. One little home had a roadway which seemed to lead down to the river; so I turned in and encountered two snakes in the road. They moved on, and I proceeded and became suddenly aware of a peculiar rustling on either side. I moved to the fence, first one side and then to the other. It is easier to tell a big fish story, but I am going to tell this, and it is true.

I seemed to be literally surrounded by snakes, more than I had ever seen in all my life. As I looked over the fence they moved away in groups, dark brownish creatures that wound in and out in the grass, some near my feet, and I counted until I knew my story would not be credited, then I passed to the opposite side to see as many more. I could not fix my eyes upon a spot in that little pseudo-garden without "seeing snakes." They lay in a dry water run, singly, and in balls. I remained long enough to appreciate the sensation and withdrew taking the middle of the road. My companion, who had retreated, having decided opinions on snakes, now called my attention to a stone wall of the old time New England variety, only made of lava. Approaching it, I saw a ball of snakes lying on top of it, and in the nooks and crannies the head, tail, or glistening body of a snake, and where there were no snakes, often, the cast-off skin of a snake; and this was not the most favorable season for snakes. It was September and frosts had come and some of the snakes had retired. Still we were satisfied, and while my companion stood in the centre of the road, armed with a stick, looking timorously around, I made my way through the tules, finding a snakeless region, and cast into the cascades of the boiling Klamath, fully expecting to land a snake.

I was informed by a citizen that the display was nothing to what it was a decade ago, when literally thousands of snakes could be seen.

It should be said that the reptiles are absolutely harmless, except to certain individuals with sensitive nerves, and as they live upon the young frogs, which would doubtless be disagreeable, they are looked upon as are the buzzards of Charleston, and the dogs of Constantinople, and in a sense protected; at least the town government of Klamath had not moved against them in 1907, and doubtless considers them in the light of scavengers. I do not ask the reader to believe this snake story, but if he, or she, wishes to "see snakes" I commend a visit to this fascinating road which I learned the following day was liable to become an issue in local politics. A recently arrived real estate agent said that it was hurting the town to allow the snakes to live, while another man who had been there for years said they advertised the town. This is an interesting illustration of how people can adapt themselves to any environment, as here live four or five thousand souls who quite ignore it, as they probably should. When the snakes were driven out of Ireland they doubtless came to a stand at Klamath Falls. As these lines are written a railroad has arrived at this upland town and doubtless "the street of snakes" will soon disappear, become a legend, then take its place with "fish stories" once told about this attractive region.

I think I must have heard of Klamath first from Fremont's Memoirs. This remarkable man, who seems to have been forgotten, and certainly not appreciated, thought nothing of riding across country from California after having made the trip from St. Louis or the Middle West; yet to-day, any one who would ride across the mountains from San Francisco to Klamath Falls would acquire merit. Fremont did it fighting the Indians as he went, and it was here, if I am not mistaken, he saved Kit Carson's life by ramming an Indian with his horse. Mr. Gifford Pinchot made the trip into Klamath years ago, and one summer when we were in camp at San Clemente he regaled us with tales of the bigness of Klamath trout and of his record fish, a twenty-pounder, taken, I think, with a fly and a fiveounce rod. Then Mr. A. L. Beebe, of Portland, told me at the Tuna Club of his luck at Klamath, and his life there, winter and summer, as twice he has been held by the lure of its charms. He built a little hunting lodge there, spending one winter at Pelican Bay, and another at Odessa, a mile or so to the south, hunting and trapping, literally shut out from the world, in the heart of one of the most remarkable ancient volcanic regions known, at least, in this country.

Pelican Bay itself is a shallow inlet in the northwestern part of Upper Klamath, in Oregon, and counts little in the fishing, the latter being confined, in a measure, to the north edge or shore line and the little rivers, as Crystal Creek, which winds through a wocus and tule swamp that is a region of delights in many ways, as here the jacksnipe lives, and countless ducks and geese make it a stopping place; while nearby, in the forest, beyond the quaking aspens, grouse, known here as pheasants, are found.

Crystal Creek rises in many splendid springs that well out of the bottom, as clear as crystal, in which trout of prodigious size are often seen. It is a little river flowing through the wocus and tule, with here and there masses of willow guarding its sides, the boat often running into great patches of wocus. Beyond are the fringing aspens, and beyond them again, the great black forests of Oregon, reaching away to the

MR. A. L. BEEBE ON HIS FAVORITE STREAM, CRYSTAL CREEK,
KLAMATH LAKE, OREGON

north up to Mount Beebe and beyond. To "attain merit," and the upper reaches of Crystal Creek, each of whose pools or turns tabulated some old delight and anticipated some fresh one, we pushed and dragged the canoe through little brooks, literally through and over the tule, hauling her by ropes and paddling, rowing, pushing, until we came out into the little river made for the delight givers who were there in force.

This little stream with its splendid colors, its reflection of the mountains and forests, its masses of tule in white, green, and red, was so full of compensations that if one did not catch a fish he was more than repaid for the trip. I sat one night in Pelican Lodge and listened to a man denounce it, the trout, their lack of fighting qualities, the smallness of the river; and as he had come over three thousand miles and had the "Dead Indian Trail" before him, I said nothing, made no defence of Crystal Creek, nor did any one else. Its lovers sat and looked at him and thanked the gods that they were not so hard to please. Doubtless there are anglers who in good faith are disappointed here; but I believe this to be due to the point of view, which brings us back to the question, what constitutes angling?

There is no place in the world where man can go day after day, catch all the fish he wants, and keep it up indefinitely. The good places are like placers; the news of them leaps out insidiously, and in a very short time the crowd has exhausted the supply and some one gets nothing. The true angler, I believe, was typified by Walton and his friends. He was a philosopher, a lover of nature. He never started out with the idea of fishing alone; his programme included a variety of game, and it is with this in view that a man should go a-fishing to-day. If this idea does not hold, disappointment awaits him. The old fishing ground is rarely the same the second year, and things are not always what they seem; but if the angler goes anticipating pleasure from *all things*,—the mountains, the air, the views that are constantly changing, the companionship of friends, the camp, lunches in the woods,—then there will be no disappointment if the trout are not rising, as they certainly are not on some days.

I think the most disagreeable feature I met on Crystal Creek was the duck hunter in a cheap launch with its exhaust overboard.

For hours Beebe and I had been drifting down the little river, rowing as carefully as we could, not making the slightest noise, taking now and then a splendid trout, when suddenly a roaring demon was heard, spitting fire and smoke. We could hear it half a mile away. The snipe took to the woods, wood ducks flew off demoralised, and the fishing was over for the day, when

AUTHOR WEIGHING THE BIG TROUT, PELICAN BAY, OREGON. 9 3-4 LBS.

a launch, a marine horror, loaded with "sportsmen," came around the bend and screamed and puffed its awful course up the creek, frightening the trout for a week to come. It 's an old story, this not being able to "do it justice," but in such a case the application is not difficult to see. Yet the man in the launch has his rights, there is no question as to that. My companion, a mild-mannered and gentle man, who left these matters to me, said it was simply a question of taste. Perhaps it was, but I remember wondering what manner of man it was who would profane those gentle solitudes, where the very wind was afraid to come, and where countless trout were ringing the waters all day. But I am willing to concede on mature deliberation that this wild, roaring launch had as much *legal* right in these sylvan shades as I. It is well perhaps that we do not all have the same point of view.

In a day's travel from Crystal Creek, more or less depending upon how you go, you come to the Williamson River, that rises somewhere up on the slope of Crater Lake (also to the base of Mount Yamsai), abounding in great springs, finding its way into the Pacific Ocean by the friendly way of Klamath. I have the word of Mr. Pinchot and that of Senator Fred Stratton, Judge Benson, Mr. James Horsburgh, Jr., and others, that this is the most ideal and beautiful trout stream in the world. Of it Senator Stratton writes me:

I have never kept any record of the same for the reason that I always objected to keeping record of number caught, confining myself to the minimum in fishing, and not desiring to go beyond bounds. Some of the fishermen on the river who kept count would have as high as three thousand trout inside of from six to eight weeks, such trout running from one half to ten pounds. I have been pretty much around the world, and as far as I can be advised I consider that the Williamson River has been the greatest trout stream in the world. When I first went there, something over twenty-five years ago, I was enabled to catch in one afternoon forty-two trout, the smallest being one and one half pounds, and the largest eleven pounds. This fishing was done with fly from boat stationed at the mouth of Spring Creek, an outlet of Williamson River, all situated in the Klamath Indian Reservation. As years have passed the fishing has become poorer, notably within the last three years.

I have found that on certain days without apparently any reason large trout will appear in schools at certain places. For example, I caught sixteen trout all between three and one half and four and one half pounds in weight, practically alike as you will see, all within the space of three hours. The fishing on the Williamson River is done in a space of about four or five miles from the confluence of what is known as Spring Creek, which is almost icy cold, temperature forty-one degrees, and the Williamson River, temperature of which is sixty degrees.

I have been up to, and have gone around the highest source of the Williamson River, which is a very large spring near the base of Yamsai Mountain, the height of which is about nine thousand feet.

I have always used a number six fly, the best varieties for that river being the Governor Peacock, Silver Doctor, Royal Coachman, Peacock, Brown Hackle, and March Brown. These of course do not nearly exhaust the list as I have fished successfully with twenty other varieties of flies. The Governor, however, is, to my mind, the best. I have always fished with the lightest kind of tackle, with gossamer leader attached to the fly. I have never permitted more than one half pound weight to ever be put upon the line by any trout. This, as you know, can easily be done by manipulating the rod so that any rush of the fish is nullified as to weight, by properly working the rod and not having any weight come on the reel.

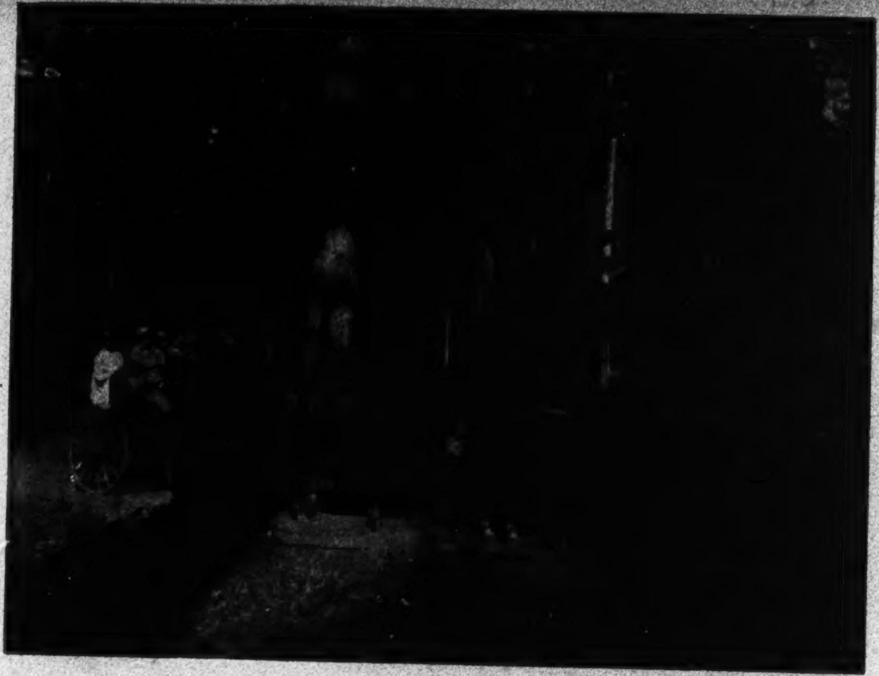
As to weight of fish I have always carried accurate fishing scales so as to find the exact weight of fish when caught, since loss of weight is occasioned by lapse of time owing to evaporation, and further there is always a tendency to overestimate weight of fish.

I have taken extensive trips all over Crater Lake region, camping in out of the way places for some days at a time, and returning to the main camp after these expeditions, some of which have lasted for two weeks at a time.

Such fishing as this falls to but few anglers, and any one who knows Senator Stratton and Gifford Pinchot will be glad that the best fishing in the world fell into their hands.

When you go hither fill your purse with *damaretsions* of the four fishes, as less than this at a cast was once said to be among the impossibilities, but to-day they fish with one fly and the trout are large, lusty, and beautiful, the water cool, bubbling out of the very heart of the earth, hard by one of the greatest of wonders, the lake of Mazama. In September the tints and colors which glow along these river banks are a delight to the stroller with rod and creel. Here the largest rainbows are taken with the fly, and even the trials of the "Dead Indian" should not discourage anglers from seeing this region of many delights.

The going into Klamath Falls either by Weed, Thrall, or Pokegema is a delightful trip in itself. I have tried to make myself care for everything in life, where there was a fighting chance, but I overstepped myself once when I concluded to see what was really meant by the worst stage road in the world. We could just as well have gone out by the way we came in, with absolute comfort, but one day some one told me about the "Dead Indian Trail" and having had a somewhat varied experience in mountain coaching I decided to see what they meant by a "bad trail" in Oregon.



THE ANGLERS' COACH, POKEGAMA ROAD, SISKIYOU MOUNTAINS

. . . .

I fully intended to revenge myself by exposing this trail and its terrors, but a companion of my many trips, who lived through this, has frustrated my plans. That nine and three quarters pound rainbow trout I landed (a picture of which you may see in this chapter) covers a multitude of sins.

CHAPTER XV

CHARIOT RACING IN CALIFORNIA

IF one wishes to study some of the phases of Greek or Roman history he could not do better than study the remarkable revival of chariot racing in Southern California. There on the first of January every year thousands gather in a large park and watch a typical chariot race, carried out on the lines of old Rome in every particular and detail.

The chariot race has been seen in the circus at Madison Square, where the inside wheel of the vehicle is weighted down and the horses are carefully trained and selected so that the "beautiful lady" will win. Chariots are also cleverly shown in *Ben Hur,* racing against the moving, endless road, a task so hopeless that it can be compared only to the placid hen who has faith and confidence in the glass egg upon which she is sitting. These fade into insignificance before the contests seen in California, and it is doubtful if even in the old days of the chariot, either in Athens or Rome, one thousand dollars went to the driver of the winning chariot and five hundred to the second man, which sums constitute the prizes in the chariot races in Pasadena, California.

The races are held on the first of the year at a large park on the outskirts of Pasadena, about four miles from the Sierra Madre Mountains, which are from six to ten thousand feet high, and often white with snow down to the three thousand feet limit. They overlook the San Gabriel Valley, a garden of blossoms.

For days the chariot teams practice. The men who are to appear on the fateful day in full Roman costume now wear a "derby" and look very unlike Romans or Athenians. The chariot is modelled after those which may be seen on the prized vases from the Panathenaic games of Athens, on exhibition in the British Museum, which are *quadrigas*, or chariots adapted for four horses. In this case there is a pole, and two horses are harnessed to it with one on each side, the four making a spectacular team.

All these chariots and those seen on the various monuments were of the most primitive description, resting directly on the axle, with no springs of any kind. The body of the chariot had a floor on which the driver stood, a three-foot guard in front to lean against, and was entirely open in the rear—a provision that has saved the life of many a driver who could easily drop out if the chariot rolled over, or was run down, as was often the case.

The Pasadena chariots are designed exactly after an ancient Greek chariot supposed to have been invented by Minerva, though Virgil ascribes it to an ancient king of Athens, one Erichthonius, who is said to have come to a Panathenaic festival in a model of the Pasadena chariot, with four horses and two wheels. The chariots are clumsy-looking, but they are eminently adapted to the wild sport in which every man takes his life in his hands. One end of the pole is attached to the axle, the other end to the yoke. In the old Greek and Roman races there was but one pole, while the Lydians had two and sometimes three.

The early chariots had but two horses, as the Roman *biga;* then there were the *triga,* with three horses, and the *quadriga,* with four. This is the most sensational, and the three Pasadena chariots are *quadrigas.* In the old days the chariots were used entirely in war. When the Philistines made war against Saul, they had thirty thousand chariots. The Assyrians used hundreds of them, and the old tablets and bas-reliefs show them in all kinds of engagements. The races in the Coliseum made Rome famous, and it can be said that no race in the old Coliseum was ever run with greater fervor than those witnessed in this California town on the first of every year.

The chariot races are the *pièce de résistance* of a beautiful tournament given by the people of Pasadena to celebrate the ripening of the orange in the land of the setting sun. The tournament of roses could be given at a much more seasonable time, as the roses are more plentiful in March or February, but January first is the impossible time everywhere else. The oranges are turning gold and it is a national holiday. To the eastern man or woman the tournament is an extraordinary sight, with its wealth of verdure, its thousands of flowers which cloy the air with perfume—or are supposed to, if we fall in with the temperament of the poet. The tournament is held at Pasadena, because the Valley Hunt of that place founded it, in 1888, and it has been carried on for the last twenty years on January 1st without a single break.

The fact that a pageant two or three miles long, made up of flowers picked on the first of January, can be seen at Pasadena, tells a marvellous story of an open winter. The tournament is in two parts: the parade or pageant in the city proper, and the games in the park in the afternoon. The rose parade is made up of floats representing the schools, various State societies in Los Angeles County, and the various orders or fraternities.

Pasadena in winter has more motor cars than any city in the country in proportion to its size, and these make a fine display. Then come the classes of carriages: four-in-hands, tandems, dogcarts, spike teams, etc. Every vehicle is covered or decorated with flowers, and some of the exhibits, especially of the schools, are very beautiful. The High School in particular has a genius on its staff, who has remarkable gifts in this direction, and the creation this year was marvellous. Neighboring towns all enter characteristic floats. Redondo, famous for its fishing, has a sea serpent suggestive of the tales that are manufactured in summer; Venice, a gondola, and even Stanford is represented by the alumni in a float.

The pageant, outside of its details, is remarkable for the quantity of flowers used; tens of thousands of the rarest roses, thousands of carnations, and an endless display of other flowers. No artificial flowers are seen in this procession, nearly two miles in length, marching slowly through double lines of two hundred thousand spectators.

The procession starts at eleven and winds its way to the park where the games begin at one o'clock. There are preliminary "stunts" to be carried on, as push ball, polo, or football played on horseback with a ball seven feet high, of pig skin, and weighing five hundred pounds. It took two men a whole day to blow up the ball with a motor-car pump, and when completely filled it was a perfect sphere about seven feet each way. The leader and other mounted men put spurs to their horses and went at the ball at full speed. The lookers-on were betting nine to one that one horse, which was new at it, would try to jump it, but this was a mistake; the horse apparently understood the game and hit the ball with his breast a blow that could be heard one hundred yards, sending the great sphere across the field like a gigantic cannon ball. Then the opposing horse came at it, sending it back, the horses pushing it, the men skilfully rolling it along with their feet. It was polo on a gigantic scale.

These games are watched with interest, but the vast audience is eager for the event of the day, the chariot races. While they have been carried on for several years no one has yet been seriously hurt or injured, though the men are absolutely reckless of their lives. The attempts of some of the drivers to cross in front of another chariot and gain the inside, always bring the audience to its feet, and cheers rise as the seemingly impossible is accomplished.

Last season a favorite for the $1000 prize was a team of "Lucky" Baldwin's, of Santa Anita, who had entered his best running horses. Two or three of the drivers have run in several, if not all, of the races, and have seen some exciting times. Not one in ten men has the nerve and strength to drive in a chariot race successfully.

Chariot racing differs from all racing in this, that it is difficult to control the horses. They nearly always become excited at the start, and often run away, and the charioteer is worn out endeavoring to hold them.

In 1907 the race was run at such speed that one of the chariot teams ran away at the start, going around the track—half a mile long—three times before it could be stopped. When the chariot came dashing around and passed the wire, the great crowd saw that something was wrong. Four *vaqueros* started after the horses, but it was like chasing the wind. Again the chariot came around and crossed the line. The judges, directors, and others shouted to the audience to keep quiet, but the people seemed to have lost their heads, and as the splendid team, the *quadriga* of the Romans, tore by, they cheered and roared their applause.

It was a magnificent sight, that rushing, whirling chariot, that picture of the Coliseum, and if ever a scene of the days of the old emperors was seen in modern days, this was the replica. It did not fail to have its effect on the four horses, excited, crazed by the cheers and shouts. No mortal man could stop them, there was no place in which to turn them, and apparently the only plan open was to keep them going until they dropped.

The *vaqueros* who had been following, unable to catch up, waited until the team came around the third time, and as they went whirling by, they started. They ran for one hundred yards or so, one on one side of the runaway chariot, one on the other, whirling their *riatas*, and then, like snakes, the lassos went twisting into the air and dropped over the heads of the animals. The riders then began to hold them back, and a splendid, accidental, and unpremeditated display of clever horsemanship was given. The speed of the horses became less and less, and at the grand stand they were brought to a walk, and the driver was assisted out after two miles of what in all probability was one of the most whirlwind-like performances ever witnessed.

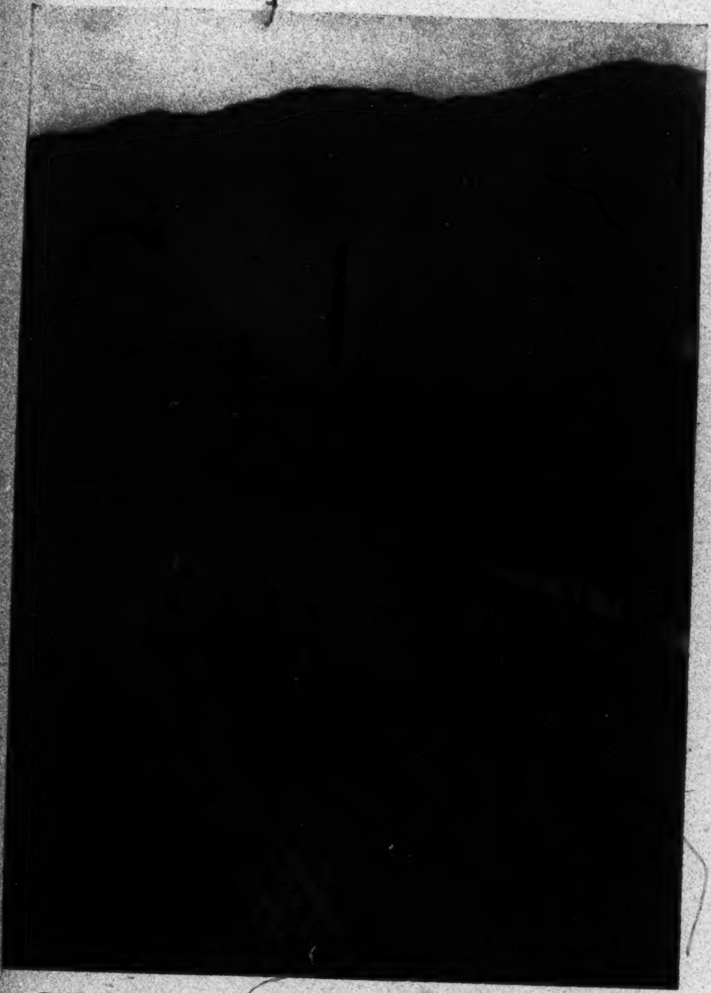
As a national pastime, if excitement and bravery are considered, nothing can exceed this chariot racing, especially when given in Southern California under blue skies and in an environment of flowers.

In 1909 the chariot races were particularly interesting from the fact that it was said that there was a strong feeling between the men. The day dawned bright and beautiful, the twentieth of the tournament. Seventy thousand people were brought to the city by one electric road alone, and at the time of the races it was estimated there were two hundred thousand strangers in Pasadena, a third being tourists from the East and Europe. For hours previous to the games, the roads from Los Angeles were lined with autos and other vehicles. All roads may not have led to Rome, but they did lead that day to the Roman chariots, and when the races were announced by the tournament directors, a crowd that in numbers would have done credit to the old Coliseum at Rome stood up and cheered.

There was a peculiar interest in the race this year, as the horses were entered by horsemen of national reputation: Richard Carman, four bays, and E. J. ("Lucky") Baldwin four darker steeds. Hogaboom drove for Carman, and West, the champion winner of many races, for Baldwin. The latter had refused to train his horses except to drive them around the track, as he proposed to let them run away in order to win. What Carman's man would do was conjecture.

Promptly on the minute the two chariots came into the ring and were greeted by cheers and cheers again. The popularity of the sport was at once apparent, and the vast crowd rose to the occasion. It was a gallant sight. Thousands of flags fluttered in the wind, tens of thousands of flowers were banked up against the fence, and there was a strange contrast of winter and summer in the white sentinel peaks of the Sierra Madre and the palms and orange groves of the lowlands.

The two men, garbed in the costume of chariot



CHARIOTS AT THE FINISH. TOURNAMENT OF ROSES, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

drivers of the time of the Cæsars, drove up to the judges' stand and received their instructions: twice around the half-mile track to constitute a heat, and the winner was the one who took two out of three races. It was seen at the onset that the "Lucky" Baldwin four were crazed with excitement, being high-strung racers, and excited by the cheers, the gay streaming flags, they presented a magnificent appearance. When the bell rang they fairly sprang into the air, West keeping them to the pole, the Carman team following at the wheel. As they passed the grand stand the audience rose on the instant and went fairly wild over the splendid sight. Around the turn the horses dashed, West's team running away, Carman's horses leaping into the very air in their efforts to keep up.

For three quarters of the race the teams were so close that the drivers could have touched each other with their whips, but at the last West spoke to his team. He did not have to use the whip, and they came down the line with a roar that woke the echoes and sent the great throng to their feet, the deep reverberating sound rising and creeping on like thunder or some strange subterranean sound, to burst into acclaims as West crossed the line ahead, with Hogaboom a good second. The time was one minute thirty-nine and one half seconds.

The second heat was won by the Carman team, which made a sensational dash just at the wire and won in one minute and forty seconds. Each chariot had now won, each had had the pole, and the third race was the supreme test. The audience stood and screamed as the horses flew by. It was, as far as could be judged, neck and neck, but on the home stretch it was seen that West was ahead, that he was, in fact, looking around at the Carman team and apparently he had the race in hand. The speed was increasing, and in an excitement that has never had a counterpart in American history at any game or sport, West dashed under the wire, driving with one hand, every inch a Roman, every inch a winner. In the races of 1910, Mr. Revel English won by half a neck amid even greater excitement.

CHAPTER XVI

PALACES OF THE DESERT

I FANCY it has been the experience of every angler to equip and start with the best of intentions for some fond stream of the memory, and then stray away into other fields totally foreign. I had for some years been accumulating information, alas, not merit, relating to the streams of Texas, and had purposed, with the aid and counsel of one of its devout anglers, Dr. Vilas of El Paso, to follow up some of its streams into the high mountains and investigate some of the big fish I had more than once seen in the Pecos. But in some way the fates interfered, and to-day, after three or four visits to the big State, an empire in its vastness, all I can tell about its angling at first hand is that of the little pass of Aransas where my name is pinned to the wall in the local Hall of Fame on several tarpon scales. I can still see those Maverick tarpon climbing into the air over my shoulder, and up among the constellations, and among my fond desires is to return to these happy hunting grounds along the great inland ocean of Texas, where the wind blows in from the Gulf and the sand has piled up its marvellous bulwark against the sea.

In a previous chapter I have referred to the location of the missions of California, deducing the theory, that being located near streams, the fathers were anglers. The same might be said of the wonderful missions of Texas, that in part spoiled a fishing trip of mine by substituting themselves as features of greater interest. There was good fishing in the San Antonio River a century ago, and—note this interesting coincidence—there are five missions all within fifteen miles along this little river, which I followed for miles, landing not trout but historical diversions, literally ruins of missions; and some day I am going back to Texas to fish for trout and bass.

The desert in summer is not an alluring outlook, but in winter it is far from unpleasant, yet I must confess that one desire of my trip was to see how really hot it was in the warmest part of the Southwest in the hottest time of the year. I am prepared to report on the subject, and that it was hot. One hundred and twenty degrees at Indio might be given, and it was August; but I will also say that I have been far more uncomfortable in New York, Baltimore, Washington, or Philadelphia. The heat was dry. I crossed the California desert from

Indio to Yuma, about which General Butler was sarcastic, then to El Paso and on to the Gulf at Corpus Christi; four days of heat in August, which I did not regret, as it enabled me to realize what stuff the Spanish missionary fathers were made of, when they marched up the coast from the City of Mexico over a virtual desert.

The early history of Spain in America is of dramatic interest, and cannot be read even casually, without arousing admiration. What more unpromising region than Texas in 1532 could be imagined? Filled with hostile Indians, its possibilities absolutely unknown, its coast forbidding, few would have essayed it. But this vast region, with its extremes from torrid deserts to cold northers, was crossed and recrossed by many adventurers,—Spanish and French,—who left as their only monuments some of the most interesting ruins in America.

One of the first Spanish governors of Texas, as early as 1692, was Domingo Teran de los Rios, and one of the first friars to enter Texas, Antonio Olivares, who, after a march as far as the River Frio, reported to Bishop Galmido and was sent to Mexico for aid, hoping to extend the chain of missions across the Rio Grande. Texas at that time was unknown; it had no name, and was a part of Florida in a general sense; and what bravery and tenacity of purpose was required to penetrate such a country can readily be realised. The expedition of La Salle is famous in history. Its object was to settle the country and convert the natives, but owing to internal dissensions it was a failure, and nearly the entire party lost their lives. The French and Spanish sent out various expeditions in rapid succession, and as a result a number of forts and missions were established, the latter in some instances remaining to-day as striking ruins.

One of the interesting missions of the seventeenth century was established through the influence of Viceroy Galve, who sent Leon on an expedition into Texas with a view to the establishment of missions. The fathers were from the College of Santa Cruz of Queretaro, and were Franciscans. In 1690 they established a wooden mission near the Trinity River, and called it San Francisco de los Tejas. Padre Foncubierta was made president, and with a few men, horses, and some provisions, he began the work of converting the Tejas natives, whose name was adopted as the name for the modern State. Orders were now given Governor Teran de los Rios to make a study of the entire region, pacify the natives, and establish eight missions, for which purpose nine Franciscans were brought from Mexico. Another mission, Jesus Maria y José, was built, but the work of proselyting did not progress, because some of the priests had died.

Drought, heat, sudden changes in the weather, the hostility of the Indians, all combined to discourage the work, and finally, in 1693, the government, disgusted at the long series of disasters, recalled the missionaries, and the priests, after burying the bells, retreated to Coahuila, thus ingloriously ending another attempt of the Spanish to occupy Texas.

Most of the missions were of the type shown in the accompanying illustrations, and were made of stone, wood, or adobe; some were of pretentious architecture, provided with bells shipped from Spain to Mexico. For some reason, the many missions of Coahuila, the neighboring province in Mexico, were much more successful, probably because here were more soldiers to keep the Indian converts under rule. In 1786 there were eighteen hundred mission Indians, about two thirds of whom were Tlascaltecs. The Queretaro Franciscans gave up their missions to the Jalisco friars in 1771–72, and at this time they had baptized in Coahuila and Texas about ten thousand natives. The rise, fall, and ruin of the missions in these centuries is like the swell of the troubled ocean; the Spanish and French struggling for supremacy, the men for gain, the officers for glory, the adventurers chiefly for loot, and the friars to save the souls of the unlettered savages, who too often took their scalps for their pains.

The most important part of a mission-establishing expedition was the priests or friars who were to convert the savage natives and plant the cross in the unknown land. The friars were architects, teachers, and mechanics. It was their business to assume the practical part of the work. While converting the natives they employed them to build the missions in many instances, nearly all the old buildings being the result of the labor of the native artisans under the instructions of the friars. The ecclesiastics of an expedition under Domingo Ramon, for example, were six Franciscans and four friars. With the expedition were twenty-five or thirty horses, over a thousand goats, pack animals and oxen, so that while the number of fighting men was few, they made a pretentious showing as they marched on, heading for the interior of what is now Texas. They had some difficulty in crossing the streams, losing at the San Marcos many horses in a deep pool. They crossed the Colorado, and in June, 1715, reached the river Trinity, and finding many Tejas, who received them kindly, they decided to make a stand. A treaty was consummated with the Indians and a settlement made in a land described eloquently by Ramon as one of fruit and flowers, charming to the eye and senses. The streams abounded in fish; buffalo and deer grazed on the prairies, and in the forest the wild turkey

THE FRONT OF SAN JOSÉ MISSION

was found—all suggestive of a land of plenty.

The Indians were practically tractable, and even welcomed the friars, and it was decided to establish the first mission at the town of Nacogdoches; here was built the mission of San Francisco. About sixty miles farther on was a large settlement of Asinais, and in their midst was established the mission of Purissima Concepcion. A third mission was established sixty miles southeast of the latter, and called Guadalupe. In the erection of all these, the friars used designs copied from other buildings in Mexico. The whites laid out the work, large numbers of natives being employed as laborers and unskilled mechanics. Nearly all the missions were made more or less attractive in appearance, some imposing, and all were constructed to last, being veritable fortresses, possibly with a view to contigencies which might arise with hostile natives.

This ponderous method of architecture has resulted in the preservation of many of these old ruins until to-day—virtually the stepping stones between the past and present history of Texas, a period that in romance is hardly equalled and certainly not generally appreciated.

Ramon and St. Denis, through whose influence the expedition was sent out, were eminently successful, and the work of founding missions and converting the Indians went rapidly on. In

July, 1716, a fourth mission was established at San José, about fifty miles west of Guadalupe, among the Nazones, peaceful Indians who had many *rancherias* in the vicinity. The missions were established in the most active Indian centres, or within reach of the greatest numbers, and by the end of the year the region between the Trinity and Red rivers, said to be the garden spot of Texas, was sprinkled with settlements, each having its mission and its log cabins. Ramon built the presidio of Neustra Señora de los Dolores de los Tejas a few miles south of the mission of San Francisco, and not many weeks later two other missions were founded —Dolores and San Miguel de Cuellar, the mission buildings being erected in the heart of the Aes and Adaes country.

For many months the friars worked and labored, but, as with their predecessors, they found it almost impossible to civilize the natives and make them live according to the rules which governed the Spanish or French. Then came internal dissensions. St. Denis was arrested by Spanish officials, sent to Guatemala, but finally returned, and we find him again on the French side and commandant at the French fort at Nacogdoches. The Spanish, still undismayed by the ill success of their friars, continued their establishment of missions. In 1716 Martin de Alarcon was made governor of Coahuila and Texas, and in 1718 he built a large mission on the River St. Anthony, San Antonio of to-day, and established the presidio of San Antonio de Béjar. The mission was called San Antonio de Velero and Padre Antonio Olivares was given charge, removing his neophytes from the abandoned mission of San Francisco. Like his predecessors, Alarcon soon made enemies. He visited the old missions and those of Louise de St. Denis, placing small forces at each to keep the natives in subjection; but his work did not satisfy the friars, and he soon resigned. Then war between France and Spain was declared, and the French of Louisiana marched on Texas. In 1719 the French, with a force of native allies, captured the mission of San Miguel, and the natives, taking advantage of the trouble, destroyed many of the missions, whose ruins I have located—crumbling monuments of the times. The missions of San Antonio now became the centre of interest, and virtually the Spanish capital, and in 1720 the friars established a new mission at Béjar, calling it San José y San Miguel de Aguayo, the building illustrating the indomitable spirit which characterized these men.

Following another French invasion, an expedition under the Marquis de Aguayo re-equipped the deserted missions, five of which were destroyed, or partly so, all being rehabilitated. At this time all the missions except Concepcion had been destroyed. The old mission of San Miguel was also rebuilt by Aguayo, and a new era of prosperity began, only to be cut short by disaster to his people. Sudden cold weather killed forty-five hundred horses and seven thousand mules, but this determined officer was never discouraged. The life was strenuous beyond expression, yet he appears to have been equal to all demands upon him. He now built a strong adobe fort at San Antonio and founded a fine mission—San Francisco Javier de Najera. It was this officer who fortified the Bay of Espiritu Santo, erecting a new presidio there, and a new mission was founded with much ceremony, and called Espiritu Santo de Zuñiga, later removed to San Antonio. It was at this mission that Captain Ramon was killed by the Indians, who abandoned it on the ground of ill-treatment, but the fathers established others fifty miles inland. It was about this time that Spain introduced many settlers from the Canary Islands into Texas at San Antonio, and the King gave $12,000 toward erecting a mission church.

The San Antonio missions on the stream of the old angler are now famous as the only ruins in Texas which gave an excellent idea of the architecture of the time. The second mission was perhaps the most artistic of all. The front was ornate, and originally bore much ornamentation. The arches of this venerable pile appear more like the sections of some great reservoir, or some of the buildings still seen about Rome, and were of the most ponderous nature. Even the granary of the second mission is a massive structure, resembling a fort more than a mere storehouse, and, doubtless, it was intended as a fortress where the friars could make a stand if necessary against the Indians. The third mission of San Antonio is of a simple type, —a long building, with three bells, built in a most primitive fashion. Singularly enough, the fourth mission is the least attractive, and presents the appearance of a ruin. There were five missions on the San Antonio River within fifteen miles. Morfi refers to Purissima Concepcion as being "very beautiful," and San José, he states, "was the finest building in New Spain at that time." The latter was a fortified temple and had a large plaza six hundred feet square, surrounded by tall walls, each face having a gateway over which was a bastion, while the walls were pierced with loopholes for the musketeers. Morfi describes this building as having three vaulted aisles topped with a fine cupola. The ornamentation was rich and beautiful; the house of the friars commodious, containing a fine polished stairway of stone, at the head of which was an image of St. Joseph. In the mission was a well-equipped armory, provided with weapons necessary to repel any invasion. The mission of San Juan Capistrano resembles Concepcion. Espiritu Santo was also a combination of fortress and mission, and was, with the home of the padres, community buildings, etc., surrounded by a high wall.

Of the Arizona missions, most notable is that of San Xavier del Bac, named by Fray Eusebius Kino in 1700. San Xavier stands on the desert about nine miles from Tucson on the site of the old *rancheria* of the Sobairuri Indians. Kino visited the place in 1692, and in 1700, May 5th, he founded the mission, giving it the name it now bears. This building fell to decay, but was replaced by the present edifice in 1783, its completion being celebrated in 1797. The original building was a small affair resembling in no sense the present imposing structure, which, while beautiful in itself, gains by its isolation and environment, which is a typical desert. At Tucson the traveller first meets the Papago Indians, who support the mission and who are earnest Catholics.

The old mission stands up against the mountains, and consists not merely of the church with its tower and dome, but a collection of buildings for various purposes, among which is an Indian School under the care of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Out on the plain is the Papago village with its huts, where are the descendants of the people who have lived here and owned the land for untold years. In its decoration the mission is extremely rich and ornate, its ornamentation being peculiarly Franciscan. Over the door is an artistic scroll and on either side images of the saints, about three feet in height, standing in niches, beneath a stucco scroll. Over the door is a portico from which a door leads to the interior, and over this a conventional shell of the tridacna class, giving a fine effect. On either side of this portico are niches containing images of saints, the decoration above being similar to that below. Over this rises an ornate mass of scrolling. The observer regrets to notice evidences of decay and despoliation here and there. On the left of the roof rises a fine tower, pierced for the belfry, while another is incomplete. Back of this is the dome.

If the visitor is charmed with the exterior of this desert expression of Franciscan architecture, what can be said of the interior, which exceeds in beauty that of any of the missions of the Pacific coast, possessing great arches, frescoed ceilings, and walls covered with pictures of the saints? Some of the work is, of course, barbaric, but the general effect appeals at once to the eye and doubtless had an effect upon the Papagos, who are the principal worshippers.

The general shape of the mission is that of a cross. As the visitor passes from the dazzling sunshine of the Arizona desert into the building the contrast is remarkable, and doubtless awe-inspiring to the Papagos. A mass of gilt, fresco, and carving greets the eye altogether inconsistent with the squalid appearance of the Papago town and the desert beyond. Such a structure in the natural order of events should have a large subsidiary country to draw upon, but San Xavier stands alone, the little Indian town having the most interesting mission church in America. The arches of the church are extremely beautiful, the bases bearing statues of the twelve apostles. The principal altar—there are several—is dedicated to San Xavier, and bears many ornaments and small statues of saints, the Virgin, and representations of the Holy Family.

These quaint ruins are all that is left to tell the story of successive French and Spanish invasions of Texas and Arizona. They tell of the rise and fall of the Spaniards, but also suggest the failure to sustain the series of supreme efforts to conquer and civilize the natives of the vast region, of which the Apaches were the most dreaded. In 1729 or 1730, the latter, to the number of five hundred, appeared at San Antonio and challenged the Spaniards to battle, but were ultimately defeated; yet they continued their depredations, and made life very uncertain. So aggressive were the natives in 1731 that the friars moved the three missions—Francisco, Concepcion, and San José—near to the presidio of Béjar.

At this time San José was changed to San Juan Capistrano. Many changes were made in the years to come, the friars always losing influence, and in 1743 the Comanches destroyed the mission of San Sebastian Sabá and massacred the friars; in retaliation the friends of the friars gathered an army and marched against the Comanches, but they were put to flight. From now on the Spaniards and the missions became the objective of all marauding Indians, and in 1767 the viceroy ordered the abandonment of the missions.

Up to this time the Crown had expended over six millions of dollars in what is now Texas, and in 1782 the vast domain, owing to the continued attacks of savages, could boast of but twenty-six hundred whites, mostly about the five missions in the vicinity of San Antonio. This large sum, hundreds of lives, and the strenuous labors of scores of brilliant men through several centuries is represented to-day by these crumbling ruins in Texas. What they accomplished it would be difficult to state, but that they paved the way to a later civilization must be accepted. According to B. Morfi, San Antonio Béjar was a ruin in 1785. It cost $80,000. At San Antonio 1972 natives were baptized down to 1762. At this time the mission owned 1200 cattle, 300 horses, 1200 sheep, but in 1793 its population, its converts and their descendants had dwindled to a pitiful 43. At Purissima, about six miles from the present San Antonio, 792 natives were baptized, and in 1762 it owned 300 horses, 2200 sheep; yet in 1793 its population amounted to but 51 souls. San José baptized 1054; San Juan 847; population in 1793, 34. San Francisco mission baptized 815; population in 1782, 80; and so on the dreary story of degeneracy might be told through all these missions, once rich with large flocks. They had become, so far as their importance was concerned, virtual ruins in the eighteenth century, yet when I last saw them the Little San Antonio where the friars angled and sat in the cool of the evenings, still flowed placidly on beneath the pecans.

CHAPTER XVII

LOCAL COLOR

IT was warm, yes, hot, along the *Camino Real* from San Diego to Monterey, which meant September. The summer wind had gone down; a drowsy something filled the air; the tenderfoot told you it was dust, but it was not; it was a golden haze that settled over hill, valley, mesa, and arroyo, lending new beauties to the dry burnt-umber landscape.

You might know it was September by the mustard that, like cloth of gold, filled the little valleys and in midday suggested the *copa de oro* to come in later days, or by the long sinuous lines of cranes and geese that were flying along the slopes of the Sierra Madre, a mile above the sea. The tenderfoot, who is putting ice in his Zinfandel out under the *ramada,* does not see them, but Señor Gonzales sights them three miles away through his half-closed eyes, and holding his glass high, that a vagrant beam of sunlight that has stolen into the adobe inn may pierce its ruby heart, mutters *"Mucho bueno."*

The summer wind had dropped,—you might

know that by the line of saddled bronchos that stood without. They had an air of hopeless disgust, and all united in kicking at a little squealing mare with the Tierra Alta brand. The wind was offshore, and as hot as wind always is that comes through the Cajon Pass from the desert. All summer it had been coming in cool, bracing, with the tang of the sea, but now it had given out, and an old man in the patio grumbled softly and muttered "*Mucho calor.*" The line of silvery fog that had been stealing in and out, night and morning, in the long summer, had failed; the tall eucalyptus plumes were motionless, and the only sign of life was the lofty spectral dust spouts careening far down the valley by Temescal.

By all these signs you might know that autumn had come in California, and autumn means the vintage. The mesa, that in the summer time assumes a brown tint, took on a lighter hue. The tenderfoot said the land looked like a desert burnt out; but Señor Gonzales, being "built that way," saw rare beauties of tint, shade, and color in this burnt vegetation. Its grays, browns, pinks, and yellows appealed to him in some way, and the more burnt out California appeared in autumn, the more he loved it. But if a tenderfoot held him up, and demanded why, he fell back on "*Quien sabe?*" He really did not know, and perhaps it was too much to ask this soft-eyed, proudly named *cholo,* on so hot a day, as he sat under the big vine at San Gabriel eying his Zinfandel against the sun. It was enough that the vintage was on, and he was camping in the Tierra Alta vineyard in a pair of tents with his family, a kinsman or two, and some friends —one from Dos Palmas, another from Ojo Caliente, two from Ensenada, and a few more from near Guadalajara, who slept under the orange trees but boarded with the family.

Señor Gonzales is spending Sunday with his family at the mission of San Gabriel. The men are in the long white-washed adobe barroom taking their wine and playing cards. The baby and the young children are having a siesta in the ranch wagon, while the women have gone to mass in the old mission where Salvadea preached to the Indians nearly a century ago. Later in the day they sit on the steps and watch the *gringos* paying to see the old church; then they go to the funeral and weep when the grief-stricken woman screams and rends herself, after the Mexican fashion.

Señor Gonzales takes his wine in several places; now beneath the big vine, now in the plastered saloon, or in a long adobe; and as they ride back to the tent in the vineyard at Tierra Alta no man is happier than he. He has no rubies, true, but what ruby is richer than the Zinfandel, and did he not pick the grape of that vintage, and a good many before it? The guitar notes rise on the air, shrill voices sing "La Paloma." There is an odor of grape of Tokay, of tobacco from Juarez, of crushed pepper and eucalyptus leaves and of dust in yellow clouds; the stars shine dazzlingly bright, and the moon comes up behind San Antonio,—and so the pickers return home by moonlight.

October finds them at work. It is cooler; an early rain has come, the dust is laid, and the vast vineyard reaches away, a green blanket, to the mountains as far as the eye can see. The mustard has faded and died, and along each road delicate lines of green are creeping. It has come like magic. Alfilaria, wild oat, clover, and a host of others are rising upward, and in a short time carpet the earth, and that miracle of miracles happens. A single heavy rain has, with a few warm days, converted the grays of a long summer into the green of a California winter. It has come early, and is by no means desired, and Señor Gonzales and his friends are quietly murmuring among themselves,—not that they lose, as they are only pickers, but rain-washed grapes somehow do not make quite as good wine, they think, as those unwashed. By all the signs it is to be a wet winter, and the pickers redouble their energies.

A picturesque sight it is as they file out into the vineyard, each with his knife; men, women, and children carrying the sixty-pound capacity boxes that are filled many times to make the ton that may be the day's work of even a girl. The splendid vineyard extends in every direction. To the north are the Sierra Madre; to the west the lower hills of Santiago and Puente, and to the east the valley of San Gabriel, Pomona, Chino, and beyond, the peaks of San Antonio, San Jacinto, and San Gorgonio, ten or eleven thousand feet in air, sentinels of this garden of Hesperides, from which one may look upon the greatest desert of the world, and upon a terrestrial paradise of orange, olive, and grape.

The vineyard from the mountains has a mathematical precision, and is planted in rows; owing to its vast dimensions the plants are not trellised, but are kept as bushes and do not grow higher than two or three feet. Masses of brilliant green all through the warm summer, they cover the lower mountain slopes in every direction, and hidden beneath their broad leaves is the most gracious offering of all the Californias. It seems impossible that enough men and women could be found from Sonoma to Pasadena all along the Sierra Nevada and Sierra Madre to pick this enormous vintage that brings to the State nearly twice as much wine as is produced in all France, or seven hundred and fifty thousand tons of grapes valued at

$15,000,000; but into the vast vineyards, north, south, and in the San Joaquin Valley, an army of pickers are swarming. Some are Chinese, some Americans, Mexicans, and Japanese. They begin at the edges and sweep on, a human wave before which the splendid bunches of fruit drop away. The pickers are cutters and work with remarkable celerity, cutting the big bunches. "*Mucho calor,*" says Señor Gonsales, stopping to look up.

"He means it is very hot," interprets the young girl, laughing.

Señor Gonsales repeats it, "*Mucho calor,*" accepts a cigarette, and bows gravely. He has the kind of face you might expect to see in the Mexican Senate; or he might be a general, strong, dignified, self-controlled, with all his property on his back. Good workers, these, faithful and happy. In that little crew of pickers were some famous Spanish names, descendants of the *conquistadores,* mayhap. How they piled up the boxes! The heaps of purple Zinfandels grew beneath their nimble fingers. Then the four-mule ranch wagon came up the vineyard road, and the grape boxes were loaded on it and dragged away to the winery and press, a mile or two distant. Tons of grapes fell beneath the sharp knives at Tierra Alta vineyard before noon. Then the pickers trooped back to the camp near the palms, and stood in the shade, and laughed and joked and smoked, some throwing themselves down and enjoying a siesta.

It has been said that few people are really happy in their labor, or satisfied with their position. If Señor Gonzales is not, then all signs fail in the California vineyards. *Dolce far niente* side by side with active, indeed strenuous labor, is the order here. Now they are standing beneath a group of fan palms, laughing and talking, passing merry jest. There is not a man there who has a possession in the world of any value except rugged health and happiness; not a woman who owns much more than the clothes she has in a bag in the tent. The really riotous extravagance in the *ramada* is the baby carriage, a purely ornate American production costing a week's wages of mother and father. Some of the younger men appear to own nothing but a tin basin, and this they share; yet having happiness and peace of mind they are the real millionaires of humanity. Taxes, interest, the increment earned or unearned do not worry them. To-day is to-day; let us live it well, and be happy, is the philosophy of Señor Gonzales and his friends. To-morrow—well, to-morrow is *mañana*, it will care for itself, particularly if we attain the habit of enjoying each day as though it were the last. You may search all the philosophies of the world and you cannot find one that is more perfect, more ideal than this philosophy of Señor Gonzales, and it does not require hard study to understand it.

The women of the grape pickers are picturesque. There is just a dash of Indian to give color to the cheek, a touch of Spanish, and just a suspicion of the old blood that built the wonderful cities ages ago in lower Mexico, making an attractive combination. Dark hair, flashing black eyes, perfect courtesy, intelligence that but needs suggestion to lead to higher grades; indeed one need but look at these pickers, these *cholos*, as the tenderfoot called them, picking grapes to see that it requires but attire and environment to make a remarkable change.

The party had its notable figures,—Señor Gonzales, and its belle in Maria Ines Domingues; and standing beneath the old palms in the nooning the men gallantly vied with each other for her as a picking partner. They held up huge bunches of Zinfandels as bribes, but were, in the language of the tenderfoot, turned down; Maria picked with the baby, and doubtless lost half of her time by her devotions.

There is a charm in the picking that doubtless appeals to the Gonzales tribe. The vast acreage of purple grapes, the huge wall of the Sierra Madre always changing every hour, painted with purple or red light or shade—this is a part of their life.

Finally the end comes, the vineyard is stripped, the pickers move on. Some go to the vicinity of the walnut groves, some to the picking of the pampas crop at the Rancho El Toro, while some, who have cut short their picking, are wending their way down the valleys to the fiesta of San Luis Rey, down at Pala, where an American and ingenious gambler arranges a transfer of capital, and Señor Gonsales is "dead broke" again. But is there not the orange and lemon picking a few weeks off? There is always something just ahead in this lotus land of *mañana*, and Señor Gonsales, his friends, and the rest are never quite unhappy.

While the vintage is very much the same in all California, it is different. Everywhere there is a romance, a something about it that separates it from the olive, the orange, or lemon picking. The wealth of grapes—the splendid Tokays, the huge Missions, the purple of the Rose of Peru, the delicate green of the Muscat, and the absolute plethora of the supply is overwhelming to the eastern observer in this western garden between the desert and the deep sea.

In the north the white grapes are seen at their best; tell it not in Gath, though he has a marvellous sense who can tell the difference between the bouquet of the wine of the north and south. Of all the vineyards the most romantic is out at sea, on the island of Santa Cruz, twenty miles from Santa Barbara. Here is an island twenty miles long, the private property of wine men who seriously object to visitors, but he who gains entrance finds one of the most attractive and interesting vineyards in California. I found it one September day, and landing at the little wharf, one of the owners of the island escorted us up the one entrance—the arroyo—to the ranch. The road crossed it time and time again, passed beneath great oaks and other trees, and finally came out into a small valley hemmed in by the island mountains. Here the vineyard stretched away in every direction, the vines trellised up in the European fashion.

These vineyardists are Italian-Swiss, and have brought over their own wine makers, who live here out to sea and out of the world. Here was a typical French mansion with its iron balconies, so common in New Orleans, and beneath the broad veranda hung a large French horn that was blown to bring the pickers from the vineyards. A long building was the mess hall, and near at hand was an artistic chapel, and a large sun-dial of interesting design. The great brick winery and its enormous tuns and casks finished the picture.

One might sail by Santa Cruz a thousand times, even skirt its shores, and never suspect that over the hills and down deep in the valley, hidden away, was one of the famous vineyards of California. The vineyard is known for its variety of grapes and their peculiar flavor. It is watered by streams that flow through beds of fern and brake down the rocky slopes of the island mountains, and the roads that lead to the vineyards, down which the pickers pass, are shaded by groves of eucalyptus trees, while the hills bear pines from Italy, which seem to have brought their climate with them.

The wine of Santa Cruz is hauled down the beautiful arroyo and shipped to Santa Barbara and San Francisco; but the island should be free, that the wanderer in his own land could visit it and quaff its wine in what is one of the most charming and romantic vineyards in America.

The outdoor activity that marks the great California vineyards quickly subsides and is transferred to the wineries at La Manda, Sunny Slope, Mission San José, El Pinal, and many more in the north and south. The boxes are dumped, the grapes shovelled onto an endless-chain lift by which they are carried to the presses, the rejectamenta finally heaped in the winery yard,—a mountain of stems, seeds, and skins that fills the air with an incense peculiarly its own.

The great wineries of California, where the wine is stored and where the business of making and bottling wine is carried on, have an interest essentially their own, and to follow around the old Chinaman, or the Swiss, French, or Italian expert is a delight. He has many secrets of the trade that rivals would give all they possess to filch. With what pride he holds up to the light this Burgundy! rubies have stolen its color, surely,—at least it is seen nowhere else. Then you must try this white wine, and the port of '73—a famous year; just a taste, of course, to get the bouquet. Then the sherries—liquid amber, and of a flavor unsurpassed. Then speaking of Zinfandel, look on this and this, drawing from a tun that would have floated a small yacht. Then the Tokay, not to speak of the brandy. Ah! how seductive it all is, and what with simply testing, smelling, many a tenderfoot has come out of the winery an exhilarated convert to the bouquet of the wines of that particular region.

Riding down the long lines of vines from the winery, seeing hundreds of tons of grapes breathing an air of wine, an atmosphere of their own, seeing thousands of gallons of liquid, ruby or topaz—all this does not convey an idea of the vastness of the production; but when the stroller through the California vineyards reaches Asti, in northern California along the Sierra Nevada, he finds literally a sea of wine.

The depository for the Italian-Swiss wine makers here is an underground cistern eighty-four feet in length, thirty-four feet in width, and twenty-five feet high. Here half a million gallons of wine is stored. The tun of Heidelberg has been held up as one of the wonders of the world, but this underground cellar has ten times its capacity. From without its real nature would not be suspected, as it is ornamental, four-sided with a gentle slope, the top laid off with geometrical figures, a four column pagoda-like structure rising in the centre supporting an urn, this forming a cover to the descent into the cistern. At times this vast depository is pumped dry and cleaned, and a better idea of its size cannot be conveyed than to say that a ball has been held here. People have danced in the dry bed of the lake of wine.

One of the charming and little-known regions along the Sierra Nevada near San Francisco is Mission San José. Some years ago the winery caught fire and the water gave out. Some men might have been discouraged, but not so the vineyardists of Mission San José. The hose was led to the big claret tuns and the fire was extinguished with claret. The same experience was had with a winery in the Santa Cruz Mountains. A forest fire threatened the buildings and valuable machinery and cut off the water, but ten thousand gallons of new wine pumped upon it in lieu of water saved the day.

While the grapes are coming in and being pressed the very air about the great winery has its bouquet. In time the juice of the grape is stored away and the wine-making process begins, a mysterious and secret brew, a story by itself. Why should wine locked up in tuns begin to "work" in the spring about the time the sap is supposed to run, and the vine to think about sending out its shoots?

We give it up promptly and walk out into the air, look over the hundreds of acres that reach away from the vineyard. A few weeks ago the vista was green. Up the long lanes go gangs of Chinamen or Mexicans, no longer with boxes —once pickers, now pruners. The vineyard has been robbed, and the few grapes left have turned to raisins on the vine. The leaves have turned yellow, then gray, then dropped, and the great vineyard is a study in black, pink, and grays.

The pruners begin, sweeping on, now cutting the entire growth down to the trunk. This is raked up into vast piles from which presently rise columns of smoke. You see them, like signals, at Altadena, La Manda, Pasadena, Cucumonga, Asti, Madeira, Fresno, and all along the Sierras, rising like genii into the soft air, telling that the vintage is over,—and so, the memory of the picking goes up in smoke.

If you love color you have a new effect. The peculiar gray or pink that came from the dead vines has disappeared, and the black stumps stand in mathematical precision in long lines from the mountains reaching out to the sea. And so the vine sleeps, takes its midwinter siesta when adjoining fields run riot with barley, and the roadsides are lined with wild flowers; the alfilaria is in bloom, the land is carpeted with yellow that spreads over the slopes like a winged host. Delicate stalked, cup-shaped flowers in sky-blue and cream-white nod in the returning wind; shooting stars, crucifers, and a host of others take form and shape around the sleeping vines, and California is in the grasp of winter; but its snows are orange blossoms, its winter a petalled delusion.

Now the slopes of the mesa become tinted with a golden glow. It seems to come with the sun and steals over the slopes like magic, sweeping on until at midday when, if the sun is bright, as it nearly always is, the land is ablaze with golden-yellow, the *copa de oro* (the cup of gold), the poppy. As the sun drops, so fades this benediction into night; each cup of gold closes, locks in the belated bee or other insect until the morrow, when in obedience to the sun god they open again and paint the uplands, mesa slopes, and valleys with tints of gold. If the vineyards were left untouched, this floral horde would soon take possession and it would again become a field of the cloth of gold. But a third force comes upon the stage. First came the picker, then the pruner, and now teams of horses come up the long vineyard streets, and shortly the ground is harrowed and turned over, and if the season is dry the vines are irrigated—a thousand streams of cool water percolating downward between the black roots. Again and again the vineyard is harrowed,—no weeds nor flowers are allowed to creep in upon this vast expanse. And so the winter slips away, and the sand-hill cranes and geese are seen in long lines against the dark green of the Sierras, now headed to the north.

Again the summer comes, the vineyards send out light-green shoots, that in a short time develop big leaves, and the deep maroon of cultivated earth is lost in a canopy of green.

The vineyard has awakened, and Señor Gonzales, who has been cutting wood all winter up in the Santa Anita Cañon, comes out over the trail one morning, breaks through the mansanita brush, and looks down upon the San Gabriel through five thousand feet of turquoise haze. He sees the fresh green of the vineyard sweeping away from the mesa toward the sea, stops, instinctively lifts his sombrero, murmurs to the burro, *"Mucho bueno,"* and moves on down the long, narrow, sinuous trail that winds its way across the breast of the Sierra Madre.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FATHER OF TROUT STREAMS

IF the angler or stroller on the Pacific coast along the Sierra Nevada desires diversion of an impressive nature, he has but to follow some of its trout streams in central California, or on the coast from Santa Cruz north, and he will be led by devious and radiant trails up into the great forests of the world, which are the fathers of trout streams in more senses than one. On the coast the little rivers like the Soquel, the Russian, or the San Lorenzo, of delightful memory, climb up or through the forests of redwood, while the Merced and Tuolumne, if taken at the lowlands, lead one to the very heart of nature, to the home of the greatest forests of the known world.

As these lines were written John Muir dropped in upon me and I reminded him of the story of a trip he made to Australia to prove that the big eucalypti were not the largest trees of the world and that the claim was justly held by the sequoias. He began the story one night when we were at Dr. George E. Hale's, but it began to rain and Muir was called off by his friend Sellers who was waiting in the motor car, and in the rain, so we missed the story; when I reminded him of it again he gave so radiant an account of his trip to the big Australian forest, that I can only compare it to watching a great artist paint a picture. It is a temptation to quote what he said, as I remember it well, almost word for word, and I might do so, if I did not hope that some lucky editor will read these lines, take the hint, and write to Muir of the Muir woods, the Hetch Hetchy, or the Yosemite (any of these addresses will find him, as he saved their lives), and so get him to tell the story himself that all the world may read it. You cannot walk through a forest in California without thinking of Muir. He has stood between the unspeakable ones and the trees for years, and all lovers of forests should read all Muir has written, and join forces with him to save the great forests for all the people. It is mainly due to John Muir that California has the most beautiful forests in the world, controlled by the government, protected by it, and thrown open to the public. Were it not for men like Muir, and Gifford Pinchot, whose work is of course of national importance and value, the vandals we have with us would wipe the face of the earth of its forests, as there are men with souls so small that they can see a tree older than the time of Christ cut into railway ties without a qualm.

A short time ago, figuratively speaking, the big trees of the Yosemite were being cut down and the latter devastated by sheep, man, and beast, but most of this section of California is now under government control and troops are kept in the park to drive out depredators of all kinds. It is a singular fact that there are thousands of intelligent human beings who can see no reason why they should not cut down, and saw up, a tree six thousand years old. It is fortunate that there are ten times as many men who believe that men entertaining such views should not go at large, and it is this sentiment which has brought about the Forest Reserves and the National Parks.

The Sierra Nevadas and the southern Sierras have in a few years become exceeding popular. Formerly tourists alone went into them, but now thousands of Californians enter the various passes and one meets people in the deepest solitudes or in localities like King's River Cañon that were comparatively unknown a few years ago.

The best approach to the Sierra Nevada is through the San Joaquin Valley, that in summer is often extremely hot, lying between the main range and the coast mountains; but the heat and dust of the valley are soon forgotten when the cañons are entered and the mountains close in behind one. No such wonder is known in the world as the Mariposa Big Tree Grove, reached by the Wawona route, and to spend a week or more amid these solitudes, camping out, or sleeping on the ground, beside and beneath them, is to some men one of the great privileges to be had in California.

The Big Tree Grove is eight miles from Wawona. The forest, which covers an area about two miles square, stands on a gentle slope of the mountain forming what is known as the upper and the lower grove. It is not the largest, but it is the easiest to reach, and contains trees that make the impression of a lifetime upon the average person.

For ages the Yosemite and its adjacent big trees has been a secret, hidden away in the breast of this forest and known only to the few natives who happened to cross the range at this point from the desert beyond. We can imagine the surprise and terror of the man from the East who first came upon this vast gash in the earth and stood and looked down into it.

There are two hundred and fifty trees in the lower grove and three hundred and twenty-five in the upper—splendid spires, stepping-stones that connect to-day with the time when the Christian era began and possibly long before.

The effect of the big trees upon different people varies. I see one of these trees every day in Pasadena, California; a young one not over fifty feet in height, yet few people would pass it by without turning to look at it again. There is no other tree like it. Its trunk, round, grows directly upward, large, firm, imposing for the amount of foliage, but the message that it carries is strength, vitality, something built to withstand the fires and storms of centuries. It is as though the Washington or Bunker Hill monument should throw out foliage and become a tree.

The trees of the Mariposa forest are disappointing to some. They do not seem so large at first, but day by day they grow on the stroller, and at the end of two or three weeks the idea has entered his mind that here is something stupendous, something left behind in the race of time and eternity. The lofty pillars grow into the mind. There is a majesty or beauty to them that takes entire possession of one, and you return again and again, and hunt for new and different points of view. They stand among other trees in a perfect park, the beauty of which cannot fully be described. One is impressed with the lack of verdure and the small leaves for so large a tree—foliage that often appears more like a green haze or a "mist of pale apple-green." Why these trees are found here, and nowhere else, is due, doubtless, to the equable climate of California. Their seeds are extremely small and light, a singular fact when their vast size is taken into consideration. Only a few years ago they were unknown except to the trapper and the few Indians, but now the park is visited by thousands who live and camp here far into the fall.

There is a great difference in the age and appearance of the trees. One of the largest measures one hundred and sixty feet in circumference, and like a king, it seems to stand alone amid fitting surroundings. It rises in a little valley at the headwaters of the Kaweah River, and is surrounded by scenes that for beauty and majesty have no counterpart, at least in America. If Nature had selected this site as a throne for this king of trees she could not have succeeded better. On almost every side deep abysmal precipices stand as though to entrap any one who should approach, deep cañons which wind about; and beyond these peaks and mountains that reach ten or fifteen thousand feet into the empyrean. Around about these solitary trees stretches a wilderness which for wildness and picturesqueness hardly has its equal. One might imagine that Nature had selected this last resort of the great sequoia and built up its defence, thrown about its castellated form a moat of infinite depth, walls of colossal height, buried it deep in the heart of titanic mountains safe from the marauding hand of man. Its general position in the State still further emphasizes this precaution. On one side is the great plain of the San Joaquin and the ocean; on the other the most desolate place on the face of the earth, the Death's Valley country, the Pantamint Mountains that environ it, and beyond, a fierce and hopeless desert suggestive in summer of death and despair.

Every tree in this splendid forest has a peculiar interest. Several are used as camps or huts, the home being literally in the heart of the tree. One of the most striking of the Mariposa giants stands by the cabin and is a splendid example of the enormous growth and size of these trees. The bark appears to be in long ridges and has a soft rich brown color, restful to the eye. Huge buttresses seem to reach out from its base, descending into the mass, presenting an imposing spectacle.

The vast size of the roots and their extraordinary length is illustrated in one uprooted monarch. How many thousand years ago this tree sprang into life it would be difficult to tell, but its vast roots, that have perhaps weathered the winters and summers of ten centuries, still stand, reaching up like countless arms, an extraordinary spectacle. So big is this prone tree that an entire company of cavalry can ride up onto it and then not cover it.

I once saw, to the shame of man, a dancing platform formed of a single *Sequoia sempervirens*, the giant redwood of the coast. The tree had been cut down by some vandal back in the fifties, but around the edge of the stump shoots had grown out, which had attained the size of large trees, forming a perfect playroom with the sky as a roof. Such an illustration gives a definite idea of the size of a tree, and so the great maltreated Wawona which has an arch cut through its heart conveys a graphic idea of size and age. This splendid trunk has attained an enormous size. Its roots, or the lower rim of the bark, seem to form great rolls of chocolate-colored bark, and as they enter the ground convey a graphic impression of age and stability. The coach literally rolls through its very heart, the most notable tunnel in the world.

One of the most interesting trees is the Telescope tree, a lofty and ancient pile that still lives, though its very heart seems to have been eaten out, and its top blasted, perhaps by lightning. It might have been dead a thousand years, judging by its size, but the top has thrown out a few branches, diminutive in comparison to the size of the tree, whose magnitude can be appreciated by comparing it to the forest of smaller trees growing about it. These are of extraordinary size, yet they could be bundled into tens and twenties and then not equal the bulk of this one tree which was old when Columbus discovered America.

In wandering through this grove one is constantly coming upon some tree that challenges comparison; and it is interesting to observe the injuries they have received in the past. Doubtless they have been abused and ill treated by man from time immemorial. This entire country has been swept by fires, time and again. Mexican herders for years have driven their herds into these groves when the fodder of the lowland gave out, and have moved on leaving their camp-fires to start up at the first strong wind, the flame sweeping through the grove eating up the young trees and doing great damage to the old ones. On some of the trunks evidence of fire and other damage, a thousand years ago, can be seen. Again many have been set afire by miscreants in human form, and there are men so lost to all sense of shame and the proprieties, who have cut such trees down, and converted them into lumber.

One can wander on through this forest, camping near one group, spending days in the vicinity of certain trees, and have the consciousness of living in the most remarkable forest in the world; a forest that seems to belong to the age of titans, something that has been left behind in the race of time. Figures and measurements convey but little idea of the actual size of these giants, yet they are interesting. In all probability one of the most striking is the Grizzly Giant. This tree has branches over one hundred or more feet from the ground that are themselves larger than any trees found in many parts of the world.

This splendid masterpiece, doubtless four or five thousand years old, stands in a well-wooded forest of other trees that form a rich green alcove about it, bringing its rugged shape into high relief, and one can glance down long arcades of green into other forests, and the impression grows upon one that these other trees have grouped about the master to protect it and shut it in. But nothing could hide this gigantic column, that seems to preserve its size as it rises and to have thrown out a forest of gigantic trees high in air as branches, any one of which would make a giant if standing in the forest.

This splendid grove or forest of giants is the portal to an angler's paradise. By it you pass to reach the Merced and the Tuolumne,—two beautiful rivers that flow through scenes of such majesty and profound interest that they have attracted the people of the world.

So, if you care not for scenery and are only an unimaginative angler, certainly a rarity, take your rod and fish in the Merced or the Tuolumne, and while playing a trout you will catch glimpses of regions that every man should see before he dies.

HEAD OF TROUT STREAM, HIGH SIERRAS, KERN RIVER

CHAPTER XIX

BIG GAME WITH A REVOLVER

IT is not essential that one should be a whaler to go a-whaling. I have never cared to emulate the escapades of the old-time whalers who sent their boats after the biggest living animals and took them in a hand-to-hand battle, and were often tossed into the air for their pains. It is exciting enough to read about their exploits in the very highest field of desperate chance.

My own exploits with whales as a layman are very tame, yet once when Mr. Hancock Banning undertook to aid me in photographing a seventy-foot sulphur-bottom by sending his launch almost over the tail of the whale I thought it sufficiently exciting, and I could imagine the sensation of a man who has rowed twenty feet farther than my position trying to harpoon or lance a whale.

Armed with a camera I was stationed in the bow of the launch *Torqua*, and Mr. Banning managed to get me fairly upon the whale, so near, in fact, that he refused to come up. We had been chasing these whales about for some time, and now as I looked down from my point of vantage in the bow, I must have been exactly over the whale's tail and the rush and boiling of the water was so terrific, due to its screw-like motion, that the surface was forced up, and with it the bow of the launch several inches on the principle of steaming over a powerful spring. The sulphur-bottom has, in California waters at least, a playful habit of swimming on the surface a while, then sounding by throwing its tail and half of its body into the air. I was well aware of this pleasantry, having observed it in the Santa Catalina channel, and one day I saw a sixty- or seventy-foot whale rise and clear the water, standing for a second apparently on its tail.

Knowing this I could not but wonder what would happen to me if the big fin should come up. That we would have gone up, there could be little doubt. But nothing happened, nor did I get my picture. Later a friendly whale swam for some time alongside of a steamer I was on, the *Hermosa*, and was photographed, so near that its eye was plainly seen and its puff of hot breath, "spout," caught. Again, I drifted about with Mr. E. L. Doran one day off Santa Catalina, trying to photograph the big California gray whale, probably fifty or sixty feet long, but I did not succeed although the animals were

ANGLING IN SHADOW LAKE, HIGH SIERRAS, NEAR TAHOE

so friendly that they came within forty or fifty feet of the boat, for just as we were hoping to get them in the camera some of the party became nervous and concluded, doubtless with some reason, that having sixty- or seventy-foot whales at short range, especially when they were of a curious disposition, was not exactly enjoyable. So they had to be taken in and the opportunity was lost. On various other occasions I have seen large whales at close quarters. The steamer running between Los Angeles and Avalon has killed several large whales, one of which I examined. A seafaring friend, captain of a steamer on the coast, told me that a large whale once in diving threw its tail into the propeller and was held during an extraordinary struggle that menaced the safety of the vessel, as the whale had full swing, stopping the ship and literally tossing her about. In a word, the whales of Southern California are friendly, and so common that it is rarely that a trip is made in the season without seeing one or more moving up or down, north or south.

In these waters killers are often seen, and perhaps the most interesting experience of the kind I ever had was with Gifford Pinchot following a school off San Clemente Island in 1909.

The orcas, or killers, as they are called, are among the most interesting denizens of the sea, owing to their predatory habits. To sailors they are killers because they kill everything without regard to size. The zoölogist knows them as orcas; two well-known forms being found in the North Pacific, *Orca rectapinna* (straight-fin) and *Orca ater*, while in the North Atlantic they are represented by a kinsman, the gladiator, or *Orca gladiator*, well-named, a fearless monster before whose wild charges the largest fishes and whales flee in terror. The whalebone whales, the largest living animals, are the favorite prey of this tiger of the sea and run from it, displaying the utmost fear.

About the channel islands I have seen a small school of these animals (*Orca ater*) for several years, and while it is impossible to distinguish them I have reason to think that the same school has lived here a long time; one is an old male of the largest size, possibly over twenty feet. I have seen him, or one just like him, a number of times. Another is evidently a female, and a third a possible young, or another female.

I have seen them, or a similar trio, off Ship Rock, Santa Catalina; again off Avalon, or well out to sea in the "doldrums" toward the mainland, and on the trip I refer to, when Governor Pardee, Stewart Edward White, Senator Flint, and myself were Mr. Pinchot's guests for a fishing expedition at San Clemente, who should appear one day, about two miles off the east end of the island, but my old friends, the killers.

Of course the indulgent reader will understand that this is an amiable lapse of the imagination; I could not take an affidavit that they were the same orcas; they looked the same, perhaps were. In any event, they were big, beautiful, as sea beauties go; particularly when you had a *soupçon* of knowledge regarding their teeth and powers of jaw and digestion. So I hailed them as old friends; they had dropped over to San Clemente on the same errand as ourselves. It was thirty miles farther out to sea and there were more fish and better fishing for orcas and men.

There is no mistaking them for anything else. You see a great black fin a mile away, the fin of the straight-fin *Orca gladiator* or killer. He is not common in Southern California; you find him farther north playing havoc with the salmon pack at the mouths of the rivers; following the fur seals in their loop to the south and return, and it is this animal that Scammon describes as taking a whale from whalers, by main force and ferocity.

About the channel islands the *Orca ater* is the familiar form; beautiful creatures, with a dark slate-like skin as finely polished as a piano case, absolutely free from parasites of any kind, with not the suspicion of a blemish, and decorated in a marvellous manner wholly inexplicable unless to let the looker-on know that it is *Orca ater*, and not the Atlantic *Orca gladiator* which, Eschricht says, has been seen to "swallow four porpoises, and thirteen porpoises and fourteen seals have been found in the stomach of one individual only sixteen feet long," suggestive of a cheerful appetite.

Our channel island killer is an attractive animal, jet-black above, lighter below; often mistaken for the eye and just back of it, is a clear white or maroon spot, a remarkable decoration. The dorsal fin is tall, rigid, and ponderous, especially in the big orca I have so often seen, and directly behind it, and more than half encircling it, is a vivid crescent-shaped maroon band, so like a saddle that it is startling.

Ordinarily the band of three or four orcas swim lazily up and down the channel about three or four miles offshore, again coming in, and inspecting boats without fear. Once one followed a rowboat so closely that the ladies in it were greatly alarmed; but I fancy the killer's motive was curiosity, or it may have thought the boat a small killer.

A few years ago the school came within a few hundred feet of Seal Rocks, Santa Catalina, and an angler with Percy Neal, a boatman, hooked the infant of the school, an orca about eight feet long, which leaped into the air when hooked and of course broke away. I have frequently followed orcas and attempted to photo-

VIEW FROM A TRAIL IN THE YOSEMITE

graph them, but was never successful until in September, 1909, when I caught the big fellow on the plate, showing his tall fin, and the curious saddle-like marks; rather an unsatisfactory photograph, but possibly the first one ever taken of *Orca ater* really at home.

We had been trolling for tuna and swordfish off the southeast end of San Clemente Island on the launch *Juanita* when we suddenly espied the school of three orcas coming down the channel. An orca has never been taken with a line and doubtless never will be, so it was an amiable diversion to try them; but they paid no attention to the lure of a big flying fish. Then our host and Stewart Edward White being remarkable revolver shots, it was proposed to try and get one this way, as there was an opportunity, seemingly, when the killer rose to breathe and plunge down again.

It was an interesting and impressive sight as the orcas came on, now side by side, the big angular pointed fins, like the black sails of some mimic ship, resting on the ocean. They paid little or no attention to our twenty-five-foot boat, nor did the propeller seem to annoy or frighten them, and it was an excellent opportunity to secure a specimen that I doubt can be seen in any American museum.

As they came on, now in plain sight, now beneath the vivid blue water, the launch was stopped, and Pinchot stood in the stern ready to fire when they came up, while I was ready to attack them with the camera, standing for the purpose in the bow.

The water was perfectly smooth, reaching away, a disk of steel. It was one of the hottest days of the season, and every move on the water could be seen. Looking down into it the sun seemed to irradiate and fill it with marvellous lights in which poised countless beautiful jelly-like forms —seemingly a part of some resplendent decoration of the deep sea.

While watching this the three killers suddenly came up not thirty feet distant, showing the upper portion of their bodies which glistened like black ivory in the sun. I think Pinchot fired at the largest. The animal rose high enough to show its eye, and I thought the bullet struck the water just at the base of the big five- or six-foot fin. Possibly the Chief Forester was not trying to hit the game, as at that distance he was a dead shot—an extraordinary shot at any distance, to my mind, doing if he desired all his big game shooting with a revolver when most men would want a close-sighted rifle.

The killers apparently made no demonstration. They came up to blow, whale-like, and rolled down again with dignity. As my camera clicked, as I thought, on the entire three (though it must be confessed I was excited at the display of fins and the sure chance of getting them), I looked down into the ocean as they dived, and saw the largest twenty or so feet below, directly beneath the launch,—its full black form standing out against the blue ocean, its lavender spots distinctly seen. Our skipper put on full speed and we rapidly turned and followed them. In a few moments they came up again ahead, holding to the same general direction, due south; and Captain Michaelis, putting the helm to port, sent us ahead after them. I was in the bow hanging on to the jibstay, camera in hand, half expecting that one animal might rise ahead so that I could obtain a dorsal view; but the killers doubtless have extraordinary clear sight under the sea, and while we were looking ahead they came up two hundred feet to the left.

Over went the wheel and we paralleled them. Down they went, with peculiar grace, then in about five minutes, as near as we could judge, up they came; first the big bull, then the others, and for a few seconds all were seen together and I certainly caught them and Pinchot fired at them. This time he must have hit. I fancied I heard the thud of the bullet against the massive body, and I am sure that he could have hit any spot on the animal that could have been seen, yet the big killer sank out of sight in a dignified manner, followed by the others.

So the chase went on for an hour or more, Pinchot occasionally firing, I bombarding them with my own camera and that of Governor Pardee. As a contribution to my skill as a photographer Senator Flint stated later that he observed me waving a film about my head as I re-loaded the instrument, at an exciting moment. I confess that I am no photographer; touching the button is about the limit of my powers.

When I worked or tried to work the Governor's camera I fancy I piled up two or more pictures on the same plate. I forgot to pull something which it was absolutely necessary to pull or left undone some trick that was a simple essential.

The camera was an expensive affair, one of those simple complications that drive men who despise machinery to the deep caves of despair. All you had to do was to guess the distance, but when I pulled the bellows out to the thirty-foot mark, the Governor insisted that it was fifty feet and proved his premise by reading rules from a preposterous book of the Tuna Club. Then there was something to push over; then you locked the bellows, so that they would not gradually sneak back to the ten-foot range. All this attended to, if you had not forgotten to turn the film from the last picture, you were ready to point the camera at the killer and squeeze the bulb.

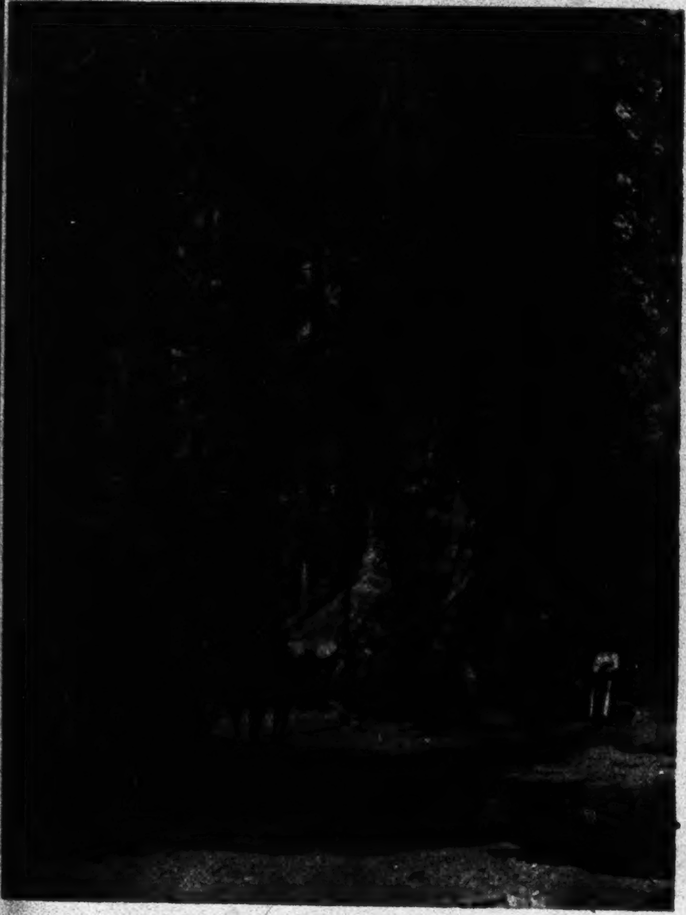
In the excitement of the moment I had all these things mixed, but it was practically impossible to get them mixed all the time, so out of a dozen or more trials I got one fair picture of the biggest orca as he calmly swam by our stern, Pinchot firing. I landed *my* game, all of which is herewith submitted, in all probability the first picture of the animal ever made, at least by me, and all sheer good luck, as it was a most exciting and difficult proposition for me, as we were constantly moving and the orcas were changing their position all the time, as a rule remaining above water only a few seconds. Yet I maintain that chasing the orca and hanging on to his heels as we did that hot morning is a legitimate and fascinating sport, either with the camera or the revolver, and had we possessed a whaling outfit, a harpoon and plenty of line, we might have collected a specimen of this rare mammal for some museum.

It was interesting to watch the sea animals that delight to swim along the surface. The swordfish seems to prefer it, his big dorsal, followed by the upper lobe of the tail, being seen cutting the smooth surface now and then. Everywhere at times the sunfish was in evidence, sometimes a dozen, their shorter, bigger dorsals fanning the surface, conspicuous objects; then here and there, the tips of the wings of the flying fish as it played and tipped along the surface; the fin of some hound-like shark, with a little ripple in front of it, or the sharp fins of a band of yellowtail, or the larger and sharper point of the leaping tuna's fin.

But all these fade into insignificance before the splendid knife-like fin, five or six feet long, of the killer. It commands the attention at once, telling of big and ponderous game; and if you closely watch it, you can tell fairly well what the big creature is doing. Generally they swim in a line, but occasionally they came on side by side; and once when very near, the big fin turned at an angle against the smallest and it was evident that the orca, possibly twenty feet long, was pressing near or against its young, recognizing the presence of danger, as the orcas must have seen the boat.

While the killers are murderous in their attacks on their own kind they never, so far as known, attack men, and the game of their choice seems to be the great whalebone whales. One of the most remarkable fights ever observed in California waters occurred at Avalon Bay where an acquaintance of mine saw several orcas attack a large whalebone whale and kill it by tearing away its lips and tongue. He described the scene as a pack of wolves about some stricken animal.

A strange contrast this, to the sedate and dignified actions of the trio which the Chief Forester fired at on the hot day off San Cle-



IN THE GREAT FOREST, SIERRA NEVADA

mente. From their actions and deliberate way of swimming, no one would suspect their true nature, nor indeed that of a shark when not feeding, a quiet, contemplative, lazy creature, seemingly at peace with all the world.

CHAPTER XX

THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD

LOMPOC is famous for two things, its mustard and its steelhead trout fishing. I discovered it one day with Robert Burdette. He was going to lecture to the mustard raisers who claim to raise two thirds of the mustard of the United States, and I was going on a scientific mission, to discover when to go a-fishing in the attractive little river that glides down between the plains of gold, and also to fish. Instead, I went to the lecture that I had heard before and wanted to hear again, and saw this inimitable preacher sway the Lompocians from tears to laughter and back again. I secured a seat at the back of the house behind a large angular woman who seemed an authority. Finally some one asked her who the speaker was.

"Why," she replied, "he's the silver-tongued orator of the golden West," and I can attest that my companion filled the part and instead of trout I caught wisdom and lessons of laughter, philosophy, and piety which I needed more than trout. But sometime I am going a-fishing in

NEAR THE HEADWATERS OF MERCED RIVER

that river of Lompoc. To find it you keep to the right on the way up the coast from Los Angeles to San Francisco, and it is nearly halfway. You pass Santa Barbara with its resemblance to Naples, then Points Arguello and Concepcion, and immediately appreciate the fact that in about an hour's ride you have left the real Southern California. Point Concepcion is the boundary on the coast, at least at Santa Barbara it is balmy and warm on the coast, but suddenly you round the great cape and strike a cold wind, and note a striking difference.

The car has for some time been rushing along in a seeming river of gold. Sometimes the river appears to overflow its banks and spread out for acres, yes, for miles, a real field of the cloth of gold, apparently winding its way around the world so far as you can see. The golden river is the mustard in bloom. Its tufts of blossoms rise, according to season, to a height of from four to five feet, a solid mass of brilliant golden-yellow, the most beautiful thing to be seen in California, if you are fond of blazing splendid color, which seems to be born of the sun god.

This river of gold, which environs the track, continues until you reach a long, wide, deserted beach cut in the centre by one of the big rivers of California, the Santa Ynez, which rises back in the mountains some sixty miles away. A splendid surf comes piling in, and you can trace it several miles across the entrance of the little valley, perhaps the finest display of thundering spume to be seen on the coast—so fine and impressive that they have named the little resort with its one or two homes, Surf. You change cars at Surf to go to Lompoc, somewhere up in the Coast Range, and take a little branch line with a fussy engine that has the distinction of having hauled more mustard plasters in embryo than any other line in the world. It steams up the Santa Ynez Valley, a wide opening in the Coast Range, which leads up through one of the most fertile regions in California.

In various parts of the State you meet mustard and its golden sheen in March and April, but there it is growing wild, racing up the sides of steep cañons away from the range, filling little valleys, always beautiful; but in the valley of the Santa Ynez it is cultivated and planted, not by the acre, but by the square mile; in fact, you see but little else, and the sight of hundreds of acres of golden mustard is one to remember, for there is nothing quite like it, and the man who invented the term "field of the cloth of gold" must have known such a field, or the "poppy" fields of Southern California.

The valley spreads out wider and wider, merging into the hills, and everywhere level and beautiful, the Santa Ynez in the centre overflowing here and there, with rivulets, doubtless to irrigate the mustard. A prosperous-looking farmhouse is seen now and then in the centre of a gold leaf a mile square,—you can think of no other comparison,—then another ranchhouse, surrounded by the richest of green hues, still mustard, mustard before the flower has appeared. On the hillsides the mustard sweeps upward like a flame, covering the slopes, the blossom adding to the brilliancy of the valley.

Possibly, it was this and the charms of the valley that attracted the mission fathers a century or more ago. They established the mission about fifteen miles up the stream,—one of the links of the great ecclesiastical chain that extended along the coast from Southern California to San Francisco. A century ago, many Mexicans lived here, and the Franciscans were a power, but in a day or two spent in rambling over the country in the vicinity of La Purissima Concepcion not half a dozen swarthy countenances were seen.

One intelligent Mexican, the descendant of a man who formerly owned nearly the entire country, spoke of the old times in a philosophical way. "The Spanish are too lazy for the *gringo;* they have no show. Spain and the Spanish are in their decadence; they reached their prime two centuries ago, they are down; and in about two centuries more of trusts and graft," he said, laughing, "the Americans will be in the same fix the Spaniards find themselves in to-day.

"I can remember my grandfather telling about the building of the missions. He came up the coast with Father Lasauen, and was a Spanish officer of rank, who decided to cast his fortunes in America. Father Lasauen picked out this place in 1787, but the mission was not started until 1788, when my grandfather marched up the coast from Santa Barbara at the head of the escort guarding the gang of laborers who had been selected to build a mission at this point.

"A month or so later Father Lasauen and Fathers Vincente Foster and José Arroita came up and built the mission. There was a big Indian town here, in fact, several, and they considered it a good locality, as their purpose was to civilize and convert the Indians, and in many instances the Indians did most of the work in rearing the buildings. I have seen the old books and in 1780 the mission had twelve hundred Indian converts, and the country about was the Purissima Rancho, laid out for miles, as the fathers were great farmers.

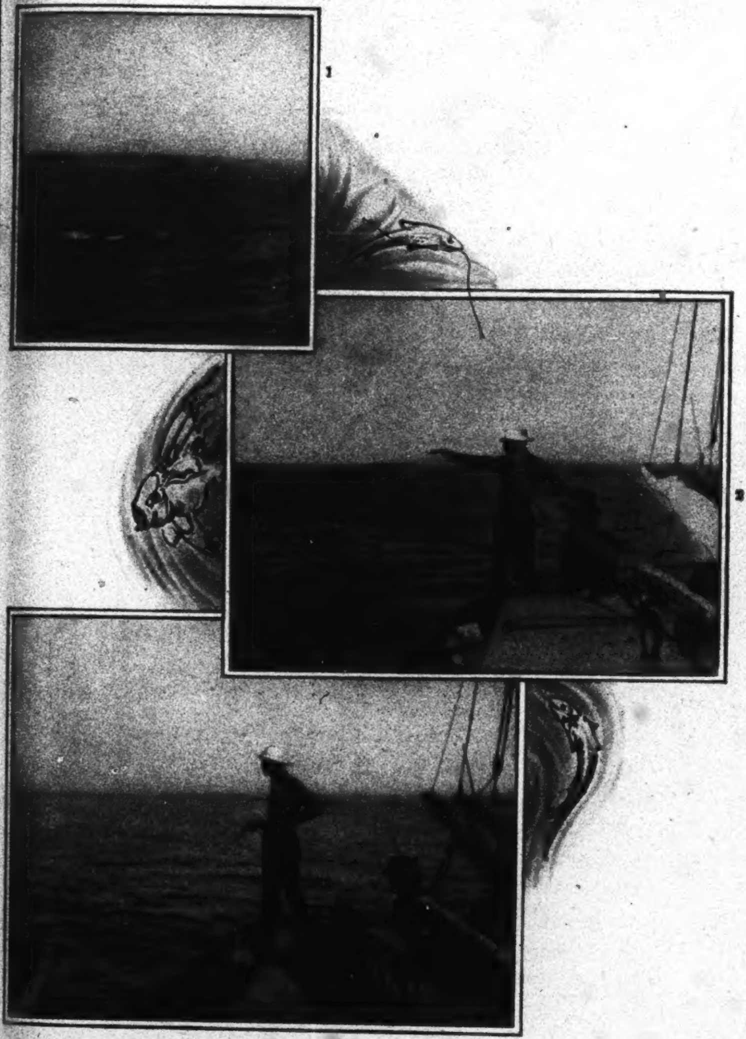
"They planted wheat and grain, introduced cattle of various kinds, grapes, and all Spanish plants, and in about 1804 they had a town about the mission of fifteen hundred souls, mostly Indians; and that is the reason many of the soldiers married Indians. You see in Santa Barbara and Los Angeles many Spaniards that are very dark and have Indian characteristics. There were no women; only men came from Spain at first, and hundreds of men married Indian women and raised large families.

"This valley was very fertile, and by 1804 the *rancho* had twenty thousand head of cattle, and hides were the currency of the country; they were dried and sent to Santa Barbara, and so found their way East.

"The first mission did not last very long, and was rebuilt, and by 1802 another was built about which were gathered nearly one hundred *rancherias.* And so things went along until 1820 when all the Indians on this part of the coast had renounced paganism and joined the Church. Up to the time of your War of 1812, everything went well; then Lompoc and the mission were hit by an earthquake. You can still see the crack on the hill where the earth opened and threw out a rain of black sand and mud. The first shock lasted almost four minutes and completely demoralized the people, and threw down half their huts of adobe, cracking the church. In half an hour came another shock that threw down every small house, ruined not only this mission, but many more all along shore, and killed a lot of people.

"The Indians thought the world had ended, and my grandfather said that he saw the fathers among them trying to comfort them. But not a few, when they saw the religion of the Spaniards thrown down, thought it a vengeance of their gods for deserting their own religion. A new mission was built over the river, but drought nearly killed all the cattle, in 1816, and in 1818 the houses of the neophytes were destroyed; and then, or in 1824, the Indians rebelled, and the massacre of that year occurred. Troops were sent from Monterey and defeated them, and after some time order was restored. In 1819 they had a good year and raised ten thousand bushels of corn, but the Indians were doomed, and in 1835 there were but four hundred. The mission as late as the time of the secularization was valued at $60,000. There was a library of Spanish and Italian volumes, valued at $1100. In 1834 the smallpox killed the last of the Indians; so it took the white man with the appliances of civilization just about fifty years to wipe out the native race of the region, and their monument is that old ruin."

The old mission, to-day a sorry pile, was sold by Governor Pio Pico to John Temple for a few hundred dollars, and to-day is the property of the Union Oil Company, a rival of the Standard Oil, which will aid in preserving it. The mission as it stands is an interesting and pathetic ruin; a long one story adobe, the roof partly broken in, the abode of bats, lizards, owls, and other lovers of desolation. Seekers after



MR. GIFFORD PINCHOT HUNTING THE KILLER WHALE WITH A REVOLVER

(1) The Killer
(2) Firing at the Orca
(3) Waiting for a Rise

Photographs by the Author

treasure have dug here and there; gophers and squirrels have undermined it, and some of the eighteen pillars that supported the heavy tiled roof are down, and others are broken. The building is about three hundred feet long, the corridors fifty feet wide, and the old mission, once a principality, a part of the evolution of Spanish America, is well worthy a visit in the valley of mustard in the heart of the Coast Range.

"We have one thing here besides mustard," said a townsman, "and that 's trout. The Santa Ynez is one of the most attractive streams in the State. In its upper reaches it is filled with rainbow trout, and down below, the steelheads are running."

That this was true any one could see, as in the little laguna at the mouth of the river, anglers were wading about in hip-boots, casting carefully with small spoons, occasionally hooking a large fish, playing him literally all over the laguna. Salmon trout or steelhead was the game. Fishes as large as twenty pounds have been taken here; fish that leap four or five feet into the air when hooked, and give an angler fine play.

This stream is about the southern limit of steelhead on the California coast, the fish being seen at its best in the Russian and other rivers north of San Francisco.

But as you have seen, this is all from hearsay, as I was listening to Robert Burdette lecture and preach instead of fishing, and I cannot wish the reader better fisherman's luck than was mine way up at Lompoc by the little river that, like Burdette's philosophy, runs laughing down through fields of gold to the distant sea.

CHAPTER XXI

THE HARLEQUIN OF THE FISHES

TO those who go down to the sea in ships on the Atlantic coast, and especially make their way in winter down among the Bahama and Leeward islands, along the mysterious Spanish main, a vision of loveliness is often vouchsafed in the guise of long, big-headed fishes, which give a continual and extraordinary exhibition of agility, directly in front of the cutwater of the fastest steamer, yacht, or sailing vessel, seemingly playing with it. From a distance of several feet, they look blue-backed, not unlike albacore; and they go by the name of dolphins, but are fishes; not the whale-like creature known as the bottle-nosed dolphin, which has the habits of the porpoise and others of the whale family.

It has been my good fortune to take several of these fishes which live out at sea in the Atlantic; one from the dolphin-striker of a ship, with a spear; and again in a vast floating patch of weed—a disconnected section of the Sargasso Sea, where I had an excellent opportunity to see them, and played my dolphin in a glorious garden of the sea, until it ran aground in the weed; which, I fancy, explains why I caught it. It was a case not of skill, but of good luck; not on the side of the fish, but good luck for me.

For nearly twenty years I fished the Pacific off the Southern Californian islands, where is found the greatest variety of big game fishes, of size and quality to stir the soul of the most phlegmatic ingrate. In all this time, though I saw some of the rarest fishes of the sea taken including the opah, the ribbon-fish, fishes that have lights, and many more, never did I see a dolphin or even hear of one being seen, until in 1906 or 1907, when one was brought in by a professional fisherman; then another later, and then every one went dolphin fishing with light rod and reel tackle.

There is but one criticism to be made about the sea angling in Southern California, if, indeed, one should have the temerity to take exception to the fulsome bounties of nature, and that is when you go fishing you often catch fish too easily, and if disposed to see how many you could take, which, unfortunately, is the aim and desire of certain lamentables, you could almost fill a boat at times with fifteen- or twenty-pound yellowtails.

But there was no danger of this with the dolphin. One fisherman said (and he was not under oath) that he had seen a school of dolphins so immense that it tinted the turquoise seas, and changed them to gold, as though some Midas-hand had passed over the waters. But the reality, so far as I was concerned, was very different. I fished singly, and in pairs, and in groups. We trolled the sea, up and down; now inshore, along the high and precipitous cliffs of the island, following along in undulating kelp beds that form the rialto of the fishes in these seas; then finding them not, went offshore over the sea of glass, which constitutes one of the wonders and charms of the region.

Down to the southeast of Santa Catalina, about five miles offshore, is a region called the "doldrums," as here there is almost always a lack of wind, and boats and yachts under sail often drift about for hours until they escape when the vagrant wind reaches them. In the doldrums, as in a vortex, patches of kelp were often found drifting with the tide; some twenty or more feet across, others but three or four; and all afforded excellent shelter for swarms of little fishes called by the men sea-minnows. Singularly enough, they all had taken on the tint and color of the weed—a rich brownish green, and when lying near it, were almost indistinguishable from it.

The weed was mostly kelp, a long olive-green or amber-hued vine, with broad, fluted leaves six or eight feet long, which floated on the surface and hung down, forming beautiful arches and loops—natural lurking places for the fishes—of a graceful and beautiful character, as aside from their natural beauty, every leaf was spotted or decorated with the white tracery of delicate coral-like animals, which had the appearance of white lace seen over amber. Each leaf was covered with these and other forms, lending to the beauty of the whole.

As we approached some of the islands, the little fishes could be seen in such vast numbers that they formed an amber tint, like a shadow hovering about it; as we drew nearer, they darted to their protective island, and disappeared as we rounded to alongside, and anchored by trailing a leaf, which the boatman would haul in. Nine islands out of ten, and they were scattered over a large area, had other attendants in the shape of yellowtails (*Seriola*), ranging from fifteen to twenty or even thirty pounds; splendid fishes, amber-hued above, silver below, with yellow fins, and a vivid yellow streak from head to tail, along the median line; radiant creatures, among the hardest fighters of all the game fishes of the Californias. It was an easy matter to catch them. A cast with the light resilient rod, and the shining sardine would hardly reach below the surface before it would be taken, the screaming reel telling the story.

But it was not yellowtails that we were in search of, though it must be admitted it required an extraordinary amount of moral courage to pass these splendid fishes by; and it was while indulging in this very pastime that the first dolphin was taken with rod and reel on these fascinating fishing grounds.

We were flying the flag of the Tuna Club, hence fishing or angling strictly according to its rules; and possibly it may interest the reader to know what this means in the parlance of the angler. The first injunction is to give the game the advantage, and to accomplish this the rods were of split bamboo and noibwood (as two were fishing), which weighed, butt included, just nine ounces, and were not over six feet in length; rods resilient, and so frail that, apparently, they seemed utterly impracticable for fishes of any size; rods the tips of which could be broken by the least exertion. As for the line, it was a seemingly impossible thread, known as number nine, about the size of an eyeglass cord, but possessing a strength that would haul a dead weight of two pounds per strand, or eighteen; yet so fragile was this line that the slightest misplaced movement resulted in a break; indeed, when six hundred feet are out, this line will often break of its own weight, showing conclusively that it is an uncertain and hazardous thing upon which to place any dependence.

With this tackle we had taken four or five yellowtails, ranging in weight up to twenty-five pounds, each fish making a splendid play of from twenty to thirty minutes, towing the launch around for several yards, and coming up to the gaff out of a sea whose beauty of color no pen could describe, no brush could paint. The water was clear and smooth as a disk of polished steel, and the sun, high overhead, sent great bands of pulsating light down into it, which seemed to intensify the color and render it so translucent that the eye could penetrate it seemingly for great distances, and strange and beautiful shapes seemed to be brought out, and their details illumined and magnified. Far below, standing out against the blue, were crystalline forms—comets, chains, globes, and a thousand radiant bas-reliefs against the watery sky—really jelly fishes, while everywhere the ocean was sprinkled, as it were, with gems, sparkling in their iridescence; some red, like rubies; others blue as sapphires; others again with the steely glow of a diamond; some pink, like a tourmaline; indeed, every possible color, tint, or glow that ever flushed over a spectrum seemed to find place in this fairyland of the sea.

The silvery glow of a fighting yellowtail could be seen, seemingly, three hundred feet below as it coursed around the launch; and the eye was constantly regaled with strange and beautiful objects designed to arrest the attention of the angler, and possibly to enable the fish to escape, a conspiracy of nature to defeat the ends of the angler.

We had visited perhaps six different floating islands, taking yellowtails here and there, and finally ran silently up to a long attenuated mat of weed under which we could see several large fishes. As the launch slowed down my companion, Mr. Thomas McD. Potter, founder of the Three-Six Club, made a long cast; and, as the shining smelt sank a foot or more, out from the green island there dashed what I assumed was a yellowtail, seized it, and disappeared. I saw a flash of brilliant yellow and purple; but such an evanescent blaze of color is often seen when a yellowtail strikes, so nothing was thought of it. The fish made a hard fight, sulking deep in the blue heart of the channel, making the delicate nine-ounce rod bend to the danger point more than once. But my companion was one of the most skilful anglers in the country, and the way he persuaded this game creature to rise and come to the surface was well worth seeing. But it took a goodly measure of line; the fish was doubtless headed downward.

Gradually, however, the angler gained, and leaning over, so that my face was near the water, I saw a vision that held me like a magnet. The channel was the most beautiful mass of color human eyes ever looked into; it was indescribable. I had seen the beautiful blue of the sky in the Garden of the Gods, Colorado; had wondered at its tone and hue on the flanks of the Sangre de Cristo; had seen the narrow river of blue from the Grand Cañon of San Clemente, that was like a ribbon of indigo. But none of these compared with the wealth of color that stretched away to infinity in this splendid deep, this abysmal world. Every definition of the color flashed through my mind; azure, ultramarine, cerulean, sapphire, iris; all the results of this espial, and all in vain, as mere words failed to describe it. Deep in its centre was a spot of gold of so strange a hue and tint that it fascinated me like a great eye of topaz. It was saffron; it flamed with lurid copper and amber tints; it was aureate; it was a deep yellowish green, coming nearer, and growing more and more familiar, until the dregs of memory came to my rescue, and I recalled where and when, years before, I had seen this strange weird color on the borders of the Sargasso Sea. I knew it by its color alone, and shouted to my companion that he had a dolphin, if not the king of colorists of the sea, a near kinsman.

My companion at once began handling the game with the greatest care, as was this not the fish we had been hunting for, covering miles of water? Slowly he reeled, while I, still peering into this wonderland, where the sky seemed to be reflected, saw the marvellous changes of the greatest master of color-change in the world.

Up it came, foot by foot, until I saw its splendid outline against the blue, its tall, domed head, the long, beautiful dorsal fin from head to tail, the thin knife-like body, the sardonic mouth, small beautiful eyes, the silvery belly, the yellow fins, all of which flashed waves of chromatic storms, dazzling to the eye and senses.

The dolphin was about four feet in length, a doughty specimen, and it was making literally the fight of its life; swimming, head down, in great circles, protesting every inch, every turn of the reel. In due time it was reeled to within twenty feet of the surface, and the boatman was fingering the gaff, and I was still reporting its changes of color for the benefit of the angler, who could not see them, when it suddenly changed its tactics, stopped circling, dashed upward in a blaze of glory, and leaped like a tarpon into the air, where for a single second it thrashed about, a thing of beauty, a living rainbow, an ecstatic prism, scintillating with effulgent rays, to fall and leap again and again, to our amazement and delight.

Then it rushed away, making the reel sing a brazen *allegro;* coming around in a great circle, to leap again; always coming in nearer and nearer, fighting for its life, the epitome of pluck, never once showing the white feather, or ceasing to struggle until the gaff caught it, and ever the harlequin; changing, melting, from one glorious tint to another, it came in—the first large dolphin ever taken with rod and reel on ~~the~~ Pacific coast.

The fish was a typical specimen, nearly four feet long, very thin, its head domed in a marvellous manner; altogether a remarkable creature to catch with such light tackle, striking testimony to the modern reformation in sea angling.

The beauty of the dolphin is a revelation to the fortunate angler who takes it, and it may be considered one of the rarest of fishes to capture with rod and reel. Yet a number were taken at Santa Catalina in the season of 1907, and the beautiful creature has been added to the remarkable list of game fishes of this prolific region, and Mr. Potter's catch now adorns the walls of the Tuna Club of Avalon.

The fish is often confused with the other dolphin, also common in these waters, but the latter is allied to the whales, and is not a fish, but an air-breathing, milk-giving creature, generally harpooned when it is taken at all, though I have seen one taken with a hook and line along the hanging kelp gardens of the Californian islands. Little is known of the habits of the dolphin beyond the fact that it is an ocean

HEADWATERS OF THE MERCED, YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK

roamer, a pelagic wanderer, found everywhere in tropic and semi-tropic seas; a radiant creature adding to the beauties of the open sea, as do the birds to some grove or forest ashore. Doubtless the young are found and born on the surface of the open sea.

CHAPTER XXII

SOME OCEAN AERONAUTS

TO the casual observer the wide stretch of ocean, boundless and undefined, has no especial interest beyond its vastness and the mystery which surrounds its abysmal depths; yet to him who, from a love of all things beautiful, has made the restless waters an objective for study and observation, who has

> laid his hand upon the Ocean's mane,
> And played familiar with his hoary locks,

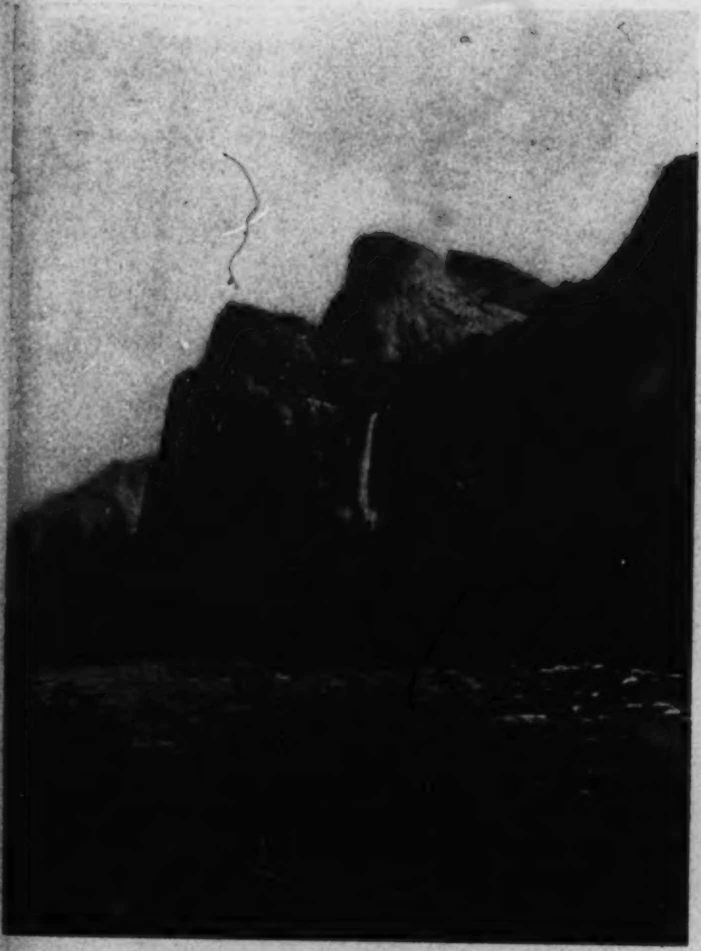
comes a deep and abiding sense of pleasure. To such an one, the apparently endless expanse is not merely a waste of waters, but at all times a living thing whose moods, lights, and shadows are invested with a peculiar and enduring charm.

One of the most impressive sights I have ever witnessed was the ocean beaten, torn, and buffetted in the heart of a hurricane. The ship was lying partly on her beam ends, with but a handful of sail to keep her head to the constantly shifting wind. A strange moaning sound filled the air, the wind strumming on the shrouds, as upon the strings of some gigantic æolian harp—a feature which added strangely to the weirdness of the scene. The wind, which came in fitful gusts, blew the storm clouds so low that they formed a strongly-defined belt of black, thirty or fifty feet above the water, into which the frightful waves seemed to leap and disappear. Clinging to the rigging near the mizzenmast, I was fascinated by the sight, realizing the full possibilities of ocean scenery. Here were mountains, hills, abysmal depths, vast caverns of solid green and amber with marvellous fluctuations of color that seemed to race over the surface to be swallowed up in a darkness deeper than night. Here was staged a marine phantasmagoria with all its divertisement, every possibility of scenic effect except life. But as I looked, a wall of water rose, towering over the ship, and from its crest was torn a single living thing, the apotheosis of the storm,—a flying fish, that soared away high in air to become lost in a cloud of foam; showing that here where human life hung in the balance, in a turmoil of the elements appalling to contemplate, one of the most helpless of all the fishes found a home,—suggestive of the remarkable adaptation of animal life to almost every condition and environment.

The flying fishes in their variety are essentially a part of the scenery of the ocean, forming a graceful and picturesque feature. We see them in the fiercest storms, bounding with the abandon of perfect confidence into the air, carried upward by the gale, yet preserving their equipoise, and by the aid of their parachute-like fins covering long distances over the waste of waters. They rise over the waves in graceful undulation, plunge into the deep valleys of the moment, in a marvellous way adapting their movements to the ever-varying fancy of the ocean surface. During a calm, when the ocean is a mirror and the aiding wind is low, they are still present, skimming along like swallows, or grotesque insects, their black eyes staring, their wings gleaming like burnished silver in the sun.

In the northern waters the flying fishes are confined to the forms whose tints are silver and various shades of steely blue; but in tropical and semi-tropical seas are found the flying gurnards, gorgeously-colored creatures, veritable knights of the wave, armed cap-a-pie, bearing a helmet impervious to the most vigorous contact with living foe or any inanimate object it may strike in blind or reckless flight.

These two representatives of the ocean fliers, with their many varieties, the species of the scientist, afford an interesting field for speculation to the casual observer, who merely delights in their beauty and wonders at their seemingly



HEADWATERS OF A CALIFORNIA TROUT STREAM, THE MERCED

marvellous powers of flight; and to the naturalist, who would make their flight a careful study. In our Atlantic and Pacific waters eleven species of the flying fish have been observed; all differing in some feature and adapted possibly to some slightly different conditions. All the Atlantic forms, singularly enough, ten out of the eleven known in America, are delicate little creatures resembling dragon-flies, darting over the waves, rising on the crest, swooping down into the hollows, their lace-like fins or wings reflecting the sun in myriad hues. Their soaring flight is strong, and, aided by the wind, they move away in graceful lines to remarkable distances.

In the Atlantic, many different forms are met with within a restricted area. Gosse found the common *Exocœtus volans* very frequent everywhere; and in a voyage in American sub-tropical waters assumed that one variety replaced, as it were, the other. Thus near Radonda he observed multitudes of a rare and showy flying fish, presumably *Exocœtus hillianus*. They were delicate little creatures, appearing as they darted over the waves like insects; barely five inches in length, the back a rich dark steel-purple, the wings or pectoral fins as delicate as fine lace, and so transparent that when placed over the page of a book, type could readily be read through them. The eye was large and beautiful, the iris as blue as the tint of the ocean.

Their movements were extremely rapid, and flight short; yet so brilliant is the blue coloring, so rich the silver sides, that they are far more striking in appearance than many of the larger forms. This was the *Volador* of the Spanish main.

Midway between Africa and the West Indies Gosse met bands of the common *Volitans*, a larger flier, which is essentially the fish of the open sea, making its home in the mid-Atlantic, despite the war of extermination waged against it by the voracious dolphins. Near Antigua the little blue-back flier took the place of the larger form, rising in shoals, glistening in the sun as they dashed away ahead of the ship. When near Hayti these again were succeeded by the great black-winged flying fish. In these waters and all along the Atlantic coast of North America we shall meet a variety of these interesting fishes. In the vicinity of the Mexican Gulf they are seen in great numbers. My first experience with them was in capturing one as it fell from the square sail of our schooner in the Florida Straits. I watched it rise in terror from the crest of a sea that rose high and menacing on our quarter. The wind caught the lace-like parachutes, lifting it high into the air, carrying it prone against the sail.

The force with which these little aeronauts move is not inconsiderable, and the log of many ships, if kept as conscientiously with reference to the natural history of the voyage as to the other happenings, would tell of experiences with these ocean fliers. In one instance a sailor is struck by one. In another the ship's light at night is erroneously thought to have attracted a flier which plunging down into it shatters it, to the dismay of the superstitious toiler of the sea.

The velocity with which these fliers move is shown in the instance of the bill-fish—*Hemiramphus*—an ally. I have seen these slender needle-like fishes dart from the water, and by a deft manipulation of the tail, go spinning away with the apparent rapidity of an arrow; and that the rate of speed is sufficient to endanger human life has been demonstrated by Professor Moseley, the naturalist of the *Challenger,* who describes a rush of an allied fish, stating that it came directly for the boat, striking the cap of an officer, knocking it off. Moseley also states that the so-called flight of this fish is occasionally fatal to natives who happen to stand in the course of the living projectile, the velocity of the fish being sufficient to cause it to enter the flesh with disastrous results. The attack is entirely accidental. I have frequently alarmed a school of the small bill-fishes in wading along the outer Florida reef by tossing a piece of coral into the water, whereupon they would dash blindly in every direction. The equatorial Pacific form is large and powerful, and natives when wading at times employ baskets as shields to ward off the headlong flight of the fish.

By far the most remarkable flier among these interesting fishes is the one found on the Pacific coast, known as the California flying fish, *Exocœtus Californiensis*. It is also the largest of the clan, a veritable giant, eighteen or nineteen inches in length. I have had unusual opportunities for observing this fish during its flights, and my experiences in attempting to photograph it in air, to illustrate beyond peradventure the correct method of flight, were many and varied.

Few questions in the field of popular natural history have attracted more attention than the one, whether the flying fish flies in a literal sense and flaps its wings. Naturalists have been arrayed against brothers in science. Laymen have defied professional observers, and the war is still on, on the very borders of the western sea where the great flying fish is best known. Gosse, the well-known English naturalist, after a careful scrutiny of the Atlantic forms and one common in the Mediterranean, became convinced that they flew, moving the wings after the manner of birds. Bennett, a countryman of Gosse, who studied the fliers of the South American coast, came to an opposite conclusion. Humboldt was positive that they were the literal birds of the sea, and in the vivid word painting of which he was master, described their flight from the waves high into the air. In this he was supported by Gardner, who based his conclusions on observations made on the Brazilian coast. Cuvier took an opposite view, as did Agassiz and others; yet there are still careful observers who are positive that they have seen the flying fish flap its so-called wings and fly.

The Santa Catalina Channel between the island of that name and the coast of Los Angeles County, Southern California, is about twenty miles broad, a sheet of extremely deep water fairly in the lee of the great mountain island, and famous as a feeding ground for many tribes of marine animals. The channel is a favorite resort of this flying fish, which is but a type of all the others, and during the trip across the observer is frequently entertained by the exhibitions of the marine flier.

It was partly to solve the question of flight or soaring that I made a trip into the heart of the flying-fish country, and on many subsequent crossings I watched the fishes hour after hour from every possible point of vantage. One of these fishes which came aboard the steamer eight or ten feet above the water line, crashing through a pane of glass and playing havoc among the glasses, may serve as an illustration.

The fish resembles a mullet about eighteen inches long, large individuals weighing two pounds. The upper portion is a steely blue,—a protective resemblance which renders them nearly invisible when seen from above against the remarkable and intense blue of this channel. The head is large and blunt; the eyes staring, black, and very conspicuous. The side or pectoral fins are developed to an enormous extent, the rays being long and attenuated, like fingers, connected by a web of great delicacy that in fish of the largest size presents a web or wing area of possibly fifty square inches on each side. The tail is an important organ, the lower lobe being so well developed that it is much longer and stouter than the other, forming a powerful screw.

The two ventral fins are also parachutes and resemble small wings, one upon each side, having a possible surface of six square inches; so that when its fins are all spread the fish calls to mind some of the whimsical flying machines of the early part of the century, having apparently two pinnate wings for flight and two balance or supplementary wings, with a powerful screw and rudder. There is still another soaring auxiliary which this fish possesses—an aerostat or balloon for reducing its specific gravity in the air. This is the air-bladder which in some species is half as long as the fish itself and particularly large, containing in the small

9

A LAKE TAHOE RECORD TROUT, 31½ POUNDS

individuals of five or six inches about three and a half cubic inches of gas. Thus equipped, the fish is well prepared by nature to bound into the air and amaze all observers by its extraordinary soaring powers and sustaining qualities.

As the steamer ploughed across the channel I placed myself, camera in hand, in a port, about ten feet above the cutwater, from the immediate vicinity of which the fishes were darting every few seconds. I first observed them when there was no wind. I could see them as the steamer approached swimming a foot below the surface, the long fins folded and dragging by their sides, the motive power evidently being the tail. As the steamer drew nearer they darted to the surface, beginning a furious twisting of the long-lobed tail which acted as a screw and drove the fish out of the water. Sometimes during three or four seconds I would see the tail vigorously twisting, calling to mind a propeller. Here was the motive power; and so violent were the motions of this extraordinary organ that they imparted to the entire fish a series of quick tremors which in turn were transmitted to the "wings" or fins giving them the appearance of fluttering or moving up and down. But the wing movement was involuntary, and the moment the tail ceased whirling and the fish was clear of the water the fins appeared to become rigid and the fish, one or two feet above the water, poised at an angle of forty-five degrees, moved away at a rapid rate, a thing of grace and beauty.

If it was calm the fish would move on in a straight line three or four hundred feet, more or less, the side fins widely spread, raised slightly above the body and at a certain angle with it, also inclined slightly forward and outward, forming by the rotation on their long axes an angle of about thirty degrees with the horizon. These fins were like the wings of a kite, essentially supporters, while the two anal fins seemed to serve as supplementary balancers.

As fish after fish darted into the air and I snapped the camera at them, in attempts to take them on the wind, I was forcibly reminded of the flight of the condor, or the man-of-war bird, and others noted for their soaring powers. If the fish could have flapped its wings when its momentum was exhausted, it would have been the soaring of a bird; but this is what happened in not one, but hundreds of instances: the fish moved away until its momentum was exhausted, then the tail began to droop, then to touch the water and drag. Now if the flier was disposed to discontinue the flight the tail sunk deeper and deeper until finally the entire body was submerged with a splash. If continued flight was deemed expedient the moment the long lower lobe of the tail touched the water it began the violent screw-like motion, which again precipitated the fish into the air; and I have seen a fish chased by a tuna repeat this several times until it disappeared from view, undoubtedly *soaring* over an eighth of a mile.

The wind, its direction and strength, were important factors in the flight. When it was blowing the fish would move ahead against it, the wind lifting it up, gravity, the string of the kite, pulling the fish down and on, the fish really sliding over the current of wind caused by its rapid movement. When it wished to turn its direction, or possibly by accident, the straight line became deflected, and in a bend of singular grace the fish bore away, and from directly behind could be seen the so-called wing on the lee side depressed, the other elevated, just as in the case of a bird in soaring.

As to the power of the fish over its movements, its ability to turn at will, there was a wide range for conjecture, and I am inclined to the belief that the power in this respect is very limited. I frequently saw a fish rise twenty feet from the steamer and dash against her side, falling dead or stunned into the water. Again I have seen them rise and upon seeing the black form of the vessel, dive head first, by a convulsive somersault-like movement, before they had progressed two feet. In this instance the fish evidently saw the ship and avoided her. Again the fish seemed to have no power over its motions, though it should be explained that in all such instances the flying fish was terrorized by the ship or by large fishes. At these times the flying fish makes the most remarkable flights. Noticing a charge of tunas and albacores upon a school of flying fishes one day off Santa Catalina I rowed my boat into the line of march and carnage. The water was smooth, yet coming slowly on was a mass of white caps that covered several acres. The large fishes were chasing a school of flying fishes, driving them up the coast of the island. In a few moments I was in the midst of them. Flying fishes were darting in every direction. They came toward me like arrows, and I was constantly alert to avoid them. One, chased by a tuna, passed over my boat, so near me that I moved my head aside to avoid being struck. I watched it attentively. The fins were fixed, its large black eyes staring like glass beads, with a strange stony expression, the fish moving as rapidly as a man could run, while under the boat dashed its nemesis, a large tuna, that thus followed it, seizing it as it struck the water fifty feet away.

So demoralized were these flying fishes, that they sought shelter beneath the boat, moving about sluggishly, as though unable to further resist. The tunas were magnificent creatures six or seven feet in length, types of agility and strength, the otherwise smooth sea being cov-

COMING DOWN OUT OF THE SIERRA NEVADA UPON THE TAHOE FISHING LAKES

ered with foam caused by their rushes along the surface. But the most astounding display was caused by their efforts to capture the flying fishes in the air, to accomplish which the tunas would dash out of the water like arrows, gleaming in blue and silver, rising to a height of ten feet, turning gracefully to return. Scores of the huge fishes were in the air, and their high and lofty tumbling was a subject of serious consideration, as one of the largest would have passed through my slight craft as it would through paper; but none came nearer than ten or fifteen feet. This individual, one of the largest, rose beneath a flying fish, struck it so powerful a blow that it sent the flier whirling over and over like a pinwheel of gauze, ten feet or so into the air, picking it up as it fell dead or stunned on the surface. On several occasions I observed the tuna strike the flying fish with its head, but could not see that it seized the game in the air, which undoubtedly was the object of the extraordinary leap.

This charge of the tunas up the channel is of common occurrence during the season or summer months, and when enacted near shore, the flying fish soar out upon the beach, or are often found in boats moored offshore, and during their wild flights at night men are sometimes struck by the finny projectiles. Once while rowing a lady about the little bay of

Avalon she was struck by a flier, despite her efforts to avoid it; while another passed within a few inches of my head. Another dashed into the lap of a lady, who was sitting on the beach twenty feet from the water, much to her astonishment. Upon one occasion when fishing alongshore at nightfall at Santa Catalina the tunas flushed a school of flying fishes, and one of the heavy missiles struck me fairly in the neck, knocking me backward, into the arms of my boatman, and for the next ten minutes we moved through the school with heads lowered expecting to be bombarded at any moment, as the flying fishes were in the air all about us.

That the wind is an important factor in long flights was evident upon many occasions. Once while cruising in a power launch I sat in the bow and indulged in the sport of shooting flying fishes. They would break water at about the distance a quail might be expected to rise, sometimes two or three at a time, affording fair and certainly novel sport. As we rounded the south end of the island a heavy wind was blowing. Suddenly a band of albacores rushed inshore driving large numbers of flying fishes into the air. I saw twenty or thirty in a single flock that took the air at the same moment, then, caught by the fierce gusts of wind they were lifted thirty or more feet upward, just as a soaring bird rises; at this altitude turning gracefully and dashing away before the gale, their wings or fins gleaming like molten silver in the sunlight.

The development of fins into parachutes is a provision of nature to enable an entirely defenceless fish to escape its enemies, which are legion; but as remarkable as are its possibilities, those wolves of the sea, the predatory tuna and albacore, are rarely deceived by the apparent disappearance of the fish. As it leaves the water, the large fish rushes for it, perhaps striking it, but if it soars away, the sharp-eyed follower is on its track, a few inches below the surface, ready to receive it. When completely exhausted, it drops back into its native element which affords it so little protection, and is often seized at the moment of impact.

This sight will long linger in my memory: The lofty and precipitous mountain shores of Santa Catalina rising directly from the sea, the water broken by mysterious ground swells that appeared to come in from the unknown to vent their fury upon the rocks; the flying fishes lifted into the air by the gale until they could be seen glistening like silver against the dark background of the island cliffs that beat back the sea, grim and forbidding. Moseley, the enthusiastic naturalist of the *Challenger*, states that he believes that he has seen the so-called flying robins flutter their wings when flying, and thinks that they are used to accelerate flight. I have watched them for hours in the great patch of sargassum which forms the border-land of the Sargasso Sea, and in various localities; and while there is undoubtedly a fluttering of the wing, it seemed to me to be due to the rapid movement of the fish through the air. These fishes exceed the flying fishes already referred to in beauty of coloring, and are totally unlike them in many ways. The wings or side fins are but two in number, but much larger and beautifully colored. The fish is armed almost from head to foot; its scales are keeled, its blunt head protected by plates of bone, and the hard operculum ends with a backward projecting spine, giving it the appearance of a helmet, while the keeled scales which cover the body carry out the idea of an armored knight.

These "fliers" are not the equals of the true flying fishes in flight; yet I have seen them cover long distances. Individuals have been known to knock down sailors and stun them by striking them at night. An extraordinary illustration of their powers of flight is given by Moseley who, while fishing, hooked one, which immediately bounded into the air, taking hook and line with it, and soaring away, to the amazement of the naturalist, who, not accustomed to methods so peculiar, lost the fish. These fishes are among the most grotesque in form and coloring, some combining many tints which when caught by the sunlight causes them to resemble gorgeous insects. In the patches of sargassum, where I have observed them in flight, the surroundings are sombre. The floating weed is of a subdued olive tint, and the animals which live in it are of the same hue, which, apparently, they have acquired as a protective measure. The flying gurnard alone has a coat of many colors, and as it rises, lends vitality and color to the scene, its trembling wings flashing with vivid lines of blue, green, yellow, and other less conspicuous colors, transforming these silent regions of calm into a scene of beauty and animation.

CHAPTER XXIII

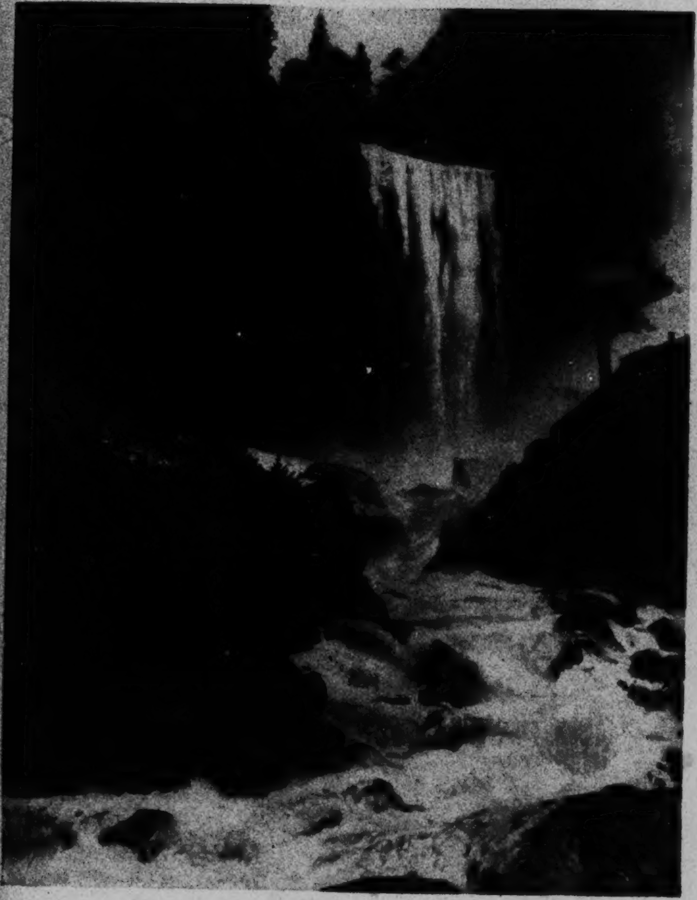
HARD RIDING IN CALIFORNIA

AMONG the many experiences which impress strangers in California, especially visitors from the New England States where horseback riding is not, or was not in my time, in particular favor is the trail riding. Riding in the West is often entirely different from that in the East. I remember a friend from New York complained to me in the old days that he could not in all Pasadena find a horse with a "park gait." But I said, "You can find one that will bring you safely down a mountainside as steep as the side of a house," and before long he ceased to pine for a "park gait," really very desirable at times I think, and began to enjoy the horses that could take anything, and at any time. I must confess to a weakness for what an old friend in the East insists upon calling "desperate riding," but which is really not so, if one but understands his horse. There is an excitement about it, a seeming risk that seems to fall into line with playing a big fish, or following some game supposed to be dangerous, but after a full share of experiences covering many years, including a circus-like somersault with my horse, and several minor extravaganzas, I can say that the so-called California hard, or rough riding, is not so dangerous as it looks. The horses are merely habituated to a rough country, and carry you over it safely if you wish to try the experiment.

In the old days on all the California ranches the cattle would get away and take to the bush,—an impenetrable trap, which on the slope of a mountain was demoralizing to a rider or horse who did not understand it. I once started up an alleged trail on a branch of the Sierras. There had been a trail, there was no question about that, but it had been unused for years, and after half an hour of it I was literally swept from the saddle. Having a horse who would submit to the indignity, I took him by the tail and we butted through the bush for a long distance, finally reaching the summit that looked down into deep cañons on every side. To avoid this on the return, some hours later, I rode down what appeared to be an inviting divide where there was a wolf trail. This took me into a burnt-over district of *Adenostoma* or greasewood; a bush about six feet high of steel-like consistence. My heavy saddle and leathers were some protection, but as the horse pushed a black branch to one side, it sprang back at me with all the venom of a bull-whip, almost stunning me with the pain at times and driving the patient horse frantic.

From this we reached the live thick greasewood, now on the side of a cañon where the horse, demoralized, rolled over, falling with a crash, leaving me in the bush. The temperature must have been 110°, and at every move a cloud of copper-colored dust rose,—a combination which was maddening. I broke away the brush, got the horse upon his feet, and crawled on my knees for perhaps fifty feet to find an opening; but it was all the same, and there was but one thing to do. If I attempted to lead the horse he invariably fell on me; I could not force him down from behind, so I mounted, and we ploughed, butted, and rammed our way down. Time and again the horse reared and rolled back in the awful maze; at every fall I lifted myself into the saddle, my feet on it, holding onto the big pommel, and as he went down jumped into the bush or slid out of the way of his hoofs.

It did not require much of this for the horse to become wildly excited, and I would sit in the saddle and talk to him for five or ten minutes, both of us almost suffocated, before beginning again. The broncho finally brought me to a clearing, where, after resting, I found a trail to the valley below. This was an accidental and



VERNAL FALLS, YOSEMITE

foolish aftermath of a deer hunt; I was not obliged to do it; but this sort of work was often the daily or weekly routine cut out for the old Californian of fifty years, or less, ago on the slopes of the Sierra Madre cañons. This *was* rough riding, as cattle were roped in this maze and driven out, and the men who accomplished it doubtless never thought it extraordinary.

The rider whose understanding of rough riding is limited to fiction and Buffalo Bill's cavalcade of trained buckers, and his own experiences in the level fields of the East, is easily misled, and country which appears to him dangerous and impossible is often a bagatelle to an intelligent California broncho who knows his country. I was riding a few years ago over a very hard country with an Eastern friend, a man of undoubted courage and pluck, and discovered that he was amazed at what he termed the climbing quality of my horse. I could scarcely convince him that if he would but permit his own animal to have the rein he would do the same. He had never seen a broncho run down the side of a mountain, and where it was too steep to run, settle on his haunches and slide like a toboggan and reach the bottom, knee-deep in sand. He could not believe that a horse could run at full speed on a winding coyote trail on the face of a cañon, as steep as the side of a roof, yet it was an every-day experience with the little horse he rode, that doubtless was amazed at being led over the seeming bad places.

This point of view is held because such conditions of riding do not occur in the East, and are never seen as a regular thing except in the places indicated.

My first experience in what I should term hard or rough riding, in contrast to anything I have seen or heard of in other regions, was on the summit of Santa Catalina Island. There are eight or nine of these Californian islands within two hundred miles or so of Point Concepcion, and nearly all are sheep ranges, and most of them have been used as such since the days of Old California. Santa Catalina, now worth millions, was once, it is said, sold for a white horse by the grandfather of one of the herders now living on the island of San Clemente, a government possession.

My invitation to the round-up came from Captain Frank Whitley, and operations were begun at Middle Ranch, a wide cañon on the summit of the island. The entire island is made up of ridges, deep cañons, and sub-cañons again, while in the centre of the fifty thousand acres rise two rocky mountains twenty-two hundred feet in height. In all, the island is twenty-two miles long and from one to six miles wide. Much of it is covered with manzanita, here and there barren places, or groves of live oak; but most

ALONG THE SIERRA NEVADA

of it, especially on the north coast, has a coating of ironwood, manzanita, greasewood, and other bushes that form an almost impenetrable maze, locked and interlocked so closely that I have on more than one occasion been so involved that my horse could not move and it was simply a question of cutting him out.

Nearly the entire island at this time was laid out along the divides with low brush fences sufficient to form runways and lead the sheep down to certain cañons where the shearing was to be held. This year it was at the mouth of a cañon on the north coast. The herders, mostly Mexicans, Indians, and a few Americans, started in from Middle Ranch and in long lines headed in that direction. Almost immediately rough riding, that should have been seen to be appreciated, began. Whitley was a short, wiry man, straight as an arrow, rather inclined to be fleshy, but as light as possible on a horse. As he swung himself into the saddle Mexican Joe, Ramirez, and a score of others with names suggestive of the grandees of Spain, fell in, and half concealed by the cloud of dust, moved up the cañon. Some took the arroyo, others the side of Black Jack, that rose like a wall, covered with stones and cactus, while others again, including Whitley and the *gringo*, myself, the brush to the right.

The cañon side to the right was cut by myriads of little trails made by sheep and foxes. They were just wide enough for a horse's hoofs, but no Eastern rider would think of running a horse at full speed over one; he would dismount and lead his steed. But such a rider here would have been run over and bowled down the cañon side. I had had several years of what I considered hard riding on the foothills of the Sierra Madre, chasing the wolf, but this capped the climax. Up the side of the cañon the lithe island-born horses went; some zigzagging, others making it in bounds, plunging into the brush, the men shouting at the sheep which ran blindly on into the dust-clouds, anyway to escape the unseen yelling crowd. Coming to an open place they would stampede down the cañon, lose their footing, and roll over and over, like balls, bawling like sheep, and after them came the copper-tinted dust cloud, Whitley spurring his broncho, that went headlong down the cañon side, bits and spurs rattling, yelling like a madman, with others after him. Crash! and a broncho went sliding by me until the pommel caught in a manzanita bush which held it, until Clementi rolled down also, cleared it, and mounted again.

If a horse refused to run or walk, down he slid, and if he could not or would not slide, he got down some way. Men were dashing along the narrow sheep trails at full speed, directing the horses by bending the body to right or left.

Reins were of little use here as a rider needed both hands to raise above him to push aside the limbs; if he missed, why, he was dragged out of the saddle to be run down by the wild pirates of the spur that were coming behind. I have read of abandon, of the wild excitement of the cavalry charge, of the desperate courage often witnessed, but I can imagine no more reckless run than this rush after sheep on the slope of Black Jack cañon.

Some of the animals escaped, leaped the fence, went over the divide into a cañon whose sides were seemingly up and down, but after them went some of the herders; some of the horses, settling back so that their haunches were on the ground, slid down, gathering headway, until an avalanche of rock, sand, and *débris* bore them on. When a horse went down, the men sprang off to aid it, holding onto the pommel and running on the trail just above until they got headway, then flinging themselves into the saddle and rushing on with an abandon and pure delight in the wildness of it all that was inspiriting, infectious, and irresistible. There were many marvellous feats of horsemanship performed that morning, but these reinless riders were not aware that they were doing anything remarkable. It was what they were paid for, and more than that, it was what the horses were bred to. They did not need leaders, they could climb without, and climb places abounding in rock or cactus or sand or brush that bore all the signs of possible disaster; yet I did not hear of a horse killed that day, nor was one seriously wounded.

There was about three miles of this rounding-up before we came to the divide; the sheep were then driven down into the big cañon and to the beach where we could see, eighteen hundred feet below, the blue ocean, the shearing party, and the cottonwoods that concealed the camp. The shearers were at work, and a corral was filled with sheep run down that day and days before. Again the wild riding was displayed, even intensified, as ever and anon the sheep would break through or leap a fence or barrier, and go scurrying away.

A real rough rider of the Californian definition was a man who understood his horse and whose horse had faith and absolute confidence in him. They worked as one. The man had absolute courage, stopped at nothing, never asked his horse to do anything he believed it could not do, and the animal was so well trained, or so intelligent, probably both, that it obeyed orders as a soldier; discipline was a paramount question. In the old days in California, and not so long ago, nothing so well illustrated this as the pastime of all Californians, that of roping grizzlies and dragging them for miles on improvised sleds. This was a game, one might think, for a dozen men, but I have known Californians who have roped the most powerful grizzly, single-handed, and thought no more of it than a hunter would of shooting a deer.

According to the late Hancock Johnston, Romulo, the son of Don Andreas Pico, almost a boy, accomplished the feat alone, and to him I am indebted for the account of a similar catch made by Don José Castenada. Don José was living at the time at the Chino ranch about fifty miles east of Los Angeles, and one day, when riding through the willows to inspect his cattle, came suddenly, without warning, upon a grizzly that had come down from the hills on a marauding trip. The first warning Don José had was of something flying by his face, striking his horse a fearful blow on the rump. The object was the paw of a big grizzly. The animal had reared up in the brush and struck at Don José, missing him, as he intuitively had put spurs to his horse and rushed into a clearing, trailing his riata, that on the range was always coiled loosely on the *fuste* or pommel. The bear followed on the dead run, mouth open, red jaws dripping.

Don José was now in a grass clearing the size of a large circus tent, and directed his horse around in a circle, riding slowly until the grizzly came within ten feet of him, gradually leading him up to a small *rizo chino,* or curly willow. Suddenly he slid his horse on his haunches to the side, and as the grizzly came on threw the riata. As it fastened onto the hind leg of the animal he ran his horse around the tree, hauling the grizzly close to it with a heavy drag, and while it fell on its side rolling over and biting at the rope, Don José ran his horse around the tree several times and had the animal, which had no idea of unwinding itself, completely in the toils with one hind foot tight to the tree. Don José now fastened the end of his riata to a limb, and as the bear was trying to reach him all the time he made a riata of his *mecáte,* or hair rope, tossed the noose over the bear's head, and with a few turns over the *fuste* hauled taut, and so arranged the rope that the horse could not turn tail to the bear and get wound up.

During this time of excitement and quick action Don José had made the fight from the saddle, but he now proposed to leave it. So he reached down and pulled his *latigos* (cinch strap) as tight as the horse would stand, so the saddle would not slip. He then left the well-trained horse holding back hard, as in the case of branding a steer, and preventing the bear from moving. The grizzly had backed up against the tree, the horse holding him in one direction, the tree in the other. Don José now took off his silk *faja,* or sash, which all the old dons wore in California at the time, and passing behind the tree, succeeded in tying the bear's hind legs together and had *Señor Oso* at his mercy. He had made the capture single-handed, with the aid of his horse.

The bear was taken out of the willows and carried to the ranch in the following ingenious fashion. A stiff hide of a steer was brought to the place and laid flat on the ground, and holes cut in the end of the legs. The lariat was now thrown over one of the front legs of the grizzly and the end run through the hole of the leg of the hide. This was then pulled taut by the horse, and the result was that the paw of the bear was hauled down to the foot of the hide. Then another riata was thrown about the other front foot of the bear, and the same operation performed. The hind legs, which were fastened to the tree, were now cut loose and each caught and fastened as above, and we see the bear lying, belly-down, flat on the hide, its four powerful paws stretched out, looking for all the world, as Mr. Johnston said, like a pinned bug on the card of some collector.

In this position the bear was ugly, comfortable, and harmless. Three or four riatas were now fastened to the hide, front and side, and with ends wound about the pommel of the saddles the Californians moved away dragging the hide and the bear.

Such a hunt took place on the present site of Pasadena not so many years ago when a grizzly and three cubs were all roped by a party of Spanish gentlemen, and the late Mr. Hancock Johnston. There was first the baiting of the game, the discovery and attack at night, when remarkably clever use of the lasso was seen. The bear was laid on a skin, as described, and dragged by the cavalcade to Los Angeles, ten or twelve miles, where it was pitted against a wild bull. The cubs were taken on horseback. In dragging the grizzlies in, they stampeded everything they met. Burros took to the bush, giving the extraordinary cavalcade right of way. In this manner, one of the most dangerous of all big animals was taken from the back of a horse with artistic throws of the riata, the performance showing remarkable skill, bravery, and nerve on the part of man and horse. This I submit was real rough riding.

CHAPTER XXIV

HEAD WATERS OF FAMOUS TROUT STREAMS

IN 1613 one John Dennys wrote a clever little book entitled *The Secrets of Angling.* The author was inclined to drop into poetry and some of his lines have a decided charm.

> You nymphs that in the springs and waters sweet
> You dwelling have, of every Hill and Dale
> And oft amidst the meadows greene doe meet

was a part of his invocation, and his advice on angling, and how to angle, can be read with profit even on Tahoe, a mile above the sea, where a great tourmaline seems to rest in a huge crater, a gem of the High Sierras.

Tahoe, it is said, is one of the highest and deepest lakes in the world, and one cannot escape from the belief that this lake, thirteen miles wide, twenty-three miles long, and half a mile deep, is a vast crater that ages ago spread devastation around the surrounding country. To-day, Tahoe is one of the most beautiful regions in the Sierra

Nevada, and is not only a mecca for the trout lover but is surrounded by streams and rivers that flow into it.

The Truckee, which drains the lake, is a radiant, often tempestuous stream down which the angler can often walk casting with success and profit. The lake is the centre of a great trout region on the summit of the Sierra Nevada; one of numerous lakes that stretch along the great range that is the vertebra of California and really ends on Cape Horn. The lake is surrounded with snow-capped mountains, and in the vicinity, not so far away, are some stupendous peaks, the sentinels of a wonderland of gigantic rifts, high mountains, deep abysmal chasms, rivers, streams, and lakes of all kinds.

The lake has been stocked with various kinds of trout, and several hatcheries are kept up, so that the fishing should be good at all times for the Tahoe trout, that reaches thirty or more pounds, silver trout, or even Mackinaw, and in the streams rainbows and Eastern trout.

Climbing one of the mountains that constitute the rim of the lake one has a comprehensive view of the Tahoe country, and his eyes rest upon many lakes, as Cascades, 6720 feet above the sea, Castle Lake, 7425, Fallen Leaf, Five Lakes, Floating Island Lake where a large island drifts above. Then there are Half Moon, 7760 feet, Marlette, and many more, while almost every cañon bears a trout stream fed from the distant snow-fields.

We have been told that the largest trout in the world come from the deep waters of the lake; monsters that live deep down in the pseudo crater where little or no light ever reaches; trout habituated to great pressure, as even at a quarter of a mile down the pressure on a fish is enormous. We see anglers going out for this game with wire lines on enormous "winches," the lure a shell eight inches long that revolves in the deep abyss many hundred feet down and attracts attention to the real bait, that comes twisting along behind. This tackle will hardly appeal to the true Waltonian, and that it is not an essential is shown by the fact that some anglers known to the writer have made famous catches here with ordinary lures by merely trolling deep. Yet it is doubtless true that the biggest fish come from the deeps.

On the High Sierras the air is rich and clear. It seems to have been sifted through the blue heavens, purified by silvery clouds, and swept by the needles of a million pines which have given it a tang, a something that fills the blood with new-born energy which, while called inspiration, is known by many another name. Rarely does an angler find so much to enjoy besides mere fishing. The splendid rows of mountains, the variety of tints and shadows, the changes between day and night, morning and midday and afternoon have been the inspiration of poets and artists, and as every real angler is a poet, and has the artistic sense, there is enjoyment in a lot of things aside from mere angling, which is a blessing, as trout do not always bite in the very best of places.

In this frame of mind an angler stood one day on a ridge and looked down into Tahoe, the land of mighty trout. He had come over the trail and through the mountains, and the beauties of it all were flashed upon him suddenly,—the white mountains, the rich roseate tint of the setting sun, the deep purple hue in the shadows. It was good to look upon, and the angler walked down and pitched his tent in one of the many bays found along the shores of the great lake. Early the next morning he pushed out from shore with a good boatman, on the trail of the silver trout. There were rocky points, abrupt cliffs, little bays, and shoals, and always the mountains rising on the sky line. Along the rocky shores the man rowed, the angler trolling slowly. Then the unexpected happened: the rod bent, the silver reel sounded a shrill alarm, and on the surface rolled a big something.

"Too big to jump, by the saints!" whispered the boatman, holding the little craft.

The angler held a firm line, giving no slack,

HEADWATERS OF FAMOUS TROUT STREAM, FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE

and the big something rolled over as though astonished, and then the fight was on—*Ze-e-e-e-e!* so clear, penetrating, and distinct that some one out on the lake must have heard it and raised a cheer and yelled "Good luck; give it to him!" Good advice enough, but to the angler who was willing enough to "go in and win" it seemed that the trout was doing the angling; it had taken over one hundred and fifty feet of line in a series of wild and jocund rushes, evidently down toward the depths of the big crevice, and there hammered on the resilient tip like a salmon, and it was some time before the angler had courage to return the attack and began to reel, and then with care and deliberation.

The boatman suggested knocking the rod to startle the fish, having learned the trick from a Scotch salmon fisherman, but our angler would none of it; he had a persuasive way of his own, which he soon put into practice, coaxing the game gently until at last it decided to take the initiative and came upward with a bound that gave slack line and made him reel for his life; then seventy feet away, up into the air went a splendid fish, to throw its mouth wide open, and send a hook flaunting into the air, and fall with a crash that awoke the latent and dismal echoes.

It was one of those deep moments when silence pervades the caves of the mind. The boatman had "I told you so" painted on his face in lurid tints, but it never got any nearer lucid expression than that, and perhaps it was as well, as the man in the stern, the man with the rod, was big, too big, in fact, to make any mistakes with, and to give him credit, he was trying to think of something religious, and as he told some one long after, the only thing he could think of were the words on the title-page of the first edition of Walton's *Compleat Angler*, "Simon Peter said, I go a-fishing, and they said, We also go with thee," and then, what was more to the point, from Thomas, "They fished all night and caught nothing."

Almost every angler has some peculiar manner of meeting grief, but if the above was true, this angler was a great philosopher of the angling school and deserves a niche in history. Few men have themselves in such awful, portentous control. But our angler knew there were as good fish in the sea, or Tahoe, and soon was moving along the rocky indentations of the lake shore, and again had a strike, this time a smaller fish, a silver trout, that acclaimed it with a thousand scintillations, that dashed into the air as the fish seemed to skitter along the surface; now darting downward, checked by the little rod, rising to leap into the air, breaking the calm surface into a thousand rings of brilliant color in which the reflected snow seemed to melt and run; then down, to come in in long, big circles, jumping, fighting, a splendid fellow that made the boatman turn the boat again and again to keep the angler facing the game. Now it is at the quarter, coursing along, turning slightly upward that it may present the surface of its body to the angler and make the greatest protest. Now it is alongside, the boatman drops his oars, picks up the net, and up into the sunlight comes the silver trout, a thing of beauty, if not, a good substitute.

Four or five trout are picked up in this way, and at noon the boatman puts in to a little beach and soon there is broiled trout for dinner and a stroll in the forest later, before the afternoon fishing which is to be of the deep-water variety. It is a delight to the angler in strolling through the Tahoe forests, glancing from lake to mountain, to feel that the government has cast its protecting hand over it, and that the lake region is a forest reserve. The "woods" cannot be burned, trees cannot be defaced, Nature is respected, and the region consecrated to the people of the world—a sentiment John Muir gave utterance to a few days ago when we were discussing Hetch-Hetchy.

These forests belong to the people of the world, not to you, or me, or any town or city, and it is due mainly to John Muir and Gifford Pinchot that the radiant forests of California are appreciated and that some men and women are taking to them yearly more and more. There are many idiocies perpetuated under the name "getting back to nature," but roaming the Sierra Nevada, or any forest, is not one; it is a sane delight and relief, as Stewart Edward White has shown us, for nearly all the burdens man is heir to, and where is there a more delightful region than this?

Beginning with Tahoe and reaching south to the Mojave Desert is the reserve of the Sierra, over four million acres of a forest that has not its equal in any land, a forest over two hundred miles long. You can walk beyond the shores of Tahoe and find the great sequoias, the noblest of all trees, something to think of on a fishing day. In these Sierras you make acquaintance with the sugar pine, the yellow pine, and others, eight in all. You may rest your eyes on the Douglas spruce, the beautiful silver fir, the Patton hemlock, and as you climb down the range, or up, there is a constant variety of evergreens, oaks, alders, poplars, maples, and dogwoods with their splendid blossoms. What is called the chaparral is a joy of itself. The strange manzanita, with its contorted limbs steeped in the lews of port or burgundy, one might think; masses of wild rose indicating the cañon bottom, the cherry, chestnut, rhododendron, and many more you hail and greet as you descend or climb the Sierras. Then the flowers. If one is in good luck he may come upon such bands of lilies that he will forget trout and fishing, lake, stream, or rod.

The sublimity of the forest affects men in various ways. The day I shall recall the longest is one passed mostly lying on my back looking up at the rivers, lakes, and streams of turquoise seen through the tops of the Sierra trees; yet I have known those who were lonesome in these forests; the silence oppressed them although there were countless voices. It is unfortunate not to be a natural born linguist so that you can understand the language of brooks, trees, the tribe of pines, aspens, and that gentlest of all sounds, that Muir tells us about, perhaps no sound at all, but an echo of the imagination, the language of falling snow.

But this is a fishing day, and the angler comes down out of the forest onto the shores of the deep lake, looks over the deep-water tackle, and shoves off. Several boats are now in close proximity attracted by the true story of a fisherman who caught in that vicinity a giant over thirty pounds in weight, literally an armful for the boatman who held the trout for the photographer; a trout which excited many people and lured them on to fish.

Slowly the long lines were lowered down into the depths with the big abalone shells flickering and gleaming behind. It was like dropping the sounding lead into the abysmal deep five or six miles off Porto Rico, or probing the Sigsbee or some other deep; but this is the only way to enter the realm of the big fish, so must be done, though to some anglers, it is a real penance to do in Rome what even the most noble Romans do.

"A queer thing happened here last year," said the boatman, stopping a moment to light his pipe. "I reckon you 've heard the saying that it 's the unexpected that always happens?"

The angler *had* heard this somewhere.

"Well, up comes a minister, a chap that I don't believe ever caught a fish in his life, but that did n't worry him. He had heard of Tahoe trout, so when he did n't get any (slack out your line a little more, sir; so)—when he did n't get any for breakfast he went to the landlord and registered a protest. The landlord said, 'You had better go out and try it yourself,' 'What will you pay me if I provide your hotel with trout every day?' asked the dominie. 'I 'll give you your board,' said the hotel man.

"Well, sir," continued the boatman, pulling his port oar around so that he could see a snow-capped mountain, "d' ye know that parson got a boat, rigged up his own tackle, and rowed out, and I 'm hanged if he did n't snake out some of the biggest trout I ever saw, at just the place the old timers said there were none. He took in twenty the first day; there was trout for breakfast, dinner, and supper, and he hung on two weeks and never paid a cent. He was either a great fisherman, or running in big luck. This is good ground right here," added the boatman, "and I reckon you have one."

Something *had* happened, and in came the long line and out of the depths rose a trout of the kind that has made the region famous to anglers, and disciples of Lucullus, a twenty-pounder, a fish that has the combined flavor of a brook trout and a salmon, and the delicate color of the latter. How large these giants grow it is difficult to say, but there is a legend of a forty-pounder, which one can well accept when contemplating the real thirty-one-pounder shown in the photograph; a veritable nightmare of a trout that few people would believe existed unless they had taken it, and then there would be a suspicion or a doubt the next day.

This is the trout of Henshaw (*Salmo henshawi*), a near cousin to the salmon, which explains the delicate salmon flavor so appreciated by epicures. This big trout, which appears to find its ponderous growth in the great depths of the lake, is a descendant of the cut-throat, so called from the red dash just below the under jaw; a fish that now is widely distributed over the Western country.

One of the charms of the Tahoe country is that one is not confined to lake fishing, fascinating as it may be, as in the vicinity are numerous streams which may be followed by the fly fisherman with profit, taking him up into the cañons of the High Sierras to the very top of the world, where trout streams are born in mimic glaciers and beautiful lakes. Here is the Truckee, which can be followed for miles, rushing down the steep grade as it does, bearing the rich flocculent waters of Tahoe. And what a stream is this! Little wonder the angler forgets his purpose in the wealth of verdure. As he wanders along wild roses bar the way; masses of brilliant lupins reach up the slopes and carpets of white flowers literally star the fields and reaches. Here the scarlet Castilea paints the landscape as might Corot; brilliant Eschscholtzias flaunt their florid beauties against the green of the hills. High above them is the chaparral with attractions of its own; manzanita, Ceanothus, and others, and rising above them, the trees of the upper world,—pines, spruces, and firs.

For ten or twelve miles the angler follows these verdant galleries of the river, rising gradually to the "big water" of the aborigines, a sapphire in a setting of emerald, usually with a creel of good trout that have played well. The fishing at Tahoe is essentially spectacular as the entire environment is stupendous and striking. At every glance there is something to attract the eye, something to arouse the senses,—big mountains, as Tallac, Ralston, or Rubicon; splendid falls, as the Eagle or White Cloud, expressing all that is radiant and beautiful in the wilds; then the lakes, seemingly numberless, of every shape, contour, and size, backed against steep mountains, filled to the brim with shadows and color; yet all about lodges, hotels, homes, camps, trails, telling the story of the invasion of civilization, that has, however, not killed the charm but merely made the region, that is now a permanent government reserve, available to all the people who would breathe pure air and drink the waters of ten thousand peaks high on the top of the world, a mile above the sea.

CHAPTER XXV

A DESERT FISHING POOL

IF one desires freak fishing, which, doubtless, would be unsatisfactory to almost any one, and is only interesting to write about, it can be had in the Salton Sea, which has pushed the railroad of the Californian desert farther north and is now slowly receding.

The Salton Sea is no new thing. The present one, which came in 1905, and is now, in 1909, still a good sized sea, is the second one I recall in twenty years, being the result of the diversion of the Colorado from its true course to the gulf. With it went the black bass, the salmon (not real salmon), and the pestiferous German carp. The latter have learned, so it is said, to recognize the roar and rumble of the daily Overland and throng the water near it to feed upon the *débris* tossed over by travellers; not an inviting lure, rather suggesting scavengers, and I always associate the carp with the big impossible sucker of Klamath.

But there are good bass in Salton Sea, and before the big water totally fails and dries up there will, doubtless, be good fishing along its tropical shores.

Of all the desert phenomena the so-called Salton Sea is the most remarkable. This vast basin is near the last end of the desert before one reaches the divide near San Jacinto Mountain and plunges down into Southern California. It is a depression two hundred and eighty feet, more or less, below sea level, and for many square miles about it there is a general dip in that direction. If water breaks out of the Colorado and obtains a good headway, it runs, not south to the gulf, but northwest toward Salton. Salton is a vast salt bog, remarkable for its salt. A large building was erected there and salt made for a number of years in the lowest portion of the pit, nearly three hundred feet below the level of the Gulf of California. This is a most interesting country and the man who keeps his eyes open observes strange things. He sees an old beach, masses of shells; and along the foot of the range, a long decided streak, suggesting an ancient water-line. He finds curious rock inclosures reaching out into the desert from the mountains that look as though they were made to hold fish. He discovers various remains of marine animals, and it dawns upon him that sometime the Salton Basin, so far below sea level, has been a sea bed filled with water and possibly a part of the Gulf of California, or

Cortez, as it should be called. If you talk with the Indians they will tell you that long ago a big sea came in and filled the basin and swept their tribe back into the furnace-like mountains.

About fifteen years ago the Indians of the Salton salt works began to grow discontented. Some threw up their work and left, others followed, and the salt plant was in a fair way to become deserted. The Indians told the white men that once, many years ago, the water had suddenly filled the basin; they had a legend to the effect that it would occur again, and a runner from the great river had told them to flee,—that it was coming.

The white men at the sink paid no attention to this, but the Indians began to leave in greater numbers, and finally the works shut down. It was learned that a mysterious rise of water was taking place in the basin. In a short time the entire area became a sea, and no one could explain why.

The extraordinary appearance of this sea, covering many square miles, created a profound sensation, and it was believed that the gulf had claimed its own and that a permanent inland sea had been established. The drear mountains of the desert from the railroad now appeared to be standing in the water, and the mirage added to the strangeness of the scene. Indian runners were sent out by the white people, and

THOUSAND SPRINGS, THE OUTLET OF LOST RIVER, THIRTY MILES BELOW SHOSHONE FALLS

several enterprising men imported boats and followed up the stream, which was found to be pouring in and eating up the desert. For weeks the mystery continued. Great clouds hovered over the region, rising one thousand feet into the air, and the report gained credence that this fresh-water sea would change and render humid the atmosphere, and all Southern California would become tropical.

None of these things happened. The water poured in for weeks, the sea of Salton increased; but when the Colorado River went down the supply ceased, and in a few months the thirsty desert drank up the water and the desert reigned again.

It was found at this time that the Rio Colorado had broken its banks between Yuma and the gulf, and the water had poured into an old river bed not far from the line and had entered the bed of what was known as New River. From here it ran south to a dry lake, about fifty miles southwest of Yuma, about midway to the delta, then striking the dip toward Salton flowed northwest seventy-five or eighty miles, crossing the line into California, flowing parallel to the mountains. Finally, increasing in vigor, it found its way into the sink of Salton and covered it, forming a sea covering an area of five hundred square miles in extent. Another river, called a branch of New River, was formed at this time that skirted the old shell or sea beach from Cook's Wells past Seven Wells, forming two great lakes, and finally flowing into Salton.

It was evident that this was not a new phenomenon, and that it would occur again when conditions were right. The expedition that determined the cause of the inflow was under the charge of a man named Patton. Previous to this an Indian had been sent out, a famous runner, to run around the sea, but he failed, as did a party of miners in a boat. They travelled one hundred miles, then returned, fearing that they would be stranded. Patton began at Yuma, sailed down the river in a skiff, with a temperature of 112° in the shade. Fourteen miles below Yuma he found a break, which he entered, then passed into a slough, and after fourteen miles of that came out into a large lake near the little Indian camp of Sigeno, from which a number of rivers were carrying water to the northwest. In a word, he had struck the beginning of the flow toward Salton.

The appearance of the country here baffled description. It was evident that the desert was being licked up and the entire face of the land washed away. The main stream was twelve feet deep, and appeared to be rushing in every direction, giving the country the appearance of a vast and constantly changing delta. The party saw the tops of tall mesquite trees above the surface at points, and the old Yuma stage road to San Diego was fifteen feet under water. Fifty miles from Yuma in a direct line, but after sailing one hundred and fifty miles of detours and runs, the navigator shot by the old stage station of Alamo Muchos. Ten miles from here he met another stream, half a mile wide and twenty feet deep. It was most erratic; now moving slowly, then without warning rushing on with frightful force. Suddenly the river turned and flowed in the direction of Yuma, coming out in a few miles into a large lake, where the water spread away, shutting out the desert completely. The stream often divided and became several rivers, forming here dangerous rapids and falls where it cut through the sand dunes. In some places the walls of the stream were one hundred feet high; again, just at the surface; but everywhere, the soft treacherous sand was being eaten up,—swallowed by the devastating water.

Suddenly the boat was seized by a mad current, whirled about, tossed into an enormous whirlpool, capsizing it, most of the provisions being lost. They soon passed into a lake twenty-five miles square, dotted here and there with dark objects which proved to be the tops of trees. Leaving this lake by a river flowing west, they narrowly escaped a sheer fall of eighteen feet. This necessitated landing, and the boat was pulled upon the beach and the party camped here all night, observing in the morning a remarkable illustration of the illusive nature of sand. The fall which they had landed to avoid, in six hours had travelled half a mile up-stream. The current was now a small edition of the Niagara River. The body of water under full force was running down the desert hill, carrying the skiff into the Salton Sea. Here it stranded on a treacherous quicksand, and for hours the men worked to reach solid land under a temperature of 120° or 130°. The scene was terrifying. The heat caused great evaporation, and mists were constantly rising and whirling into the air and strange mirages forming everywhere, out of which the distant mountains rose. After a vast amount of labor the plucky boatmen reached the salt works, having demonstrated that the Salton Sea came from the overflow of the Rio Colorado through New River, making one of the most exciting trips ever made west of the Colorado.

This was fifteen years ago. Since then the water disappeared and the salt works were again in operation; but again the Indians have taken to the mountains, and from Mount San Jacinto the eye now rests upon a vast sea, which stretches away, covering many square miles of the desert, filling it for miles with the largest overflow ever known.

The trouble was due as before to the ex-

THE NEVADA FALLS, HEADWATERS OF CALIFORNIA TROUT STREAMS

traordinary rise of the Rio Colorado, and gangs of men were put at work on the river with pile drivers and sand bags endeavoring to divert the water, with final success due to the genius of Mr. Epes Randolph, President of the West Coast Mexican road. The Colorado has been known to rise thirty-three feet, and its flow at this time was thirty-five thousand cubic feet per second. I crossed it when it was twenty-two feet high, a raging torrent, menacing in its velocity, changing the face of the country for miles. The railroad property, for a while seriously interfered with, belongs to the Southern Pacific, which runs for twenty-eight miles two hundred and sixty-seven feet below sea level at this point. There are nine miles of track from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet below sea level, six miles between one hundred and one hundred and fifty feet below, five miles between fifty and one hundred feet below, and about four miles fifty feet below, all of which would be at the bottom of a deep sea if the gulf should claim its own at any time, which is not within the possibilities. The total mileage of the railroad below the sea level is 60.3 miles. The bottom of the lake about three miles from the end of the salt deposit is 280.8 feet below the level of the sea.

This, in all probability, will be the last Salton Sea. The lower part of the desert has been settled, the towns of Imperial, Calexico, and others have been established, and large and varied crops raised wherever water is introduced by canals. The banks of the Colorado have been closed to further floods, and the Salton Sea is slowly dissipating in the hot air of the desert and will become a memory to be told to generations to come as a modern flood, just as hundreds of other "Salton seas" have alarmed the natives in other and past centuries, as there are evidences that the to us strange phenomenon is no new thing, and that the waters of the Colorado have often broken away and poured into the great sink of "Salton Sea."

Anglers need not count on a new field as the salt deposit will doubtless make "salt fish" of all the members of the finny tribe that come in, but the "sinkers" and "salmon" and carp seem to survive in sufficient numbers to start the story of the fishes that hear the whistle and come up to the bridge to be fed.

Some of these lines were written on the shores of this mysterious sea. I have just been watching the moon setting in the distant mountains beyond it. The blaze of light turned the surface into a great path of silver that illumined the dark waters and gave the sombre lake a strange and, to me, uncanny appearance. Even the waves that beat upon the shore had a vibrant sound unlike that on an ordinary sea beach. Then came the cry of some bird, and the moon suddenly dropped behind the furnace-like hills, and an ebony night seemed to shut in; and then, as I passed over a sand dune, there rose on the air—ye gods and fishes!—the voice of one Caruso literally crying in the wilderness. It is the unexpected which always happens, and here, far out on the desert, was a miner's tent, its sole furnishing being a burro and a talking machine; the latter was in vigorous action, drowning the mournful sound of the Salton Sea, and as it ran down the burro took up the refrain, arousing a distant coyote, who imitated successfully a dozen of his tribe, and presto! the desert was awake.

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